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HUMAN NATURE:

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF

Zoistic Science and Intelligence,

EMBODYING

PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, SPIRITUALISM,
PHILOSOPHY, THE LAWS OF HEALTH,
AND SOCIOLOGY.

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PREFACE.

THE progress of mind in the peculiar province of literature which we have taken up is our guide and source of inspiration, and in presenting another volume of *Human Nature* to the public, we allow this statement to stand as an explanation of the course which has been adopted in its management during the current volume. Without a creed or preconceived notion of any kind to exclude the light of Truth from being reflected on its pages, and without any trammels to hinder us in exploring impartially the most sacred superstitions, we have been enabled to bring together a mass of thoughts, facts, and contemporary history of peculiar interest and value to the progressive thinker. *Human Nature* commenced its career without friends or encouragement of any kind, but it has steadily gained all it could desire, till now it occupies a position which has seldom been attained by any predecessor maintaining such positive and independent ground. Though no creed or dogma governs our conduct, yet we feel bound to adhere to those demonstrable facts which regulate the action of mind and evolution of phenomena. Hence, though we offer a free platform, yet our labours do not tend to that discursive and aimless result, which would be the consequence of the abandonment of philosophical principles in their management. On the contrary, the labours of the past year as recorded in the present volume, have tended to consolidation and unity of thought, though a variety of contrary opinions have been at work to produce that effect. The grave question of Being—that which underlies all phenomena and finite existence, has been boldly considered, and some light has been thrown on the mythic negations of disguised Atheism, and the hideous monstrosities of Anthropomorphic Theism. Such inquiries

are in the highest degree grateful and satisfying to the most elevated powers of the best cultivated minds, and all who take part therein, whatever position they occupy, are worthy of the reader's gratitude; more particularly will this be accorded to the author of certain grand speculations unfolding glorious vistas of thought, the exploration of which may be the blessed province of many minds, leading them to light and development.

Our personal thanks are due, in a manner deeper than we can express, to those fraternal souls and Children of Truth who have spent themselves cheerfully and to good purpose in sustaining our position, and feeding with dainty fare an increasing circle of grateful recipients. Those practical thinkers and workers who found their philosophy of life, here and hereafter, on the scientific truths in, around, above, and everywhere, in relation to man, build upon a rock, and will prevail in obliterating dogmas, creeds, and antiquated ignorance; national distinctions and animosities; social inharmonies and crimes; and will ultimately bless mankind with a plentiful realization of their glorious privileges, and the best means of using them.

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HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

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HUMAN NATURE—A PRELUDE.

THE fabled knights, who are said to have engaged in physical combat because they differed as to the kind of metal a certain shield was composed of, had a simple matter of dispute in hand compared with that which challenges the modern student of Human Nature. One side of the shield is reported to have been of brass, and confronted Knight No. 1. The other side was of iron, and met the gaze of Knight No. 2. No. 1 insisted that it was a brass shield, while No. 2 as strongly asserted that it was an iron one; and they only found that both were relatively right and wrong after they had unhorsed each other, and thus had an opportunity of changing position in respect to the object in dispute. While this shield—the simple cause of so much contention—had but two sides, Man is a gem of many facets, almost indescribably blended together, and presenting very different and perplexing aspects to the beholder, according to his relative position. No wonder, then, that the chivalrous Knights of Anthropological Science should have ample cause for verbal contention, that ink should flow in black and violet streams, and that the clang of demonstrative eloquence should resound over those literary battlefields frequented by these modern champions of truthful assertion.

Man has been likened to a book written in many languages, and intelligible only to that reader who is acquainted with the language in which the subject is for the time presented. But the comparison does not hold good in every sense. The Bible may be read in any written language on the face of the earth, and it will convey the same history, sense, and series of thoughts and impressions to all readers. It will be the same book in whatever

language it is written. Not so with Man. A very different and even opposite impression is conveyed according to the language in which he is read, as the following synopsis shows:—

In the language of Cosmology, Man is a part of the universe, subject to the various laws and principles that regulate its action in its many spheres of phenomenal development.

In the language of Anatomy, Man is an organised structure—a magnificent physical temple—a unique specimen of architecture, so beautiful in appearance, convenient in arrangement, and suitable in material, that to fulfil all the purposes of ornament and use, no improvement could be effected in it by the cunning and experience of the wisest designers.

In the language of Physiology, Man is a bundle of functions; an instrument of a thousand strings adapted to discourse music of the most exquisite harmony, of the widest compass, of the most celestial altitude, of all keys, expressing in a universal language the most profound purposes of creative power.

In the language of Chemistry, Man is "of the dust of the ground"—a shovelful of earth and a pailful of water; a fortuitous compound of mouldered rocks and condensed rain clouds—agglomerated round a mystic magnetic centre, subject to that inevitable fiat, the laws of matter.

In the language of Hygiene, Man is a wondrous, vitalic, vegetative machine, the normal state of which is change, growth, health; at the same time subject, in whole or in part, to stagnation, disease, death.

In the language of Phrenology, Man is a rational being, an individualised entity distinguished by organic conditions—the laws of the universe, in a state of self-consciousness and voluntary action.

In the language of Metaphysics, Man is an accumulation of hereditary and acquired mental experiences, thought-powers, and processes—an occult chemistry of mind-products in all degrees of union and logical relationship—a great subjective halo enshrouding the sphere of cerebral function.

In the language of Psychology, Man is a "living soul," extending his influence and individuality beyond the confines of the body, reciprocating the activities of other congenial souls, and those soul forces of the universe which are represented in his being.

In the language of Spiritualism, Man is an immortal being

tabernacling in the flesh, in the germ-hood of existence, preparing for the "second sphere" and holding intercourse therewith, developing within his external form a comely and perfect organism, more intensely a reflex of mental states.

In the language of Theology, Man is the "child of God"—that eternal and inexhaustible source of the principles of being; and, as a necessity, man's mission is for ever, through endless grades of existence, to give fuller and truer expression to the "Deity that rules within him."

In the language of Education, Man is a germ-seed of very limited extension, but capable of infinite development in all directions, in one or all of his powers, and in many degrees of combination.

In the language of History, Man is a series of mental phenomena and social forms, repeating themselves in accordance with the sublime purposes of creation.

In the language of Individualism, each human being is the centre of the universe, God made manifest in a special manner, and to aid in realising which all other things exist.

In the language of Society, Man is a myriad of atoms having common interests and destiny—each one promoting his end in the highest degree by promoting the ends of all.

In the language of Ethnology, Philology, &c., &c., Man exhibits very different characteristics. What a diversity of aspect this mighty subject presents! The greatest that the mind of the investigator can apply itself to. In its many ramifications are embraced all other forms of knowledge and conditions of existence. Each distinct language in which Man can be read, is the imposing frontage of a stately edifice, looking out on a landscape of rare and characteristic beauty. The scene is changed, as if by enchantment, according to the position of the beholder; and to wander amidst these varied glories, and drink in their true significance, is an occupation, a privilege, worthy of the most sublime attributes of intelligence. But, alas! many inquirers know not one-half of the many features of the subject they presume to discourse upon. Like the unsophisticated children of isolated tribes, they vainly think that all the wonders of existence are comprised in the familiar objects that pourtray their native spot, and that their limited horizon is the verge of creation. Hence the students of Human Nature are, in most cases, the assiduous nurses of mongrel hobbies, which they pet and pamper till timely destruction overtakes them. The question may be asked, Is there a science of Human Nature? or are we only

admonishing ourselves as to the advisability of such a thing? That there are ample materials for it, none can doubt; and that they are being brought to light, day by day, is equally apparent. Our task is to collect these precious gems, and set them in their natural order. The past encourages us to persevere in the broad and catholic spirit that has inspired our efforts hitherto; and, with well-founded hopes for the future, we cordially greet our readers and fellow-labourers on this advent of a new year.

PHRENOLOGY AS AN AID TO THE BIOGRAPHER.

By J. W. Jackson,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

BURNS.

The hierarchy of genius has many gradations, and may be said, indeed, to constitute a Jacob's-ladder of angels, ascending from earth to heaven. So that while some are on its topmost height, robed in the glory and dwelling in the light of the empyrean, others, on the contrary, seem occasionally to touch the mire and clay of the earth with their sacred feet, mingling indeed, not only in the business, but the very orgies of men. It would seem, in truth, that from no province of life can the divine light be wholly excluded. Everywhere, from the palace to the cottage, genius has been, and doubtless to the end, will be manifested. Everywhere, when present, it asserts its regal prerogatives, and sooner or later compels the masses to loyal recognition. Whether in an Alexander and a Cæsar, with royal and patrician antecedents, or in a scrivener's clerk at Stratford, or a peasant ploughman in Ayrshire, the celestial splendour will beam out through the terrestrial nature, giving unmistakable evidence that here, at least, a man has again been born.

Not that circumstances are to be despised. They indeed largely constitute the providential mould in which this "fine gold" is to be cast. They often determine not only the shape which its productions are to take, but the channel through which its energies are to be manifested. A Julius Cæsar excluded from action might have shone as a Cicero in the Forum, and perhaps as a Sallust in history; while the Swan of Avon, trained on the Isis, might have transcended Cudworth in his Platonism, and perhaps Burleigh in his statesmanship. Luther would have been simply a pious and eloquent monk at any other period than that of the Reformation; while Francis of Verulam

might have been only the profoundest of the schoolmen and the greatest of the seraphic doctors, had he flourished in the thirteenth in place of the seventeenth century.

The question of education is yet an unsolved problem. How much, and of what kind, are still unsettled, more especially in their relationship to genius. Model culture in all ages has probably been based on the requirements of talent—that is, of working power—and has ever had but a partial, and, in a sense, accidental, adaptation to the higher necessities of an original mind. How matters were managed in "the schools of the prophets," it were now, doubtless, somewhat vain to enquire; but certainly in all later and less-inspired establishments, genius has had very largely to provide for itself. Perhaps indeed in this matter, as in those of practical business, the time-honoured system of apprenticeship, had we the requisite appliances at command, might be found, after all, most effectual. It can be in some measure dimly understood how an Elijah, after years of fiery leadership, may ultimately, when about to depart to his everlasting home, cast his sacred mantle on the shoulders of an Elisha. Nor is it altogether impossible to conceive that a Plato, after ten years' communion with a Socrates, may have entered on his high vocation as the teacher of the ages, with spiritual advantages no otherwise obtainable. But how is it possible to conceive of either of these commanding spirits being effectually *helped on his rugged and excelsior path by the most respectable* of ordinary professors, or the most erudite of commonplace tutors? The help that such can afford is obviously for talent, to which it may prove a needful furtherance. But in the case of genius, with its wayward impulses and warm enthusiasms, its towering aspirations and terrible defeats, its heart, in short, ever warring with its head—alas! to a soul so constituted, would not the formalities of ordinary tuition, and, above all, the influences of senior but commonplace minds, prove rather a hindrance than a furtherance? It is the old story of a duckling brood, whom their foster-mother cannot lead to the water—can, indeed, only stand on the brink, and, with vain cries, beseech her alien nurslings to forego all the true proclivities of their deeper nature. Genius is an eagle, plumed for the empyrean, while erudite mediocrity is but the most respectable of domestic fowls, that with capacious maw and feeble wing just manages to flutter and fatten round the simple homestead. Let us clearly understand this matter; the highest must ever be self-educated. So far as known, Elijah inherited no man's mantle, nor was Socrates any sage's disciple. There is a spirit that needs no master, a vocation that asks no pioneer, a captaincy that never knew a superior, a chieftainship whose commission is not of earth but heaven—whose authority is not derivative but primal, and whose utter-

ances, with all reverence be it said, are not the echo of men, but the voice of God.

Let us not be misunderstood. Learning has its advantages, and to the great mass of mankind education, even in the conventional sense of the term, is a primal necessity of their intellectual wellbeing. Nor would we be supposed for one moment to undervalue the vocation or derogate from the dignity of the great masters of erudition. The scholar is in very truth one of the lights of the world; but then let us never forget it is a *reflected* light, and to be carefully distinguished from the intenser ray of a primary. In fact, the highest commission of scholarship is the *preservation* of the works of genius. It is the sacred cistern in which the waters of life are preserved, but genius is the heavenly fount whence they flow. As to their relative rank, however, there is no difference of opinion, the only question being as to the best mode of educating the highest, and to this the grandest and oldest of all the oracles, speaking with the voice of universal history, has responded, "Sorrow," "Perfected by suffering," is the curt biography of every God-ordained minister of the truth, whatever his titles or his reception among men. For such, indeed, experience is the great teacher, and the world the grand university, amidst whose stern facts they learn that wisdom which no college is privileged to communicate, and which, by no celestial magic, has yet been so transferred to books that he who runs may read its golden sentences.

We hear much, more especially in these latter days, of "resources," meaning thereby of course those of a material character, the "sinews of war"—the money power without. Perhaps, however, this foolish mammon-worship has already attained its maximum. To believe in matter, and to doubt of spirit; to put faith in earth, and to lose reliance upon heaven; to look for alien help from others, rather than for inherent power in ourselves—are the inevitable characteristics of an analytical age like our own. The cotemporaries of an inductive and protestant era, the devout worshippers of Nature and Reason, can scarcely fail to dwell upon the external and the sensible, as being to them the real and the actual. Thence, as a logical necessity, they exaggerate the importance of circumstances. Having sight, but not insight; being familiar with conclusions, but ignorant of intuitions—they regard events as omnipotent; not knowing that our environment is, in very truth, but the soul's reflection cast on the mirror of fate, and that a man's destiny is ever woven in the time-loom, on the pattern of his spirit. That a faith so shallow, a conviction so baseless, should be sometimes rudely shaken, is, of course, unavoidable; and accordingly, wealth, with its gilded pageantries, has been occasionally startled by the grim

spectre of an invincible poverty—the granite barriers which girdle fame and power, melting like wax before the fervent glow of a fiery spirit. Thus did our own immediate fathers see "the little Corsican," who was seven years a *poor* lieutenant, mount skywards in his flaming war-chariot, till the very sceptre of universal empire seemed almost within his daring grasp. And, even in our own day, a faint echo of this dread thundermarch, a weak repetition of mine uncle's stupendous achievement has been again afforded, and a *penniless* adventurer is once more seated on the time-honoured throne of the venerable but unfortunate Bourbons. But wealth cannot see it. The magic is too fine for its rude perceptions; and so with a child's prattle about "fortune," it once more settles down with undoubting confidence to its day-book and its ledger—its pedigree and its rent-roll.

The feeble in science have said that the field of discovery has been swept clean of all its grand possibilities. The mediocre in art affirm that the masterpieces of painting and sculpture have been already achieved. While the everlasting stars, that shine in the empyrean of song, are thought to have completed their number, and left no space for the burning throne of a new immortal. But these are only the speculations of mediocrity, all too conscious of its own insufficiency. True genius is never old. It is the world-phœnix that never dies. Real poesy awakens, as to a fresh creation, with every dawn, and feels the pulsing life which buds into beauty with the breath of every spring. As the voice of God, speaking through the lips of man, its thunder-tones may be as sublime now as when Palestine listened, in awe-struck reverence, to the solemn warnings and terrible denunciations of her heaven-sent prophets. As the soul-music of Nature, warbled by her sweetest song-bird, in his hour of noblest inspiration, its tones are as thrilling and its notes as harmonious to-day, as when Greece responded in rapturous admiration to the heroic cadences of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle;" or softened into love beneath the dulcet odes of Anacreon, or the lightning lines of Sappho. How should it be otherwise! Revelation is inexhaustible as its infinite author; and only asks a befitting revealer for the utterance of its oracular responses, to dower a listening world with the wisdom and beauty, the power and glory of supernal song, now as of old. Could Hellas produce an Æschylus, then shall Britain own a Shakespeare,—the space between these flaming orbs being but the befitting framework of their celestial splendour.

The infirmities of genius have ever been a prolific subject for the solemn and sombre prelections of mediocre ability, in its stereotyped addresses on the parlour-morality of well-established respectability. Nor is this matter for astonishment. Envy is the shadow which ever attends the footsteps of transcendent merit,

dark and malignant, in proportion to the brightness and intensity of the radiance to which it stands in such decided contrast. It would seem that the dwarf experiences an indescribable satisfaction in discovering and promulgating that the feet of the giant are of clay. To his small soul, it is of no importance that the head is of gold, and the shoulders of silver,—that in thought there is a god, and in action a hero. To the inspired words of such heaven-sent messengers, he is willingly deaf—to their daring deeds he is miserably blind; his only serious concern being the satisfactory assurance that they are nevertheless mortal; that, being in all respects tempted as we are, they were *not* without sin. Alas! does this express the *whole* truth? Were they not tempted *more* than we are? Consider their susceptibility, not only to the agonies, but the ecstasies, of existence. Hapless pilgrims to a better and brighter land—rather shall we say, heart-wrung exiles from their glorious spirit-home, whither, by unutterable yearnings, they are ever prompted to return, even though by the steepest and rudest of excelsior paths, they are yet, despite their loftiest aspirations and noblest resolutions, the too frequent victims of every attraction on their road. They lack the element of resistance. Magicians of stupendous might to evoke the beautiful, they cannot always dismiss the fair spirit that enthralls them. Beholding nature with the visioned eye that sees the celestial beneath the terrestrial, what wonder that they sometimes mistake the perishing flowers of earth for the fadeless splendours of heaven; and that for a season, more especially in the years of their inexperience, they occasionally endow idols of the commonest clay with the resplendent attributes of a divine immortality,—and sing even of women, as if they were already angels. Here, again, stereotyped mediocrity steps in, and, with face of sullen stolidity, lays its leaden finger on the bounding pulse of this ardent courser, and prates in measured words of sin and shame, because, elastic as the air and fleet as the wind, his chest still heaves and his heart palpitates a trifle beyond the recognised standard, while he is still warm and panting from the race.

Nor is this all. It is, indeed, only one side of the picture, as seen from *within*. But let us only reflect upon it for a moment, as seen from *without*. Has anyone ever yet depicted—is anyone, indeed, able to depict—the resistless *magnetism* of genius? Are there resources in language for the full and effective expression of this stupendous power? We may, perhaps, remotely conceive of it, by its effects—or, shall we rather say, may be dimly conscious of its force, while privileged with its presence; for its all-pervading influence may and must be felt, but cannot be described. In the grand hierarchy of intelligence there are solar spirits, that necessarily lead their planetary dependencies whither-

soever they will. Over such, as by a law of their nature, the ever-present law of gravitation, they exercise a delegated omnipotence. And such a being, beyond question, was he of whom we are about to speak—one in whose presence rank and birth lost their prestige, and learning veiled its superiority; and who, with only the position and antecedents of a peasant, at once took place, as by the right of the strongest, among the noblest and most gifted of the land. ROBERT BURNS was the magnet of every company, the central soul of every circle in which he moved, not simply by the force and brilliancy, the power and splendour of his intellect, but also by the warmth of his heart and the wealth of his affections. He not only moulded the thoughts, but he also ruled the feelings, of others, whose emotions responded to the touch of this master-hand, like the strings of a harp to the fingers of a musician. More especially could he play upon the susceptible heart of woman, not with the polish and finesse, the tact and sophistry, of an accomplished libertinism,—but with the far more powerful enchantment of genius, roused to inspiration by its own emotions, and winged as with fire-pinions, by the resistless fervour of its own exalted passions. We know how he could sing of love. We have the echoes, perhaps far off and faint, of those burning words which were poured, with such a flood of tenderness and endearment, into the listening ears of the Bonny Jeans and Highland Marys' of the past; but where are the lightning glances, the lovelit expression, the varying tones and the gentle caresses that gave life and soul to these now empty, though still unapproachably intense and beautiful forms of rustic affection? They are gone, never to be recalled, till we have another avahtar of equally rich and munificently endowed manhood,—for which the silent centuries must wait the pleasure of the supernal.

We hear much of the temptations of rank and wealth, nor would we be supposed to undervalue the dangers with which they doubtless surround their otherwise fortunate possessor, while personal beauty has been ever esteemed by the wise, as a perilous inheritance. But what are these, even when united in the same person, compared with the resistless power of genius, whose subtle magnetism is an "open sesame" to sanctities that would remain sealed to every other form of invasion? Susceptibility of the finest within, temptation of the rarest without! Alas for mortality so circumstanced! What wonder that such sons of God as a Raphael, a Burns, or a Byron, thus surrounded with the witcheries of time, thus lulled by the syren song of beauty, should have sometimes turned aside to the Paphian bowers of earth, oblivious, for the moment, of their grander and sublimer vocation to the altars of heaven. But let us not ungenerously dwell on these failings of the celestial. As men, they had their frailties. Even the sun has his spots, and astronomers

tell us that, without these shadowy imperfections, these seeming blemishes in his otherwise perfect luminosity, we should scarcely have known of his rotation. So, perhaps, without the infirmities of genius, we should have failed to recognise its humanity; such a visitant almost needed some signs of its mortality, ere as weak and fallible men we could claim kindred with its brightness, and find solace in its glory.

Time and place have their power, which only the foolish will attempt to ignore. Do as we may, the spirit of the age will mould us to its likeness, and fashion us into its instruments. We cannot escape from its pressure. If men of action, we must achieve its purposes; if men of thought, we must utter its responses. These are, and ever have been, the only conditions of true greatness. Even the grandest of earth's advents are but the fulfilment of a prophecy—in truth, the satisfaction of a necessity. The great man comes because he is wanted; the hero emerges because humanity demands him. The stage and the actor are prepared for each other. We all see that it was Greece in her hour of reaction, not Alexander in his madness, that conquered Persia. So it was Rome in her colossal greatness and her irremediable corruption that demanded an emperor, not Cæsar who destroyed the republic. It was England that produced Cromwell, and France, in the throes of her terrible revolution, that evoked Napoleon. Even the thinker cannot escape from this law of supply and demand. Socrates would have been misplaced had he preceded the Sophists; nor could Francis of Verulam have taught with effect till after the lengthened reign of the Aristotelian schoolmen. The time and the man cannot be separated. With all reverence be it spoken, the very Highest came at his appointed hour. It may, indeed, be said of every true man of genius, that the ages have waited for him from the beginning. He is the golden harvest of which all previous time was the sowing—the richly-ripened result of the world's slowly yet surely revolving seasons.

We have already spoken of this Protestant era. It eventuated theologically in the schism of the West, and culminated politically in the French Revolution, that great hour on the dial-plate of destiny, at whose stroke the principalities and powers of feudal Europe were called to judgment, and the past, when weighed in the balance of the present, was found wanting. The eighteenth century was the lull before this terrible storm, the stillness which precedes the tempest, that dread pause in the onward march of events when destiny, gathering up her forces, seems like some great captain preparing for the final charge which gives him victory. To the gifted eye, that seeming stillness was but the glassy smoothness of the stream rushing swiftly down its steep incline to the inevitable cataract. But it was a stillness, at least

on the surface, and literature, more especially poetic literature, felt its paralysing effects. Of philosophy, moral and political, there was enough, with David Hume and Adam Smith as its able and fitly representative men. While France had her Voltaire and Germany her Kant, history was very properly in the hands of Gibbon, and fiction in those of Rousseau. It was, in very truth, the twelfth hour of the night, the starless heavens arched from horizon to zenith with blackest thundercloud, from whose dark depths the rumbling thunder of premonition was already heard, and from whose piled armoury the lightning bolts of Marengo and Austerlitz, of Wagram and Jena, were so soon to be launched upon an astonished world. It was the age of incredulity. Faith, except in matter and motion, was at the Nadir. Men believed in their five senses, and, could they have prayed for anything, would, doubtless, have asked for a sixth as a fresh avenue of delight. "The Wealth of Nations" expressed the thought, and "steam-power" embodied the means of that materialistic and utilitarian epoch, which, nevertheless, had its uses, both present and prospective.

Poetry at such a time was necessarily like a flower in winter, either a hothouse forceling or a hardy snowdrop. Pope was the most polished representative of the former, and Burns the most vigorous embodiment of the latter school. If we could see it aright, both wrote under "difficulties," of which the little man at Twickenham, notwithstanding his many worldly furtherances, had perhaps the larger share. He, poor fellow, was hopelessly lost in the shallow artificiality of French examples, a caged canary, sweet and musical beyond compare, but born and bred in enfeebling bondage, the pretty pet of a lady's beaudoir, whose wings were for ornament not use, and that never spread his graceful pinions on the breeze, or once inhaled the invigorating breath of a wintry storm. The other was a lark, soaring sunwards from his dewy covert in the light of the morning, and while rejoicing in the summer warmth and matin splendour of the hour of promise, not oblivious of the cold and want, the snowy fields and leafless trees of a sterner season.

Of all vain things, a purposeless literature is, perhaps, the most melancholy. For a be-ruffled gentleman, of scholarly attainments and literary proclivities, to sit down with the deliberate purpose of writing a book, and nothing more, is a perversion of human ingenuity that might seem incredible, were it not, alas, indubitable. To employ the sublime faculty of speech for the small ends of an impertinent gossip, is sufficiently foolish; but to apply all the vast resources of the press to no higher object, is assuredly far worse, and, as a piece of solemn trifling, transcends any other peccadillo of the misguided sons of fallen Adam. Yet to this condition, or to one, in the estimation of some, far worse,

were the major part of the literati of Europe reduced in that singular century of which we are now speaking. The only men who then wrote with a purpose were the sceptics. They knew what they were about. They had a definitive object—to sap the belief of mankind, to unsettle the faith, and pull down the Church of Christendom, now by the subtle logic of Hume, and anon by the courtly sneer of Voltaire. And having thus a well-defined purpose, they wrote with a clearness and vigour, to which all others were necessarily strangers. Possessed by the spirit, they seemed also to be endowed with the energy and devotion, the zeal and eloquence, of apostleship; and, according to their vocation, it is doubtful if any men ever worked harder, or served their master better. Compared with such, even Johnson with all his ponderous force, was but a *blind* giant, beating the air with vast labour, and yet, despite the best intentions and the most persistent exertion, accomplishing nothing,—a stupendous mill-horse, treading the accustomed round of established thought with unwearied assiduity, yet, despite his elephantine tread, marching—nowhither.

In such an age, then, it may be readily imagined how it would fare with poetry, that most refined and spiritual of all the productions of intellect. It was not genius that was absent. Perhaps, among the higher races, genius never is absent, though it may often want the evocative influences by which alone it can be rendered duly vocal. The odes to the Passions, the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and the Deserted Village—not to mention the luridly grand, though terribly sombrous, Night Thoughts,—amply suffice to show what might have been done under better auspices, that is, with a higher inspiration from the age. But this was wanting. The world was waiting, in the dread pause of expectation, for the first outburst of the impending storm The very stillness was ominous. It was the hushed silence of an audience, before the tragic culmination of the fifth act. Christendom was listening not for the still small voice of poesy, but for the terrible thunder-tones of destiny, voiced in events. The groves were silent before the tempest, to burst forth in that resistless flood of harmony which accompanied the close of the eighteenth and ushered in the dawn of the nineteenth century. Such then was the stage, and its preparations—and now for the actor. Or shall we rather say, here was the frame—and this the portrait it was destined to contain.

(To be continued.)

Upon some faces, as in a celestial hieroglyph, we may read the assured portent of a great destiny, either here or hereafter.

A SYMBOLIC PICTURE OF THE ORGANIC LIFE OF HUMANITY, AND IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.*

As the life of an individual is renewed by fresh supplies of food as fast as the waste matter of the body is eliminated from it, so the life of humanity is continued by fresh supplies of individual souls as fast as others are removed by death. Where do these souls come from daily and hourly, in swarms of new births, all over the globe? and where do they go after leaving this world? The answer to this question is embodied in the symbolic picture of the circulation of souls in the collective life of humanity, not in the natural world only, but also in the lymbic and the spiritual worlds. By the word *lymbic*, we mean life in the womb, before birth, and life in Hades, after death.

Description.†—The central portion of the picture represents different phases of life and death in the natural world; a definite scroll attached to it below and to the right, would seem to represent life in the womb; it contains a curved form resembling a human fœtus a few weeks old, and may symbolise the lymbic state of incarnation in which individuals are formed before they are born. This embryo is connected by a line with the right hand of a female figure standing over another female figure kneeling; both being enclosed in a circular line near the embryonic scroll, and to the right.

Outside, and all around the central map and the subordinate scroll, are innumerable groups of human figures in a cloudy atmosphere of scrolls and lines, some below and some above. Those on the right hand side are ascending from the lower to the upper regions of the spiritual world. These ascending spirits form three processions, starting from three cloudy continuations of the womb-like scroll, as if to symbolise the ascent to heaven of souls which die before they are born, and at different stages of embryonic evolution; within three, or six, or nine months of fœtal life.

In the central part of the picture are seen numerous small human figures; some neatly arranged in groups, and some in lines of procession, enclosed within outlines of various forms and dimensions, somewhat resembling a diagram of the thoracic and abdominal viscera, in the trunk of a body, without a visible head or limbs, symbolising the present state of humanity as an imperfect collective organism on our globe.

* A spiritual drawing by G. Childs, Esq. Photographed by Henry Dixon, 112 Albany Street, Regent Park. Copies may be had at the Progressive Library, of three sizes and at various prices. A magnifying lens renders minute parts more distinct.

† At a little distance the drawing seems more like the map of a town and the country around than a map of the world, of human life and progressive evolution.

To the left of the central mass, at the lower outside corner, stands a female figure, representing Eve or the woman, in whose womb the human body is conceived and formed before it is born. To the right, on the other side, and at the upper angle, stand two archangels, clothed in pure white, who watch over and direct the whole movement of human beings in their earthly career, and in their disenthralment after death.

Within the central mass are several distinct circumscriptions; a general dark border (including the two directing angels) surrounds the whole trunk, and within this border is a lighter coloured general rim turning inwards at the lower part, connecting it with three main subdivisions, which are partly surrounded by a fourth enclosure. A continuous procession of individuals in pairs fills the outside rim of the compartment to the right, which seems to represent the succession of living beings in this world. Outside of this rim, and within the general border limits, are numbers of coffin-shaped forms resembling chryssalids, and representing the unburied bodies of the dead. Within the rim containing the line of procession in pairs, are two secondary subdivisions; one containing two grounds of dark spots, representing something unexplained, and the other representing a number of tomb-stones and spirits risen from the grave, visited by angels in pure white robes, descending from the directing throne.

The two main subdivisions on the left within the central mass, contain human figures, light and dark, arranged in groups or in lines of procession; some enclosed in ovals, and others within curved or convoluted lines. What these represent is not clearly seen; they seem to be secluded from each other in distinct ovals within one compartment, and associated in the other in continuous lines. There is a vast variety of groupings and distinctions indicated in the picture, and showing us how the spirits can convey ideas in a few symbolic words or forms, if we could only understand them. There is more indicated in profusion than we can explain, but a general conception may be obtained by a careful inspection of the drawing, which seems to represent the circulations of human souls through the lymbic, the natural, and the spiritual worlds of mortal and immortal life. This incarnative and decarnative circulation may or may not imply re-incarnation.

From the feet of the female figure on the left hand side, lines are drawn to all parts of the triune picture of natural, lymbic, and spiritual life. Lines ascend and descend from both feet to different places. Two lines surround the figure and ascend to a chaotic region above her head (which seems to represent the spiritual state of minds in this world), in which the figure of a priest or teacher is instructing a group containing the slightly indicated shapes of a woman and child.

From the right foot of the woman two general lines descend

in different directions; one on the left descends to a chaotic cloud below, containing many obscure indications of human figures, representing probably a spiritual lymbo of life after death, and the other gradually fuses into a white line and goes directly through the lower border of the central map to the upper part of the womb-like scroll. Numerous white lines descend as streams of light from the feet of the two archangels with wings, to several star-like spots in the trunk, and some of these white lines radiate in various directions from one of seven large stars grouped together within an oval rim in the abdominal compartment. One of the white lines radiating from this group of seven stars descends in a convoluted form (becoming a thin dark line) to a small disc below, on which is inscribed a mark resembling the letter J. This disc seems to divide the darker spiritual lymbo of departed souls on the left below, from a more luminous region of progressive spirits on the right.

A dotted cord-like white line seems to connect the line proceeding from the woman's feet to the embryonic scroll with the oval ring in which the two ruling archangels are located. Dotted white lines connect the other white lines with the chains of angels, who descend from the archangels to welcome the risen spirits amongst the tombs already mentioned. These white lines proceeding from the governing archangels to different centres of life in the natural world, and to spirits risen from the grave, denote providential supervision and control of the collective life and evolution of mankind.

The convolutions of a stronger sort of chain or cord connect the archangelic oval with a higher throne of spirits faintly indicated near the top of the picture on the right hand side, and this chain or chord is continued indefinitely to the left above. A similar strong chain runs from the same archangelic quarter across the upper part of the central map, proceeding upwards first, and then downwards to the left, traversing a strongly marked chaotic scroll work above the head of Eve, and connected with a small definite coil on a level with her feet. From this coil a stronger chain of heavy links descends into the spiritual lymbo beneath, and separates it from the natural world above, and from the spiritual regions of progressive life to the right.

Explanation.—As the human body is formed of atoms, so the collective body of nations is formed of individuals; and as the atoms of the individual body derived from the blood are gradually associated into tissues and organs in the womb before the child is fully formed and born into the world, so the collective souls of humanity derived from an unseen world are gradually associated into families and corporations, towns and villages, provinces and national communities in the womb of time before the whole human race is completely organised as a collective unity,

and born into a conscious knowledge of its duties, as an instrument of divine Providence to cultivate the earth, and "make the desert blossom as the rose."

In the human fœtus aggregations of organic cells and granules are formed into simple tissues, and these are variously folded and combined into simple organs, which are connected in series to form special apparatuses, such as that of the blood vessels, the air vessels, and the water vessels of the vascular system; the cranio-vertebral column, the ribs and the bones of the arms and legs in the osseous system; the muscles of head, trunk, and limbs in the muscular system; the central, intermediate, and peripheral nerves of the nervous system; the stomach, intestines, and lower bowels of the digestive system; the ovaries, the womb, and the breasts of the generative system, not to mention the five senses or special groups of organs of sensation which are associated with the different systems of the body to form one complex unity of organism.

All these are formed by metamorphic processes of evolution, and gradually brought together as an organic union in the womb before the child is born, so that the spiritual body clothes itself with matter by slow degrees, to form an instrument of physical activity, a heat-making machine, to perform physical work at the bidding of the mind within, as a locomotive automaton performs mechanical work under the control of the mind which governs it.

But what is a spiritual form, and how does it clothe itself with a natural body? This is a question which can only be answered by comparison and inference.

The known forms of matter are solid, liquid, and gaseous, and the same substances may assume any of these states. Water is known as solid ice, liquid water, and invisible vapour. Invisible gases permeate visible liquids and solids, and visible liquids permeate solids, so that one form of substance can penetrate into the pores of another, surrounding the constituent molecules in every direction as well as interpenetrating them. Invisible ether is much more subtile than invisible gas, and as gas can permeate liquids and solids, so invisible ether, like heat and light, may permeate, surround, and interpenetrate atoms of gaseous or liquid or solid substances of any kind; and thus the ethereal body of a spirit, in the process of incarnation, may surround, penetrate, and control material atoms, moulding them into organic cells and tissues, organs and systems, until a complex organism is formed; as a mechanician builds a locomotive engine for generating heat and converting it into mechanical work: or, as the vital force of tree, whatever that organic force may be, builds up the cells and tissues of wood and bark, leaves, flowers, and fruit of the vegetable organism. New

supplies of heat-generating substance are constantly required to sustain each of these automatic mechanisms in working order, without which they soon become paralysed and useless. The human body is an automatic organism of physiological life which may be sustained in a state of torpid vitality for a certain length of time, without conscious connection with the spirit in a state of deep sleep or trance, just as a tree lives by physiological vitality alone, during summer, as well as in the torpid state of hibernation during winter. The spiritual body lives either in the natural body, or apart from it, at times, within the limits of magnetic rapport during natural life, and can build organic cells and tissues, organs and systems, to form a physical organism, and sustain physiological life in the body by new supplies of food to replace waste matter in the living automaton, just as a mechanician builds, and feeds, and works a locomotive, or as a plant sustains vitality by absorption, circulation, respiration, &c.

The evolutive processes of formation in the womb are well explained in manuals of embryology, to which we refer the reader for details, observing merely that all the organs are formed more or less separately, in rudimental shapes at first, and gradually brought together in series and systems, until the whole body becomes one complex unit of organic life, and is born into the world to grow and prosper for a time, and then decay and disappear at death. All we need notice further here is, that the ethereal human form clothes itself with a material body as an instrument, and then the mind contrives other automatic instruments more powerful for work, such as guns and locomotive engines, hydraulic machinery, railways, electric telegraphs, &c. The whole human race forms a collective unit which clothes itself in terrestrial bodies first; then organises individual atoms of humanity into families and corporations, cities and communities, nationalities and national alliances or federations; and these collective bodies further organise and provide themselves with instruments of working power, more potent than the physical energies of men. A due proportion of the souls of spiritual humanity incarnates itself in terrestrial bodies to form a social organism, and then surrounds itself with an artificial organisation of automatic instrumentalities more powerful than living bodies. And as the work of individual incarnation is a work of time and progressive evolution, so the work of social evolution is a work of time and progressive transformation.

The terrestrial organisation of mankind is not yet far advanced towards collective unity, either socially or industrially. Nations are not united in holy alliances for peace and progress, nor are the external instrumentalities of intercourse and creative industry yet developed in every nation and in every quarter of the globe. The automatic wires or nerves of the social organism in the electro-

magnetic telegraph do not extend far beyond the limits of the most civilised centres of activity, and the railways and canals or channels of circulation for commerce and industry (analogous to the blood vessels of the human body) do not extend to all parts of the globe, and to all the families of mankind. These nerves and vessels of the social organism are not more developed than the nerves and vessels of an individual human fœtus during the third month of gestation; whence we infer that a week of centuries in the evolution of humanity is only equal to a week of days in the metamorphic evolution of an individual organism. "A thousand years are as one day with the Lord" in creating and governing the world. It is important, however, to know and understand the laws of organic evolution, and to obtain some notion of our present phase of progress, which is wonderfully pourtrayed in the symbolic picture in accordance with the present state of physiological and embryological science.

Sixty or a hundred centuries of sociogenetic evolution correspond, then, evidently to as many days of early embryonic evolution; and as we know all the phases of metamorphic change in a human fœtus, we may see how far collective evolution has progressed already from incipient chaos towards organic unity, and how much remains to be accomplished before the social organism of humanity can be born into a life of universal unity, peace, and happiness. As arithmetical progression may rule individual embryogenesis, so geometrical progression may rule collective sociogenesis, and proportionally increase the relative velocity of social evolution in its more advanced phases. As 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c., are to 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, &c., so may be the ratios of progress in these parallels of metamorphic evolution. The present century has made much more progress in wealth-creating power than the last, and, not improbably, the next generations may progress much more rapidly.

Argument.—This explanation may startle those who believe all kinds of force to be convertible with matter. All forces are associated with some kind of visible or invisible substance, in phenomenal existence; and whether convertible or inconvertible, there can be no doubt that, within given limits, automatic forces are controlled by human intellect.

Chemical forces are controlled by physiological forces in a plant, and chemical forces in the human body are controlled by automatic vital forces just as much as in a plant; and both these kinds of automatic forces are controlled in their mechanical work by the intellectual and moral forces of the mind or spirit. Not our automatic bodies only, as instruments of locomotion, but electric telegraphs and locomotive engines, the instruments of collective intercourse and locomotion, are constructed and controlled by human intellect.

The physical elements of living bodies and artificial locomotives are derived, for temporary uses only, from the matter and the automatic forces of the planet on which we live, and are not inherent in the human mind, which forms them and uses them as heat-making machines to convert the heat into motion for mechanical work.

The spiritual body may be able to convert light into mechanical motion in an ethereal medium, but requires a heat-generating body in the natural world. Physical science has already advanced thus far in accordance with the teaching of spiritual science and experience. The *cui bono*, or use of Modern Spiritualism (which is not a new religion, but a new reading of the gospel of truth), is to conciliate natural with spiritual laws and phenomena, to satisfy those minds which have renounced superannuated creeds and dogmas, and seek for more light on the laws of human nature and society. The word "miracle" requires a new interpretation, not as a fact contrary to natural law, but in accordance with it.

The churches which cannot receive new light from science and experience will pass naturally into a state of harmless senility, to embalm and conserve some ancient forms of truth, just as the mysteries of the astro-mythical religions of ancient Assyria and Egypt have been preserved to some extent in lodges of Freemasonry, after the spiritual religion of the Israelites had supplanted them in the East. The Jewish nation in its turn was scattered by Pagan Rome, and the Bible supplemented by the Gospel. Protestant communities have abandoned Popery, and introduced civil and religious liberty; but some sects are manifesting signs of decrepitude, while others newly born are growing with new life and vigour, to promote the onward evolution of the race, which moults dead languages, religions, and governments, with obsolete laws, customs, and beliefs of sects and communities, as it throws off and buries the dead bodies of each passing generation of individuals, some holding long and others short leases of organic life, while none exceed the allotted limits of a natural career, in the successive generations of individual and collective organisms.

The truth of all religions becomes gradually overlaid with crusts of rigid dogmatism, which have to be cast off continuously, that principles may reappear untrammelled, as the world progresses from one phase to another in the social and religious evolution of humanity; and hence it is that Spiritualism reappears, with its "miracles," in Christendom as a new reading of the Christian Gospel of religious faith and life. A spiritualist may commune with Freemasons, Druids, Jews, and Christians in all countries, or worship with his own family at home, or in his own heart alone with God, yet not alone, in full view of the spiritual world. H. D.

P.S.—All religious sects believe in a future life, and these pages are addressed to believers in the immortality of the soul; but unbelievers may cavil at some of our definitions and explanations. What is meant by the words *force* and *ether?* We will define our meaning:—

$$\left.\begin{array}{l} 1.\ \text{Time},\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots \\ 2.\ \text{Space},\ldots\ldots \\ 3.\ \text{Substance},\ldots\ldots \\ 4.\ \text{Motion},\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots \end{array}\right\} = \text{Velocity}:$$

thus time, space, substance, and motion are conditions of life in nature; space and substance are implied in the word *mass;* time and motion are implied in the word *velocity;* the word "force" means mass and velocity, in a mechanical sense, and these are controlled by intellect, which is a mode of motion, *sui generis*, and represents another *kind of force* than mechanical force. Something fills universal space which is more subtile than the solid earth, the liquid ocean, and the gaseous atmosphere of our globe; and this invisible something is called *ether*, as an hypothetical substance, known by the phenomena of heat and light as modes of motion.

CONCLUSION ON LIGHT AND ITS CORRELATES.

It is time I should bring my letters on this subject to a close; possibly I have transgressed somewhat beyond limits, but have been induced to give more attention to the subject than I first contemplated, fully aware of the high order of interest the study of light possesses.

What has been said brings us to the final consideration of the dynamic properties of light, and its translation into other forms of force—such as electricity, heat, magnetism; each ruled by distinctive laws, nevertheless analogous in their character; and more marvellous yet, each of these forces producing, under given conditions, one or more of the correlated forces. I use the term ordinarily employed, though I feel all but tempted to substitute another expression, more descriptive of the true character of these properties of the physical dynamic powers. Accompanying the action of these is motion; it is essentially an exponent of their presence: for instance, we cannot conceive of light without movement; nor sound, unless by the vibration of the medium conducting the wave of sound. The divergence of the electrometer, the deflection of the magnetic wheel, the revolution of the electrical wheel, or chemical affinity, changing in its process particles of matter, all belong to one class of

phenomena, which can only be conceived when accompanied by motion. Mere friction will produce heat, or in other words, mere mechanical action will translate itself into other forces—become converted into caloric.

The well-known experiment of Mr Joule, with paddles set in motion in a bath of water or mercury, proves that friction causes an elevation of temperature; and though subsequent tests have varied in their result, the fact of heat being generated in the stated proportions in fluids has been established beyond question. But the friction of solid substances is even more remarkable. Homogeneous bodies produce, by contact, heat; heterogeneous bodies produce electricity; following electricity, magnetism is created at right angles to the electrical currents. I am now speaking of the magnetic flow through an ordinary horse shoe of soft iron. The magnetic currents of the earth, the magnetic needle and its deflections to the poles of the earth, are phenomena of a kindred nature, but do not at present come before us. These have been examined by Bache, Matteuci, Forbes, Quetelet, Erman, Gauss, the latter whose theory of terrestrial magnetism I especially draw attention to. The properties of magnetism, however, belong to the inquiry I have to grapple with. Magnetism produces, through the medium of electricity, heat, light, and chemical affinity—it will even do more than this: it will deflect, according to Faraday, a ray of polarised light; and Mr Marrion discovered that when iron or steel is rapidly magnetised, a sound is produced; and Mr Joule's experiment is even more startling, iron magnetised elongates.

I have thus before me, in my laboratory, within reach of experiments we can repeat at will, the great marvellous phenomena of the translation of light. Taking this force—for I may be allowed to designate it as such, it is nought else as the initiative quantity of the solar power—and first manifested as light, we have light producing magnetism, motion. The rotation of our globe is dependent on the action of light; for it may be conceived that its operation, sunning the half of the globe at a time, causes a negative change on the semisphere, producing repulsion, motion; and in the dispersion of the flow of the magnetic stream, the north and south currents of terrestrial magnetism, at right angles to the direct line of direction, we witness an exponent of this law. Possibly for this reason, the magnetic poles are not the true poles of the sphere, and possibly the shift of the magnetic poles may be in connection with this law of influx of light, deflecting at right angles from the equator as the earth rotates round its axis. I am not burdening your readers with the consideration of these laws—perhaps the most wonderful of all that surrounds us—without an object.

My desire is to show that the dynamic properties of light are all but boundless; that the translation of forces meets us at every point; and that, accepting solar light to be the primary motive agency, we have this astounding fact before us—that a mere undulation, a vibration of an unseen ether element, a wave point, a something I cannot weigh or grasp, is yet so potent that it will uplift all the mountain chains and ocean beds of this globe we live on, and hurl them through space.

Take in illustration the mighty "locomotory" agent "heat." Light arrested, passed through a transparent and denser medium; a prism refracts light; colours are formed, each possessing different heating properties. The rays of sunbeams focalised by a lens will burn wood fibre and smelt gold, so constant an attendant is heat on light. We know of no form of light, unless accompanied by heat. Here, then, the immediate translation of a luminous wave point into a force—into a great power. The laws that regulate the action of heat are very similar to those that light obeys; and refraction, reflection, and even polarisation of heat, submit to the same rules that regulate light. The spectro analysis, to which Frauenhofer, and, of later days, Kirchhoff, Brunsen, Huggins, have devoted so much attention, show us that at every step on each field of the spectrum light changes into heat; alters, translates into another phase of power; becomes chemical in its action; takes a higher or lower temperature, strictly in accordance with the colour assumed. Heat invariably accompanies chemical affinity—that force by which bodies of different character combine together, producing new compounds. We have thus heat, chemical affinity, resulting from light. But more, electricity follows as an immediate sequent to the latter, and electricity produces magnetism, and magnetism, though static in its nature, transmutes into motion under given conditions, and will again produce electricity, or change the temperature of bodies, according to Dr Maggi, or lengthen a bar of iron, as already mentioned.

Now what are these agencies of nature, and without whose aid none of its mighty operations could be proceeded with—operations which, in their revolution of constant recurrency, bring life and food to all that is material and phenomenal; these great nurses of kind creative nature, who nourish the material on the bosom of an unseen, unmeasured, unweighed world? There is no denying that this iron-bound matter, the heavy ponderable material, is ruled by unseen ether waves—nay, more, transmuted into these forms of force on its passage from one condition to another. The formative and resolutive processes of nature, in the creation of the material, all obey the law of the dynamic forces, from which matter has arisen. For I maintain

that that which we designate as material is but a form, an expression, an exponent of the ether element, from which all this many-coloured materiality, varied in shape and consistency, has arisen.

The intro-existing ether world is so near us, so constant in its action, we cannot move nor see without its pulsate of luminiferous ether waves. The transition from this state into the ponderable—the transmutation to that state from the ponderable, speak in unmistakable language of a world of mighty, all-present, all-permeating intro co-existencies, that have created this world, and which, could they be but stayed a moment in their action, made to withhold for an instant the supplying nourishment, the influx of feeding powers, the cataclysm of a final day, which the superstition of an infantine mind has accepted from a cunning priesthood, would come to pass. But happily for them, happily for us, this great God-created world is an harmonious whole—a totality of which we form a part, and hence indestructible. Am I, then, saying too much if I maintain that we who have accepted the truth of an ether wave, of an unseen power, of such might that it can hurl this little world our feet are glued to round its sunny centre, hold the sun itself in its place, peal forth in the full chorus of voices of billions of suns, as they travel onward through space, the praise of these great laws, the ether intro-existences, that undulate into space in waves, and pulsate the life-throb of the created, sustaining the ponderable and visible—am I saying more than is needed if I assert that we Spiritualists are right in asserting, as a proven fact—proven by the evidence of our senses, proven by the higher evidence of our reason, resting upon proofs science has furnished, founded upon convictions of our inner self, a conviction cradled upon the arms of religious faith—that there does *absolutely co-exist*, act with, and support this world, an intro co-existing ether world, that has sent its messenger Light to tell us of its presence?

And with these remarks I will conclude, and in doing so claim but one word of apology for having said so much, but the necessity of the case warranted the space I have taken. We Spiritualists are accused of lack of scientific proof. I could fill volumes with such taken from the pages of Huyghens, Fresnel, Brewster, Biot, Faraday. They have all accepted the presence of the unseen, the ether wave, as a great fundamental law of nature—have all worshipped the unseen agencies of life —those mighty parents that have created the ponderable and visible. It is their power and presence the Spiritualist admits in accepting the truth of the marvellous phenomena the present age is offering to mankind to learn from. HONESTAS.

Dec., 1868.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. Jackson, F.A.S.L.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian,"
"Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

THE AUGEAN STABLE.

REFORM BY THE PROCESS OF REVOLUTION.

It is a prevalent misapprehension that the violence of a crisis is adequate demonstration of its being forced and unnatural; for, whether in moral or physical disease, there is a stage of aggravation which can only be remedied by a supreme effort. Mild processes and gentle applications will no longer suffice. The malady has passed beyond the reach of such simple means, and nothing now remains but death or cure—the former being imminent unless the latter be immediate. Under such circumstances, nature delights to gather up all her powers for a conflict with the unrelenting foe, and, like some desperate gamester, casts all upon the hazard of a die, where the only alternative is renovation or destruction.

Reform or revolution, such is the choice presented to every body politic that has arrived at a certain stage of corruption and degeneracy. If the evil be taken in time, before it has hopelessly destroyed the efficiency of existing institutions, or utterly sapped the virtue and patriotism of the upper and ruling classes, it may be removed by reform; but if the functional vigour of the state, and the public spirit of its leading citizens, be lost, then revolution is the only resource. The effete constitution of things can only undergo the necessary process of restitution by the terrible ordeal of death, as the price of a glorious resurrection. The Augean Stable of iniquity and injustice, that despised the influence of public opinion, and either perverted law, or set its edicts at defiance, is at last swept out by the violence of a revolutionary flood, whose waters are, alas! but too often tinged with blood.

At other times, the cleansing flood is not so much revolution from within as conquest from without. The gangrene of corruption has diffused itself from the upper to the lower classes, from the agents to the instruments of vice, until at last society becomes thoroughly and hopelessly demoralised throughout its entire mass, and in all its varied relations. There is not only a want of public principle but private virtue —the corruption which has long pervaded the state having now entered the family, so that the shekinah no longer burns on that holy of holies, the last retreat of purity among men, the domestic hearth. The ties of marriage are disregarded, parental duties are neglected, filial love and obedience are almost unknown, and so the sanctities having fled, the angel of destruction is invoked to purge the earth of an iniquity no

longer endurable. It was thus that the voluptuous Babylonians fell before the comparatively simple Medes, when Belshazzar and his nobles saw that handwriting on the wall, which premonished them of their doom at the hands of Darius and his Persians. What, indeed, was the fall of any of the ancient empires, but the cleansing of an Augean Stable of social abomination and political corruption, the longer continuance of which would have been fraught with present injury and future danger to the best interests of humanity?

And are we to suppose that these terrible processes of purification have ceased? Are dead branches no longer lopped off? Are barren fig-trees not cut down? Are tares no longer cast into the fire? This were indeed a foolish imagination, whereto history gives no countenance. What was "the decline and fall of the Roman empire," but a repetition of the Babylonian tragedy by new actors upon another stage? And did this stupendous collapse of bloated power and putrid refinement close the list of catastrophes, to which the abuse of authority and the misuse of privilege are the sure precursors? Are there no Augean Stables now in the world, awaiting the resistless flood of revolution, or the destructive deluge of war, to cleanse them of their impurities, and rid mankind of their abominations? The fate of Constantinople and the French Revolution give no support to such an idea; for they show that Hercules has not yet forgotten his vocation, or fallen short of his power, and that, whether under Heathenism or Christianity, the moral law of retributive justice is still fulfilled with the undeviating regularity that attends every divine edict, which, being founded on the nature of things, cannot be otherwise than for ever.

As, then, the past is the mystic mirror of the future, we shall not perhaps wholly lose our time in directing attention to some of those evils which threaten us with a fate akin to that of our predecessors, the former possessors of wealth and civilisation, and the earlier heirs of empire and distinction. In a sense it may be said that the entire world is at present more or less an Augean Stable, demanding an Herculean reformer for its effectual renovation. Let us glance at its religious condition. What can we say of Buddhism, with its consecrated amulets, and its rotatory contrivances for the saying of prayers by machinery, but that, despite its maxims of mercy and morality, it has degenerated into a puerile superstition, calculated only to retain its ignorant devotees in a condition of permanent childhood. And what shall we say of Brahmanism, with its grovelling idolatry, second only to that of ancient Egypt, but that, despite the subtlety of its metaphysics, and the sublimity of its esoteric doctrines, it is practically an

obstacle to the advancement of its votaries, whether into that higher knowledge or purer life, which the slow progress even of Asiatic existence at last demands. And although Mohammedanism, with its monotheistic creed, implying a spiritual God, omniscient, omnipotent, just and merciful, has higher claims on our regard, from its abstract principles; yet, judging of it according to that unerring test, "By their fruits shall ye know them," we find that it everywhere not only arrests progress, but conduces to desolation—the entire domain of the Crescent being at this moment little other than a moral desert. What can we say of such a creed, but that it is fossilized and effete, an oppressive burden to its professors, and a most serious impediment to the onward march of humanity. In very truth, all these Asiatic religions are hopelessly moribund, and merely await the advent of the destroying angel, to become subject matter for history.

As Christians, having our own especial area in the world, and our own peculiar standpoint in time, it is comparatively easy to see these truths in relation to others. That every creed save that of the Cross seems virtually defunct, is thundered from our church pulpits, proclaimed from our missionary platforms, and embodied in our religious literature. It is a truth of which no good Christian has the shadow of a doubt. But when you come to apply the same principles of judgment to his own hereditary faith, he very naturally pauses, hesitates, and withholds his assent to a condemnation so universal that it boasts of no exception. It is true that your zealous Protestant reflects with unspeakable satisfaction on the impending destruction of the Church of Rome, that Aceldama of Christendom, that home of every unclean beast, most fitly personified by the scarlet lady, drunk with the blood of the saints, and holding in her hand a cup full of all unspeakable abominations! Of *her* fitness as an Augean Stable of ecclesiastical iniquities for the purifying process of a revolutionary flood, he has, of course, not the smallest doubt, and duly waits in faith and patience for the great day of account, that will see her stand trembling and aghast at the judgment-seat of God. While, conversely, your good Catholic regards the great Disruption of the West, the unholy schism of the sixteenth century, which destroyed the unity of Christ's visible church on earth, and crucified the Lord afresh, as not only the subtlest work of Satan, but as in itself that grand achievement of evil which was to result from the enemy of souls being loosed yet a little time, after his thousand years of unwilling detention in the bottomless pit, under the guardianship of Michael, and in the safekeeping of the Pope. Entertaining such a view of our origin, and holding, in addition, a thoroughly orthodox opinion

of sectarian divisions, it is no wonder that he regards us as on the high road to perdition, as existing simply on the long-sufferance of an all-merciful God, but doomed inevitably to utter destruction in the end, as a just retribution for our theological errors and ecclesiastical rebellion.

Now, without endorsing either view as based on reason and justice, we simply state them as farther evidence of the world-wide fact, that not only are all men sitting in judgment on all men, but that each distinctly marked section of religious believers regard every division save their own, as not only already doomed, but about to suffer almost immediate annihilation. Nor is this expectation of a universal judgment devoid of its logically correlative idea, a lively faith in the approaching advent of a Universal Judge. The Christian awaits the millennium, accompanied by the personal reign of Christ; the Jew expects his Messiah; the Mussulman anticipates the return of Mohammed; the Brahman regards the tenth, or great Avahtar of Vishnu, as already due; while the Buddhist equally believes in the speedy appearance of some unusually grand incarnation, which, like that of Heri or Gautama, will inaugurate the prophetically foretold restitution of all things. Now, what are these expectations of judgment, and these anticipations of deliverance, but the voice of universal man proclaiming the end of one era and the beginning of another; or, in classic phraseology, the cleansing of the Augean Stable of the past by the Herculean champion of the future, the purification and regeneration of the world by a revolutionary flood, that will achieve in a day what ages of isolated effort on the part of individual reformers could never have accomplished.

While religions are thus corrupt, it is no wonder that governments are effete, the source of weakness being the same in both—namely, their unsuitableness to the age, their inadaptation to the present condition, and their inadequacy to the existing requirements of society. Religions are not sufficiently enlightened and expansive, and governments are not sufficiently liberal and progressive, to satisfy the needs of living men. They are a bequest from the past, not an outgrowth from the present. They are dead branches of the living Ygdrasil, now in the very process of being lopped off by the relentless shears of destiny. Let us state the simple truth in this matter, without those euphuistic circumlocutions, whereby the force of a veracity is lost, from the polished feebleness of its enunciation.

What are existing governments? And we reply: the moss-covered ruins and ivy-mantled towers of a once heroic and commanding, but now hopelessly superannuated, past. They are all essentially Cæsarian in origin—that is, they began with

the power of the sword, they are based on force, and are simply a manifestation of the right of the strongest. This is only saying, in other words, that they were a product of barbarism, the embodiment not of moral, but military power; and as such, must cease in an age of intellectual civilisation. We see this in connection with the East. Nobody ever dreams that its dilapidated despotisms are permanent. From the Bosphorus to the Yellow Sea, we know that they are doomed, and we see that they are falling. It is simply a question of time when Asia will be relieved of her antiquated autocracy, which is now only the less endurable because it is enfeebled and inefficient. And what are the modified and now, for the most part, constitutional monarchies of Europe? We reply, that they are merely autocracy in transition. Let us clearly understand this matter. A constitutional monarchy is simply a republic, disguised with the trappings of royalty, in which a crowned semblance rides in the state-coach, while an uncrowned reality rules in the senate, where the king is not he who holds the golden sceptre, but he who wields the premier's pen. These are patent truths which everybody knows, though few care to proclaim them—"open secrets" that cannot be hidden, whether from the monarch or his subjects. And what are republics, whether of ancient or modern times? And we reply: organised anarchy, chaos, thinly veiled with the semblance of creation. They are simply government in negation, and so hastening faster or slower to that affirmative reaction which consists in the development of a military despotism.

But wherefore dwell on the shortcomings of religion or government, as if these were the only stalls in the Augean Stable imperatively demanding ablution. What is modern society, under many of its aspects, but a cesspool of corruption? With the exception of slavery, which of the great evils of heathen antiquity has it effectually redressed? War, crime, pauperism, and prostitution, are as rife under the Christian as under the Olympian dispensation. While our standing armies are the terror of the world, our streets are a disgrace to humanity. We enrol youth for slaughter, and devote beauty to dishonour. We profess to be governed by the law of love, while our entire commercial code is based on the principle of "enlightened self-interest." What is all this, but saying by detailed instances, that modern society is "an organised hypocrisy." And what was ever the end of such? Why, simply, that of all Augean Stables—to be swept out by the flood of revolution or conquest, leaving, like Babylon and Rome, but the wrecks of their splendour and the echoes of their greatness as a warning to posterity.

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,
AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC

CHAPTER XLII.

ELEANORE and I breathed more freely as we watched her walking up the street, and at last she said: "It is an inestimable thing, is it not, to be so safely and humanely freed of her—poor child! But I have little hope of her future well-doing, Anna. Not that I think her actually base or depraved now—but her strong affection for this wretched murderer and seducer will carry her back to him, I fear, in spite of everything: in which case, we know too well the bitter lot before her. She will be degraded in her own esteem by that fatal step; upon this will shortly follow his scorn and brutal abuse—and, ah, what an existence will be hers then!"

"She seems to have been badly treated throughout, if her story be true—that she married to please her father and sister, and came here to please them, too, instead of following her own attractions. I think that is one of the greatest and most universal wrongs which woman suffers or does against herself, Eleanore—that trading in marriage—giving her freedom and self-respect for a support or a position, or feeling constrained to allow herself to be united for life to a man who is chosen for any reason but because, of all the world, he comes nearest her heart. This poor child already, young as she is, has been doomed, by that sin against herself, to immeasurable horrors and suffering."

"She is one of thousands, nay, millions of our sex, Anna, scattered over all the globe, against whom this fearful wrong is daily perpetrated in the names of prosperity, happiness, and love. I tremble for womanhood when I think how constantly it is outweighed in the balance against these poor, paltry shams and lies, and, going blindly into the balance, comes out, after a season, with eyes full open to its dreadful lot, struggling in vain against the fetters that have been thrown around it, and bleeding at every pore. It is fearful to consider what burdens we assume in the blindness of our ignorance, and have to bear through all our subsequent life, or to throw off with an effort greater, even, than our endurance. Consider for a moment how society treats a woman, who, knowing in her soul that she is shamed and tortured in her marriage, seeks to cast the yoke that becomes at last intolerable; and consider how men, high and low, from honourable seignors to such mis-

creants as this, do almost ever regard one who takes such a position. Forgetting that Nature speaks in her bosom, as well as their own—forgetting that a slavery which they would loathe themselves for submitting to, may be as galling to her—forgetting that her soul, too, must grow, if at all, in freedom like theirs, how coolly and cruelly worldly men and happy women can set down such to neglect and coldness and scorn! They have, in the judgment of society, committed the unpardonable sin in asserting their self-respect, and they become, in consequence, fair targets for the sneers and the arrows of every heartless or scoundrel marksman who chooses to entertain himself at their expense.

"But do not ask me to say what I feel toward men who are capable of the baseness of deliberately casting a woman out of the citadel of her social relations. No language which I could use would convey an idea of the execration in which I hold such, and the monster we call Society, when I see it smiling on them. If I thought my son could ever grow to a manhood so base as would let him deliberately set about winning a woman's love, careless whether it might be shame or glory to her, I could rejoice to see him buried a child. The highwayman or burglar is noble in comparison with such! And yet there is no punishment or hindrance for these men, if they stop short of murder. In other countries than this the law would hang this creature for stabbing a man, but would scarce lay its finger upon him for the greater crime of destroying the poor girl. In England, if he were rich, he would be made to pay a price for the chattel he robbed the husband of, but everywhere society, with very scanty exceptions, would open as wide its arms to him after, as before the deed. Few fathers and mothers would hesitate to invite him, for their sons to emulate and their daughters to admire.

"It is the crying sin of our civilization—this against the love of woman. It hurls yearly into the dark ranks of the irredeemable, hundreds, if not thousands, of the best natures of our sex. Love is a woman's life and nobleness. Humble intellects, penetrated and vivified by a pure and self-respecting affection, are often the most beautiful and harmonious spirits in the circles where they belong. Women are called angels, and there is a truth at the root of that hyperbole, as of all others, for there is nothing nearer to our conception of the angelic than a loving, tender-souled woman. To draw her down to shame through this high attribute of her nature, is a treachery so base and damnable, that one continually wonders why the ages have not stamped it as the one ineffaceable infamy of a man's life!"

"That is a question I have often considered," said I. Why is it true that all you say may be, and is continually done, in all the countries of Christendom, and of the whole earth, for aught I know—an enormous

and recognised sin—without any human penalty attached to it, or any that is worth so naming?"

"Because," she said, "society proceeds upon two opposite assumptions in regard to woman—one, that she is inferior to man, and the other, that she is superior to him. Both are true, too; but the inferiority—which is in the personal and lower life, and which will ultimately constitute her highest appeal to his nobility of soul—has been, and, alas! still is, the universal appeal to his perverted and degrading selfishness; while the eminence that he concedes to her in love and the whole affectional nature, is the theme of his poetry and the unsuspecting minister to his baseness.

"I do believe, though, Anna, that this wrong has had its day. I believe that women are receiving preparation for a clearer and truer development, and that shame will not henceforth be the fruit of their highest life to so many thousands of women."

"I would hope so," was my slow response; "but I confess I see no very decisive indications of that good time."

"Day does not dawn in a moment," she replied. "If ever you have watched the eastern sky in the hour when night was folding his dark pinions in the west, you have rather accepted the approach of light as an undemonstrated than a visible fact, so faint were its first advances. By-and-bye came manifest gleams, shooting hither and thither; afterward palpable bars of illumination, which spread into a radiant whole at last, and the day was inaugurated. Our horizon has as yet only gleams of the coming time, but they are, I think, unmistakable, and whoever lives to see the twentieth century ushered in, will, I believe, find our sex on a vantage-ground of true freedom and self-sustaining development, which will prove the first step in such a social revolution as time has never yet seen.

"I feel a prophetic fire warming me, Anna, when I think of the future of woman. I am so entirely convinced of her superiority in the scale of being, and that, with the gentlness, piety, and love, which characterise her more angelic nature, she is to lead in the civilisation of the coming ages, that my hope of her era is boundless."

"Do you, indeed, receive that extraordinary doctrine, Eleanore? I should scarcely have suspected you of it. To my judgment it seems to belong to minds of less reason and greater capacity of fanatical warmth than I have attributed to you."

"That is because you misconceive the truth of it and its relations. It rests upon irrefutable proofs, both material and spiritual, which we have not time to consider now, for they are linked in a beautiful chain, which may be touched in every backward era, from this day to the

creation, and the truth itself, coming to us, now is—contradictory as it may appear to superficial observation—the chief element in solving and harmonizing the mystery and discord of the past. It enables me to understand, better than ever before, the hard and bloody features of strife, revenge, and violence, which have come out upon, and made apparently hideous, the human career. The first ages of Progress were necessarily material; they were inevitably man's—man's, as distinguished from woman, I mean: he being the material worker—the inventor, the discoverer, and the warrior; disposed in his nature, and well able by his strong body to carry his conquests into every kingdom where they were needed. In all this our sex was undeniably secondary and inferior; and if human progress were to be an endless succession of physical labours, inventions, discoveries, and wars, we should be doomed to remain so. But it is not; and whenever, by man's work on those planes, the race shall have reached a condition in which higher and gentler and more divine dominations are needed, these being woman's, she will come naturally and harmoniously to exercise them. And they will be more potent and catholic than man's have been, in so far as spirit is more diffused than matter, and love more irresistible than war."

"You do not claim, then, that women are superior logicians or more powerful reasoners than men?"

"No; but reason is not the most divine attribute of humanity, nor is logical power its most godlike development. Neither of these was the distinguishing trait of the divine Nazarene. Nor do I mean that they are superior in the executive capacities; nor merely in the intuitions, which men, however jealous of their sovereignty, universally concede to us; but I mean greater elevation in the scale of being—higher offices, and relations of greater power to the life which flows from and surrounds our own."

"Something—an inference, if not a conclusion—in favour of your argument," said I, "it seems to me, might be drawn from the state of things we see here—the swift and fearful degeneracy of these men, separated from the conservative and refining influence of women."

"Yes," she replied, quickly, "for no one believes that women of the same rank would fall thus, under like circumstances. Did it ever occur to you, Anna, that we *praise* a strong, rugged man, when we say earnestly and feelingly of him, that he is like a woman, or is womanly in his nature? We express, by the words, a noble manhood, with a woman's tenderness or love or endurance added thereto; but when it is said of a woman that she is manly, or like a man, how one's heart recoils! This, I think, is because we feel delight in seeing the higher

embodied in the lower: but it pains us to see that the truest verdict we can pronounce upon the higher, is, that it is like the lower."

"Yet, Eleanore," said I, a little startled by what her statements would lead to, "there certainly are very few women who are, in elevation of life, in earnestness, and in the expression, either by deeds or words, of the loftier sentiments, comparable to great numbers of men. You must acknowledge that, I am sure."

"Yes, with pain and grief; but it does not hurt my argument, because woman has not been acknowledged or proved in the position I claim for her. She has been always the slave of man—more or less abject, according to his position, but ever the slave; permitted this liberty and denied the other; educated by his prejudices—warped and belittled by his ignorance: not criminally or cruelly on his part, but inevitably, because of his ignorance and darkness—he the active and she the passive agent of her own feebleness and degradation."

"And what," I asked, "is to make their relation different now?"

"The light that has come into the world, Anna," replied my friend, "and that which is coming. We have heretofore bowed to man's sovereignty, because physical power has been the proof of superiority, and he has had the bone and muscle to assert and defend this for himself; while we have scarcely inquired whether it was the highest evidence of his claim, or whether the progress for which we hope could be the fruit of such rule so maintained. Man, first, laying the material substrata of life—woman, last, uprearing on these solid foundations of reason, science, and system, the beautiful ideals where truth and love shall dwell in religious harmony with us."

"Your ideas would meet with little welcome," said I, "in the world of men, or of women either, I fear."

"But that would be no proof of their unsoundness, Miss Warren. There will be a certain displeasure toward them at first, I have no doubt, because a preposterous notion is entertained, since this question has arisen, that, whichever sex shall prevail in the war, the other must be humiliated by its victory. We have been wronged and injured by the supremacy of man, and he naturally distrusts us. He has not learned that they who are superior in truth, in love, and in real elevation, *cannot* enslave inferiors; as a man's best powers cannot enslave his baser appetites. But setting all minor considerations aside, see how much *more* the female principle is to all life, than the male. The relation and power of the one is momentary and undignified by any lofty sense of use and patient service to the coming being. Throughout the organic world, reproduction, which is the highest function of life, is the paramount law and service of the maternal

principle. Beauty, which is the highest material expression of life, is generally its concomitant; and organic nurture and development, which stand next to God's power in creating, are its chief employment and grandest happiness. The mother-bee produces all the innumerable young, and the drones perish when their very temporary office has been filled. The mother-bird rejoices through her long incubation in the happiness which is to come; and if her mate sings a sweeter song than she does, is it not that, by that lower performance, he may cheer and lighten her sacred one?"

"That is quite a new, and not flattering view," said I, laughing, "of Cock Robin and Bob-o-link's sweet gifts."

"But it is a true one, Anna, I am sure," answered my friend, with undisturbed seriousness. "The highest instinct of all unprogressive life, it seems to me, is to preserve to itself the perfection which God has given it. The loftiest purpose that progressive life can entertain, lies beyond this: and both are intrusted to the mother. The father comes nearest to her power, and most entirely seconds it, when, by careful tendance upon her, he sustains in all her life, interior and exterior, the fullest vigour and most harmonious play; when he gives her conditions of health, freedom, and self-respect; surrounds her with the beautiful, the pure, and the noble; and, by his superior strength and intellect, commands the world for this creating mother, of whom he is the care-taker. Thus his position is secondary and ministrant to hers, which comes first after God's. I believe in this superiority of my sex, Anna, everywhere, from the highest to the lowest. Do not you?"

"Certainly, dear Eleanore. It cannot, I think, be disputed; but it is not often that one gets back of the conventionalities and errors of the ages, to take a clear view from Nature's stand-point. In all the vexed and stinging discussion one hears and participates in, we are too apt to stop at our own door, or not to look beyond our grandmother's usages, into the past. It seems to me that no man or woman would reject this interpretation of God's purposes in regard to the sexes. It is too evidently true."

"Yet, dear, there is no practical adoption of it anywhere. If there were, all the freedom that their nature could use would be at once accorded by all rational men to women. They would not fear to remove restrictive laws from their statute-books; on the contrary, they would become sensible of the wrong of ever having placed them there, and they would hasten to repair, by their just recognition of it, the injuries which the sex and society have both sustained in the ages that are past. The proudest achievements of man, in art, in statesmanship, in science, in discovery, in invention, in all that proclaims his civilization, can

minister to no higher purpose in this life, surely, than this one of developing and elevating woman to true and right conditions for maternity. The noblest woman, in all senses, is the best mother, as the noblest man is the best father; and the universe contains no legacy equal to that which such parents give to their children."

"But all women are not mothers, Eleanore."

"I know and lament that, dear friend; but the fact makes no weight against the argument. It strengthens it, rather; for the woman to whom the power and joy of motherhood are denied, is, if possible, the more entitled thereby to all else that life can give her. Its richest riches, exclusive of this, can only mitigate that unfortunate lot. Is it not so, dear? Would any advantage which you could reap in strife with the world—any fortune, power, or distinction—still the demands of your heart? Dear Anna, I know how large a woman-soul there is pent up in this slender form, and I know how bitterly it suffers in this perpetual denial of its strongest instinct. But you do not the less demand all that I could enjoy or appropriate nobly in the exercise of motherhood. Because one calamity has fallen on you, I would not condemn you to all others—to a withered, narrow life, cut off from the sympathies, uses, and respects to which all pure life is entitled. You call yourself an 'old maid;' but if women enjoyed the freedom and recognition I ask for them, there would be none or few such; and they, if good, would be objects of strong sympathy and earnest respect, instead of such feelings as are commonly entertained toward them. But I have talked you to tears, and we will say no more to-day on these subjects."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THAT day completed our second month, and Eleanore, in the evening, told me she was unwilling to commence on another, if we could see any quieter way of earning a livelihood. "I have been watching the papers lately, Anna," said she, "for anything that might offer a better position to us; and though I have not found it for both, I have faith to believe that it may come by-and-by."

"For both!" I said; "have you, then, seen something that would do for yourself?"

"No, dear, but for you, in to-day's *Alta*. Here it is, and if you think of it, you had better answer to-morrow morning."

It was an advertisement for a teacher in Stockton. Applicants would get further information by applying at that office.

"And if I should go," said I, "what would you do?"

"I would get a situation as governess, if I could—perhaps in some Spanish family." Her eyes filled as she spoke, but she brushed the

tears indignantly away, and said: "I am not so weak as this makes me seem, but I cannot think of our separating, dear friend, without pain, and almost dismay."

"Nor I; and we will not. Something will come, if we are only a little patient. Let us remain where we are yet a few days, and be watchful."

"I told young Peters," said Eleanore, "this morning, that I did not think we should, either of us, wish to stay longer than till they could supply our places. You know we felt alike about it yesterday evening, Anna."

"Yes, and I feel so still; but I am loth to look for an employment that will separate us at once, and leave you idle. I almost feel you could not do so well without me."

"And you are right, my dear, good sister; I could not; but I must not hinder your prosperity. Go in the morning, and see what you can learn about this place. Perhaps you could engage it, and yet have a week or a fortnight here; in which case, we could remain a little longer without inconvenience. If it is a situation where you can be well paid for the labour you ought to be doing, instead of this drudgery, I could not be content to have you lose it for my sake."

So it was agreed, with a good many sad words, that we should, the next day, begin to take steps looking toward a separation of our ways.

In the morning, Mr John Harding came to settle his account, and have some further conversation respecting Caroline. Eleanore told him that she had gone to the Marsden's who would be prudent and kind in their dealing with her, and that she hoped a few weeks' quiet, under the pure and friendly influence of Mrs Marsden, would restore her to her right mind, and prepare her to return to her friends at home.

He was of the opposite opinion, however, but made no warm argument about it.

Eleanore requested him to deposit the money he had promised for her support, to the account of Mr Marsden, or some other person whom he might prefer, as there was a probability she and I might both be elsewhere before it would be drawn.

"Are you going away, then?" he asked.

"We do not expect to remain here much longer," was her reply.

"Going to the country?"

"Perhaps so. We are not fully decided yet. In any case, it might be a serious inconvenience to either of us to feel any further responsibility in this matter. All that we can do in a friendly way for the poor girl, we will; but the business part can be better attended to by some

one who is settled here. I hope you will not abandon the good you purposed toward her," said Eleanore, seeing his countenance change, ' in consequence of this necessity."

" No; I promised you she should have the money, and so she shall —to go home with, if she wants to. But she won't do it; you will see that she won't."

" That is possible," said Eleanore; " but you will always have the satisfaction of reflecting that, so far, you acted right."

" So far!" he echoed. Isn't that enough? What else could I do?"

" You could see her, Mr Harding, and by a little gentleness of speech and manner, mitigate the pain and horror under which she now labours. You, more than any one here, could make her feel that she is not for ever separated from all hope in those who have hitherto made her world. You could make her respect your nobleness, and lead her to think of some other refuge than among the guilty and outcast, to whom, I fear, her weakness now inclines her."

He heard her with silent amazement. " Really, ma'am," he said, after a pause, when she had ceased speaking, " you surprise me. I should not have expected anybody to speak so to me about her. She ought, I think, to ask my forgiveness."

" She hasn't the courage," said Eleanore quickly. " She is a child, overwhelmed and crushed by horrors she never before dreamed of, but which, if she is not very tenderly cared for, she may grow familiar with in the years to come. If you will permit me to advise you a little, sir, I would urge you to go to her and make her feel, that, though she has done very wrong, she is not a monster, and that return to the path she has left is yet possible. You should remember, Mr Harding, that the great guilt here is a man's; I mean the first guilt—not that alone which struck the murderous blow—and that this young creature was thrown, by the injudiciousness of your brother and her friends, unguarded into his power. If I could be utterly unrelenting toward any human being, it would be such a monster as he is, but not his victim."

Mr Harding rose, and took a turn across the office. Then he stopped at the window, with his hands in his pockets, and looked out. At last he turned, and walking up to the desk, where Eleanore was engaged in making up the accounts, that should have been finished on Saturday evening, said, with his face slightly flushed and confused: " I will go, Mrs Bromfield, because you make me feel that I must. Nobody else could, though. Where is the house she has gone to?"

She gave him the direction, and said: " Inquire, when you get in the neighbourhood, for Mr Marsden's house. Anybody there will show it you. And, pray, say some kind word to Caroline for me."

"And tell her," I added, "that, if it is possible, I will come up and see her to-day or to-morrow."

"There," said Eleanore, after he was gone, "that is something gained for him, if it does not save her—of which, I think, there may yet be a hope. She naturally thinks of this miscreant, should he escape, as her only refuge and protection. This visit may draw her thoughts in another direction, and, with the helps she will otherwise get, *may* lead her to see the future more truly than she does now, and to appreciate more correctly her relation to persons. Now, dear Anna, I must send you off, for you must not fail to see what they want in Stockton—and get a little time to stay with me, if you can. Mr Peters will be here by noon, his brother thinks. I shall speak to him at once and then I shall feel free to go also, in search of other employment."

By a rare coincidence, I met at the office of the newspaper the person who had inserted the advertisement. We had a talk, which seemed quite satisfactory to him, and was entirely so to me, and I engaged to commence my school a fortnight from that day. I would not say less, though he urged it, because I would not risk the necessity of leaving Eleanore, until there had been time to look about for her settlement. As it was, I returned very heavy-hearted, thinking of her, and not at all of myself. She was very much pleased when I told her what I had done, and we began at once to make the most of the time that was left us, by canvassing the possibilities of the future and reviewing the past.

When Mr Harding came in the afternoon to take his leave he expressed a great deal of interest in both of us, with thanks for our kindness—especially Eleanore's—in having shown him what he ought to do. His visit to Caroline had made him a happier man. She was very grateful for it, and Mr Marsden had promised to write him sometimes how she went on, till the trial, when he should be in the city himself, and hoped to see us again. He parted from Eleanore very reluctantly, and lingered till the last moment for reaching the wharf, in hope, as I saw, of an opportunity to speak to her alone. But her eye kept me there. She did not look at me once in a noticeable way, but I could not go out of the room till he was gone.

"There is a good deal of latent nobility in that soul," said Eleanore; "pity some congenial and more developed one should not cultivate and educé it."

"Yes," I replied, "and I think he would be quite willing to put himself in certain hands, that would do it efficiently."

"May be," she said, "but do not speak of it. I am weary of such experiences here, and of the thoughts they bring to me. They make common the most sacred things of life."

MESMERISM AS A CURATIVE AGENT.

In conducting a magazine like this, both editors and contributors are apt to forget that they have readers at all stages of knowledge in regard to the subjects treated. We must also remember that there is a growing class of people (however much to be regretted) who depend for the greater part of their information on the periodicals of the day. They can't be troubled reading heavy, formal books on science. It is important, then, that the elementary parts of our subjects be brought before them occasionally.

The above thoughts were suggested to me by conversations with some of our readers, and a perusal of the learned discussions on Spiritualism and Mesmerism which have been appearing of late. In these debates, various things are postulated, especially by the mesmerists, which are almost unknown to many readers; so that they are unable to fully appreciate the value of the arguments. Thus, we have the spiritual theory of pre-vision, thought-reading, and such like, met with the statement that these are quite common phenomena to experienced mesmerists. And when the spiritualist talks of a "healing medium," the mesmeric devotee smiles sympathisingly at what he considers the ignorance of his spiritual friend.

The spiritualists have not been slow in making use of this magazine to present *their* facts to the public, so that regular readers know pretty well the various weapons in their armoury. But, strange to say, very few mesmeric facts have been recorded, perhaps under the idea that they were already well known, and would be considered commonplace. But I am sorry to find, from experience, that such is not the case. At the risk, then, of wearying some of the more experienced mesmeric readers, I intend, as time and space permit, to give a few of the facts common to mesmeric operators; holding, as I do, that no spiritualist can be a philosophic defender of his system who is not well posted up in mesmerism.* I shall draw as much as possible from my personal experience, and from the records of our local mesmeric society; so that I may be able to vouch for the authenticity of the statements made. The most common aspect of the phenomena is that indicated in the heading of this paper; and as it is the most practical, and thought by many to be that most easily understood, I shall give a few instances of its power, and then endeavour to "point the moral."

I well remember the first good case I had. My mother had been ill for several days with a severe cold, which had merged into influenza. She had got no sleep for two or three nights previous to my operating. She had tried the usual remedies to "sweat it out;" but without effect. Severe pains affected the trunk of her body, while the limbs were free from them. On returning home one night from a lecture on mesmerism, I heard her groaning considerably from the pain. Up to this time I had scarcely thought of personally applying mesmerism,

* I would take this opportunity of recommending students of mesmerism to take advantage of the very cheap rate at which several standard works on the subject can be had just now at the Progressive Library, such as Townshend's Facts, Deleuze, Teste, &c., particulars of which will be found on the cover.

although firmly believing in it. But I resolved to try it here, thinking that I might at least soothe her to sleep. Getting her to lie to the front of the bed, but not taking off any of the bed-clothes, I made long passes from the head to the feet. I continued this silently for ten minutes, when she stopped me by saying that I had removed all pain from her body, but that it had gone into the legs. I now shortened my passes, making them from the thighs downwards; and in other ten minutes she astonished me by saying that the pain had entirely left her. I mesmerised her about ten minutes longer, when she seemed to go into a gentle sleep, and I then left her. She told me next day that she had a most refreshing sleep, and awoke at two A.M. (I operated at half-past ten P.M.) drenched in perspiration! She was out of bed next day, and recovered rapidly.

I once unwittingly gave a boy a severe blow over the eye, which immediately began to swell up quite perceptibly. Beneath the orbit, in about a minute, there was a large red lump formed, which no doubt would have become discoloured in the usual way within a very short time, had it been left to itself. Dropping my work, I washed my hands, and commenced at once to mesmerise it. Though not operating under very favourable conditions, in an open workshop, the swelling disappeared within ten minutes, leaving the part a little redder than usual. Having to go out into the cold air immediately after, it being winter, I was afraid it might swell again, or discolour; but on his return, I found it much in the same state as before, perhaps a little more inflamed. I again mesmerised him for about ten minutes, when the parts resumed their natural appearance. I feel almost certain, and the lad thought so too, that I saved him from an ugly black eye.

A customer called at the office where I was employed, suffering acutely from rheumatism in the shoulder and arm. He was a powerful muscular man, who might under ordinary circumstances have thrown me out of the window with ease. His arm was lying across his chest, powerless, and the slightest movement gave him great pain. He was quite unfit for his occupation, that of a window-cleaner. My employer requested me to try the effects of mesmerism on the arm, which I did; and in fifteen minutes he was free from pain, and could swing his arm without inconvenience. He began to stretch his arm gradually while I operated. He had no relapse.

In the same office, one of the female employees had a very violent headache one day, and was about to go home, being unable to stand at her work. At the request of our employer, I took her into a side room, and made a few dispersive passes, when the pain immediately began to leave. I then made several passes down over the head and body, which made the headache as bad as ever. Being apprised of this, I desisted, and made them as at first; and in a very few minutes she was quite free, and returned to her work. She had never been mesmerised before.

Calling at a friend's house, I found a young girl suffering dreadfully from toothache. She had been ill for some days. I at once offered to try and relieve her (I never absolutely promise to cure *anything*, however simple), and had the great satisfaction of freeing her from all pain

in about twenty minutes. I ascertained a year afterwards that she had not been again troubled with it.

I might go on multiplying cases, but these will suffice for illustration. Many of our mesmeric friends may think them insignificant; but I purposely select them on account of their freedom from detail. A straw shows the current of a stream better than a heavy log. I always feel between the horns of a dilemma in recounting mesmeric cures to strangers. If you mention rapid, striking effects, as above, you are apt to produce the impression that it is something magical, and to raise too high hopes in beginners; while if you narrate cures of greater magnitude, perhaps, but which have taken many sittings to complete, you are very frequently met by the reply, that most likely they were getting better of themselves, and that the result would have been the same had you not interfered. "Imagination" will hardly account for any of the above cases; while only in one instance was there anything like "faith."

But what relation has this with the Spiritualism *versus* Mesmerism argument? Simply this: these are the kind of cures generally performed by so-called "healing mediums," and we should be careful not to lay much stress on them as evidence of spirit power. I protest most emphatically against this mighty agency for good being rendered almost useless by being talked of as something depending on the spirits of another sphere. The peculiar healing properties belong to the individual, as such, and not to his being a spirit medium. It was the peculiarity in his magnetic or mesmeric relations that made him the medium for the spiritual manifestations. Spiritualism is not the only study that evokes this healing virtue. While I cannot, of course, deny the *possibility* of spirits mesmerising one person through another, I think many of our spiritualist friends carry this notion to a ridiculous extent. The tendency of all experiments goes to prove, that our mesmeric powers depend as much on our bodily and mental organisation, as do our muscular abilities. Mesmerism is a matter, or property of matter, as really as the terrestrial magnetism, and can be transmitted from one object to another.

A specimen of the spiritual style of reasoning on this subject appeared in the last No. of this magazine (Dec., 1868), under the heading "Mesmerism a Spiritual Power." The author of the remarks is Mrs Fanny Allyn, an American trance speaker; but I have heard the same sentiments expressed nearer home. We are told in one sentence that "mesmerism is a power and force of the mind," and in another that it is the "disembodied spirit acting on the embodied;" while a mesmerist is defined as a "reservoir into which disembodied spirits convey this power, to be in turn distributed as required." This looks exceedingly like a contradiction, and anything but flattering to us mundane creatures. Just carry the reasoning a little further, into other than mesmeric powers (and I see no reason why they should not), and we lose our identity or independence altogether, and become mere automata for spiritual wire-pulling. A *reductio ad absurdum*, surely. We are also told by Mrs Allyn that "when we go to a cattle show, and gaze on the animals, we are mesmerised by them, and

throw off our disease;" and that "it is a well-known fact that if we take a dog into close intimacy with a sick child, the child will often recover, and the dog die." Do the spirits of disembodied oxen or dogs operate through the bodies of those still on this terrestrial sphere? or is *their* magnetism merely a vital process, dependent on their animal organisation? It would surely be *infra dig.* for the spirit of a human being to "possess" a dog, and mesmerise through him. I would not be very much astonished to hear some ardent spiritualist affirm that chloroform is but a convenient form for the spirits to assume under peculiar circumstances, for the purpose of causing anæsthesia, and thus getting power over the individuals who come under its influence.

Mrs Allyn touches the core of the subject in the following sentence, which I urgently recommend to those of our readers who are merely spiritualists, but who might also be "healing mediums" if they so desired. She says—"O ye strong men who do not believe in the mighty healing power of mesmerism,—out to the fields, out to the sunshine, the flowers, and the running brooks! inhale the pure and fragrant breath of Nature; then back, back to your homes! to the homes of your friends, where some poor sufferer cries for that which you—ay, you! can give; but which, in your stubbornness, with padlocked eyes, you *will* not see!" I can thoroughly recommend the above "circle" as the very best means of becoming developed as "healing mediums."

There is an important principle involved in this discussion, which I should like some able contributor to take up, such as Mr Atkinson, Mr Jackson, or Mr Bray. I think it is part and parcel of the great theological dogma of "vicarious sacrifice" and "imputed righteousness." Spiritualists generally believe in what may be termed the Unitarian philosophy on this subject; but many of them seem to have changed the form of their belief merely. What orthodox Christians expect from Christ, they hope for from guardian spirits. If anything goes wrong, instead of relying on their own judgment, they "consult the spirits." It must have a weakening effect on the powers of those who continually do so. Instead of "watching," they are continually "praying." We should keep in mind the philosophic and characteristic answer of Lord Palmerston to the Edinburgh Presbyteries, when they requested him to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer, as a means of arresting some plague that was raging. He thought it would be wiser to whitewash and fumigate their dirty lanes and houses. By all means, let us trust in Providence (or the spirits), but let us not forget to "keep our powder dry."

From a considerable experience now, I believe that *nearly every healthy person*, male or female, may become more or less a "healing medium," and that without ever engaging in a spiritual seance. Let us not rob the world of a great power, by giving it a wrong and misleading name. If we will use the term "healing medium," let us apply it to the mesmeric power, not to the individual who wields it; or we may with equal propriety apply the term to every surgeon who ties a wounded artery, or even to the great dogs of St. Bernard, who are said to keep benighted travellers alive by the heat of their bodies.

W. A.

THE "LEADER" ON "HUMAN NATURE."

In noticing our September number, the *Leader* gives utterance to the following:—

"This magazine, though we never before saw it, has been doing its very peculiar work for the past eighteen months. It is a congener of the notorious *Spiritual Magazine*, and introduces us into the heart of spiritual affairs as they are now being conducted. In the section devoted to correspondence, information as to the actual labours and prospects of prominent professors of the spiritual, or "mediumistic" science, is freely and exultingly given by the editor. 'We are pleased to observe,' he writes, 'that the practice of medical clairvoyance and mesmerism are coming much into use. Miss Beauclerc, of Birmingham, and quite a number of correspondents and friends, have acquainted us of their success in relieving pain and promoting health by laying on of hands and making passes. We hope this laudable agency will receive more attention.' In Glasgow, we are informed the Spiritualists have been stirred into renewed activity by the advent of a Mr and Mrs Everitt from London, 'remarkable phenomena' readily appearing in the presence of the lady. A great desideratum, we learn, is the finding of a 'good test medium.' Those interesting gentlemen, the Brothers Davenport, and their excellent friend and expositor, Mr Fay, have, it appears, recently taken their departure with their wives and children, and with lively and indignant remembrances of the rough treatment they met with at the hands of mobs in Leeds, Liverpool, and other places on English ground. 'They have now,' says the writer, 'gone out on the trackless ocean, and we trust that the same benign Providence which has hitherto preserved them from the dangers of the deep and the murderous attacks of unlicensed (!) mobocracy, may bear them in safety to the arms of the thousand friends who await to receive them in the land of the setting sun.' (And keep them there we sincerely hope.) The paper most noteworthy is one detailing the results of a séance with Mr Home, at which, according to the account reported to be given by that gentleman, 'superior and scientific spirits were present,' manifesting their superiority and scientific skill by imitating (the word is used by the writer of the article) military trumpet calls on an accordion held in Mr Home's hand, sound of cannon—'upwards of twenty boomings'—which shook not only the room in which Mr Home operated, but were heard and the vibration distinctly felt by the servants in an adjoining house; 'infantry and cavalry vibrations, &c., &c.' We feel no inclination to comment on all this; only we must express both regret and surprise at seeing a writer of the *status* of Mr Bray in such company."

Notwithstanding the aimless sneer implied in the above notice, the newspapers are quite glad to give their readers interesting scraps of spiritual news. The reason is plain, there is nothing in the wide field of incident so thoroughly new and startling. During the last few weeks, we have received small sums from friends, which has paid postage on a considerable number of copies of *Human Nature* which have been sent to the press. We know of no better or cheaper way of spreading a knowledge of these facts, and hope our rich and earnest friends will enable us to send out a few hundred copies monthly. We have to thank our contemporaries for many kindly notices and pertinent extracts.

A FRIENDLY CRITIC.

A letter from Mr Coulter contains the following:—

"I am rather interested in *Human Nature;* but more with the matter-of-

fact manner of H. G. Atkinson than with the elongations of D. D. Home. There seems to me to be very much imagination in the columns of *Human Nature;* but I am sceptical on these matters, and, therefore, cannot see with the eyes of a spiritualist. There also seems to me to be a deal of useless twaddle amongst the least informed of your writers. I am much interested in 'The Ideal Attained,' etc., etc."

Here is an honest reader giving his opinion in friendly phrase. He exhibits a type of those strong-minded men who consider it is a proof of strength of intellect to be able to deny a fact; while nothing is easier than to do so. To accept a fact and understand its relation is a positive act of the mind, and the only mental process which indicates power. We here make the declaration, if such may be considered necessary, that everything which appears in *Human Nature* purporting to be a fact is a fact, and not of an isolated description either, as most of the matters stated can be amply corroborated by the experience of others. We do not know what is referred to by "the twaddle" indulged in by the "least informed" of our writers; but, if our correspondent considers such well-established facts as the elongation of Mr Home, etc., as tricks of the imagination, he has got to acquire a form of experience which would enable him to judge competently of the certainty of such phenomena. When we look around, and find the well-informed community exhibiting the same mental attitude as Mr Coulter, we are convinced of the great utility of thundering these important psychological facts into the ears of the people with all the vehemence at our command. But that is not enough. Let sceptics experiment for themselves under suitable conditions, and they will have all the testimony they can desire.

WHAT THE SPIRITS SAY.

A GENTLEMAN thus writes respecting his drawing mediumship, recently developed:—I have no doubt, judging from the progress I have already made, I shall do something worth looking at in time—something that will astonish people. Already, I believe, my manifestations have been the means of bringing conviction to numerous minds; and, as the power increases, the more readily shall I give evidence that will be satisfactory and conclusive. After reading, the other day, Mr Atkinson's letter in this month's *Human Nature*, my hand wrote out these words, without any volition on my part:—

"I do not altogether see the drift of his writing. He appears to be in a fix as to what to do with the spiritual phenomena. I only hope you will be able to convince him that it is spirits that are at the bottom of them, and then you will do a great good. He is evidently a very clever, honest, and intelligent man, and one who wishes to arrive at the truth."

I wonder what would be Mr Atkinson's explanation of this? I certainly had no idea what was coming as the words appeared on the paper. All I know is, that the same power that produces my pictures, which are far beyond my capacity to do of myself, produced the above words.

[The spirits have, through diverse mediums, given utterance to

opinions on the notions of various objectors to the facts and inductive evidences of spiritualism, which we may produce at another time.]

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

THE QUESTION OF DESIGN.

To the Editor.

MR ATKINSON seems afraid to touch the argument on the question of design, excusing himself by pleading a doubt of my ability to appreciate what he might say in reply; I am therefore driven back to his book on "Man's Nature and Development."

He says (page 228) that "fitness in nature is no evidence of design;" and that the fact of the lungs being fitted for the purpose of breathing "is no more evidence of design," than is the fact that "the two halves make the whole." So that he founds his assertion upon a supposed analogy between a physical form endowed with vitality, and a mere mathematical abstraction. As well might he argue that, whereas a point hath no parts, therefore a human being has in reality no existence. He apologetically speaks of his work as "merely intended as a slight exposition of scientific method applied to the study of man;" and treats man's desires, aspirations, and intuitions as wholly unconnected with any design in his formation. He says that "nothing in nature indicates a future life, unless men will take their desires for evidence;" and he complains that "men listen to the voice of intuition—are carried away by the delusion—and delude the world with their wanderings." He says that if men had the ordering of things, they would have been very differently "fashioned from what they are;" but that "no good comes of trying to escape from our nature, and rise in fancy above ourselves;"* and this is his mode of treating the question of man's development!

He also complacently informs the world, in alluding to himself and Miss H. Martineau, "that a predominance of the religious faculty has been manifested in a marked way by both of us, from our youth upwards, and has borne us past all the forms of fiction which are the offspring of ignorance and a false philosophy, to seek out and respect the real substance of faith as found in man's nature"—but with what scientific result I leave to others to determine.

He admonishes spiritualists not to be hasty in forming any counter theory to his theory of man's annihilation, and says: "Supposing these phenomena, and all that the spiritualists believe in, were caused by some spiritual agency, would that solve the mystery?" "Certainly not," he says; "but only add to the perplexity and difficulties of science." But does he not perceive that if it were proved that the phenomena are

* Does not this indicate a plan in the nature of man: all parts subservient to a fixed purpose—a design—an inevitable destiny? What is science but the discovery of design? It would be impossible to apply scientific investigation to that which has no "design." All "designs" are imitations of nature.—ED. *H. N.*

caused by spiritual agency, this would necessarily solve the mystery, however much science might be perplexed? Truly, "the subtility of nature is far beyond that of the sense, or of the understanding."

A. B. TIETKENS.

EVIL SPIRITS.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

SIR,—Sitting at my desk one day, busily engaged in my official duties, my mind fully engrossed with my business, a good spirit came, and used my hand to write out the following message to the troubled ones—to those searchers after truth who are besieged with (so-called) evil spirits. I leave the message to your readers without comment, merely saying that some of the ideas are contrary to those held by myself:—

"To the troubled dear ones. My earth friends, you are troubled—you are beset with influences you cannot understand; you are searching after truth, and up to the present all has gone on smoothly and pleasantly, and you begin to exult, the mystery is explained, the grand secret is yours—when, lo! a change comes which mars your pleasure, and you suddenly find yourself involved in as great a mystery as ever. A good medium of old said—'Great is the mystery of godliness,' and so it is. Briefly, I want to tell you why it is that the undeveloped ones come to you and torment you.

"1st. You trust the spirit intelligences too much; you place too implicit confidence in them.

"2nd. Your minds are inharmonious (either through your business cares or other matters).

"3rd. You do not exert your will powers sufficiently to keep away undeveloped ones.

"4th. You do not, in your little gatherings, recognise sufficiently the goodness of our Great Father in permitting you to converse with those you loved in the earth life.

"5th. You do not remember the teaching of the Great One when he said, 'By prayer and fasting ye can do these things;' live purely, and pure influences will come.

"My friends, I leave you to discuss the subject with your earth-wisdom, while we will watch you, and try and correct you by our spirit light. Do not despair; all is for your good; a great day is dawning upon your earth; men shall see and talk with those across the border; 'all shall not die, but some shall be changed.' Move along, ye loved ones—mighty changes are coming, socially, morally, politically, and religiously. Strive after the good, and the Great Father of all spirits will abundantly reward you.—Your spirit friend, W. W."

To the readers of this message, I can only say that I hope those who are able will fully discuss the subject of evil spirits, and their visits to us. Hoping that we may soon know the truth, I am, sir, your well-wisher, M.

It is the nature of weak souls to regard those who tell them unpleasant truths, as their worst enemies.

A CLERGYMAN'S MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—For some time past I have been very considerably interested in "Spiritualism," but am at a loss what steps to take in order to develop my mediumistic powers beyond what they are at the present time. I have many evidences of being "a medium." *Human Nature* is a new publication to me. Having read the October number, I am induced to write and ask if *you* can give me any advice as to the course I ought to adopt. I have never met nor corresponded with any person more advanced than myself. In a number of sittings at different times, in different places, and with different persons, I have been invariably selected as "the medium."

On some occasions I have been very powerfully and seriously exercised—*e.g.*, table rapping and moving, so that *two strong men* could not hold it; writing; drawing (which I could not understand); hearing noises; seeing lights; hands, arms, and body violently exercised; head much shaken; seemingly efforts have been made to speak through me; cried and sobbed bitterly; my hands have been repeatedly placed in the hands of other persons present at the sitting; I have felt a consciousness of the presence of "spirits," and have strained my eyes to see them the hour round; soft and gentle breezes have blowed over my hands, and, like unto strong electric currents, have passed through my body, down my arms, and out at my finger ends. Things have been told me which *were true*, and others which were *not* true. Again and again the "spirits" have told me to go on, but I have a difficulty in finding suitable persons to take part therein.

I feel *intensely* interested in this matter, but am at a loss what to do, or how to act for the best. There is a friend of mine here (the Rev. ————), who feels as much interested in this matter as I do. The favour of your advice, or any suggestion which you can give, will be highly esteemed. ONE WHO DESIRES LIGHT.

[We shall be glad of some words of instruction to such as are in the above position of development. We receive such letters frequently. —ED. *H. N.*]

"GHOSTS ARE NOT SPIRITS."

To the Editor.

SIR,—Tell your readers that ghosts are not spirits, and some of them will stare, but others will see the propriety of observing the distinction. The shadow of the moon on the placid waters of a lake might be called a moon, but only children would do so. Now, let me say, a ghost does not so much predicate the presence of a spirit, as the shadow of a man indicates that he is personally present. A ghost is not a shadow, therefore, nor does it require a spirit to be present in order that it may appear. It is ghosts that haunt houses and old graveyards, and create sensational subjects for newspapers, and otherwise do much good to the press, but the public are never a whit wiser for the doings of a ghost. Yet there is philosophy in the subject, if they would let us bring it out, but they dare not. We would tell them the difference

between a ghost and a spirit, but we should be simply contradicted, and, therefore, we abide by our rule, and let them find it out. Ghosts are not intelligences, and require either spontaneous or artificial conditions to develop them. It requires a certain state of the atmosphere to see a good many very striking ghosts that exist on the earth; but it requires magnetic circles and good mediums to bring out others. The great difficulty with many of your contributors and readers seems to be this:—Certain things are done which imply intelligence, and certain defunct persons are said to be present and actually performing the wonders: therefore, they say, we must accept this spirit theory, and contend for its reality. When they find out the difference between a ghost and a spirit, they will know better than to advocate so unscientific a position. Ghosts no more act intelligently than other inanimate things in nature—no more than the grass that grows. There is something done which looks like design when observed superficially; but the design argument will be found as fallacious in the one case as in the other. It is all nature, or nature and mediumistic art combined. It is all natural or artificial ghostology, and spirits must not be mixed up with the matter at all. The spirits of things are the things themselves; but the ghosts of things are the *exuviæ*, so to speak, of physical forms. Take it coolly, friend; all things take the spirit form in the ethereal state, and are identically the same, but not physically so. Ghosts are what men and animals throw off, and leave behind them. Unfortunately, they have become the chief engineering implements of spiritualists, which is a great pity, as it damages the cause very much, and looks as if we were no wiser than the old necromancers. O, but your theory, say they, does not account for very much of the well-known facts of spiritualism; and you must be morally depraved to deny that the manifestations are done by the direct agency of spirits of the departed. I am not saying that ghostology is everything. We have mediumship besides to account for the phenomena; and we have natural laws and conditions, which are always necessary for the production of any phenomenon. However, say what we will, many will not be content except we say the spirits of the departed are coming back for our amusement or edification, as the case may be. They beg the question; for they cannot prove they are right in the face of present experience—I mean of advanced thinkers on the subject. It is clear enough to my mind that a ghost and a medium can do anything that they say the spirits perform. It is clear enough also, that if you eliminate all mediumship and ghostology, modern spiritualism is a myth. When we get on a bit with the subject of ghosts and mediums, we will write chapters on spirits and spiritualism proper. We must get through the clouds before we can see the sun. It has been the custom to gather up ghost stories from all quarters, and we are much indebted to the compilers of such books, but we do not believe that is spiritualism. We learn from them that ghostology is a natural science, and that ghosts are as natural as fossils of plants and animals, which mediums, like geologists, may raise up any way; at least, that is all the lesson I can see in them. Spiritualism will be discussed in the next generation.

A. GARDNER.

December 6, 1868.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

MR HOME'S MANIFESTATIONS.

LIFTING OF A HEAVY BOOKCASE—EXTRACTING ALCOHOL—LEVITATION OF THE BODY—SPIRIT VOICES, ETC.

SIR,—I have now to record one of the most remarkable seances that has ever come to my knowledge; for the particulars of which I am indebted to the kindness of the Hon. the M—— ——. I will render his statement with as little variation from the picture his narrative presents as may be possible, without textual transcript.

Late in the month of November last the Hon. the —— —— was engaged sorting papers at the family residence in —— Square; my friend was alone in his library, and deeply intent on his work, when loud raps aroused his attention; on looking round he noticed that the book-shelf, which was 12 feet by 3, full of books, and must have weighed upwards of half a ton, raised itself horizontally off the ground 12 to 15 inches, and then bumped on the floor as it descended with a crash,—so loud as to bring up the housekeeper and servants from the adjoining rooms, who, alarmed at the noise, thought some accident had occurred. After a short pause raps came, and on asking what was meant the raps spelt out—"Go to Daniel." At first the gentleman doubted his senses, but finding the message quite distinct and intelligible, at once went to Ashley House, Victoria Street, where Mr D. D. Home resides. On entering the room he found Mr Home absent, only Lord —— present, who had been for sometime an invalid, confined to the house. Not finding Mr Home, the Hon. the —— —— left, but being strongly impressed, as he describes it, returned about 11 p.m. By this time Mr Home had returned, and, strange to say, all but impelled by the strong influence exerted upon him. So strangely brought together, the three seated themselves to see if the influences intended any manifestation. After the usual preparatory movements of the table, and raps unusually loud, Mr Home passed into a trance state; suddenly rising up he stepped into the adjoining room, with a bottle of cognac and a wine glass; this he filled with brandy, and then, holding the glass high over his head, proceeded to the window. From the centre of the glass a bluish light appeared, increasing in intensity until finally a flame two to three inches long rose out of the glass, flickering up and down, at times becoming extinguished. Mr H. was now raised bodily off the ground, so high that the flame point rising out of the glass appeared to touch the ceiling. After two or three minutes he descended to the floor, and then the extraordinary phenomenon occurred of the brandy being extracted from the glass. The Hon. the —— —— says he could visibly see the brandy as it was extracted, but to satisfy Lord —— of this Mr Home inverted the empty wine glass upon his lordship's hand. The same agency that had removed the liquid now poured it back into the glass, and the fluid, as it filled the glass, could be seen falling. The manifestation was repeated, accompanied by the click-clack sound of water falling; but this time, in all probability to satisfy Lord ——, the fluid was poured over his hand, then

over Mr Home's hand into the glass. Mr H. then said they would extract the alcohol, and which at once took place, filling the room with the disagreeable odour of spirits of wine.

Mr Home now placed himself at the window, and behind the curtains, which he drew back, and was then raised high up in the air, his feet level with the second pane of glass, about four feet off the ground, and his form distinctly outlined against the window, moving slowly up and down; he was then raised up to the ceiling, and as his form passed along the wall, he touched and disturbed the pictures. Strange enough, a discussion appeared to be going on between the spirits as to their power of performing the experiment, some suggesting the placing of D. D. Home on the table, and pushing him off; others replying, "Why, this would break his legs." The voices heard were at times distinctly articulated, and a voice repeated several times, close under the Honourable the ——— ———, "Uncle Danny, uncle Danny!" an expression Mrs Cox's boy had used whilst on earth to his godfather, Mr Home. Spirit forms now showed themselves—not so clear in outline as seen on former occasions, but as grey or luminous figures, well-known to spirit-seers, clothed in robes, with a girdle; the whole appearance not sufficiently distinct to enable those who saw them to say whether they were male or female. At the sametime globes of phosphorescent light were seen to pass through the room large as a small gourd, raps and movement of the furniture accompanying these wonderful phenomena; and those strange spirit-voices—at times clear, at times half articulated, which I have so often heard on other occasions.

Mr Home had placed himself at the window which he opened, and deliberately stepped upon the ledge outside, looking on to the street, some 80 feet below, with utter unconcern. The Honourable the ——— ——— said he shuddered, alarmed at what he was witnessing. Mr Home noticing this stepped down and reproached his friend, saying—"Little faith, little faith; Daniel will not be injured!" After a few minutes the medium deliberately stepped down from the ledge and re-entered the room, much to the relief of his two friends. The manifestations now closed, and Mr Home awoke, as usual, very much exhausted. The first thing to do was to verify what had occurred with the brandy, and on examining the contents it was found that the alcohol had been completely extracted. This test was so far satisfactory, as it evidenced a former fact which otherwise might possibly have been questioned.

I have given this account as briefly as I could. The truth of these marvellous phenomena will be confirmed by the testimony of men of the highest position—men incapable of any falsehood, and too accustomed to witness these phenomena to be carried away by what may be passing.

I suggest, then, in the face of such facts, has not the day arrived for a thorough scientific and earnest investigation of these phenomena? The phase which the manifestations have latterly assumed take them out of the realm of uncertainty, they have become demonstrable to the dullest understanding. The time has passed for men to hesitate to sign their names to their published communications, and I for one am

prepared to verify all I have said and written upon the remarkable phenomena I have had the good fortune to witness.

Norwood, Dec., 1868. H. D. JENCKEN.

A LECTURING TOUR.

Dear *Human Nature*,—I have just completed a six weeks' lecturing excursion, during which I have delivered thirty-four public lectures, preached three sermons, and made some hundreds of private phrenological and physiological examinations. I was two weeks in Bishop Auckland—my third visit to that town; one week each in Shildon, Spennymoor, Crook, and Guisborough. The first three are large villages, supported by the coal trade; the last is an old fashioned town in the Cleveland hills, with iron mines near. I have been deeply impressed with the prevailing ignorance of the people concerning their organic conditions, even in the most practical and every-day aspects; and their great desire for information, where it is presented to them in a popular and acceptable style. By request, I have lectured and preached on spiritualism; also on phrenology, physiology, hygiene, politics, social questions, and gymnastics with music. This latter subject forms quite an entertainment, and evokes much enthusiasm. This country wants a few thousand lecturers on these topics, who would be well supported; and I think of opening a college soon to educate young men and women for the work. J. BURNS.

MRS HARDINGE IN EAST LONDON.

THE first of a course of three lectures, with which Mrs Hardinge has favoured the East London Association of Spiritualists, was given on the evening of Wednesday, December 15, in the Temperance Hall, 103 Mile End Road. The officers and members of the Association did all that lay in their power to make the matter a success, in improving the hall, getting an audience, and giving their respected instructor a cordial welcome. A well-merited triumph was the agreeable result. A large, respectable, and attentive audience listened while the lecturer gave a luminous and instructive answer to the question—"What is Spiritualism?" Mrs Hardinge was in a happy mood of inspiration, and carried her hearers along with more than ordinary power. Her genial, sympathetic manner, and the deep hold her words took of the convictions of the meeting, showed that she was well sustained by her surroundings. We rejoice at the fact that Mrs Hardinge has been enabled to occupy the platform under the auspices of an Association of Spiritualists in London, and the kindly manner in which she has proffered her valuable services shows that she has the warmest interest in the progress of spiritualism in the form of an organised movement. Other two lectures are announced—on January 6, "Spirit Mediums," and on January 20, "The Mission of Spiritualism." An early application for tickets will be necessary, which may be obtained from the secretary—Mr William Cresswell, 11 Emma Street, Hackney Road, N.E.

CONFERENCE OF LONDON SPIRITUALISTS.

First Sitting—Monday, Nov. 30.

A series of the most important meetings of spiritualists that has yet been held in England, or indeed in Europe, was inaugurated on Monday evening, Nov. 30, 1868. Lawson's Rooms, at 145 Gower Street, W.C., commodious as they are, were full. A most influential company was assembled, amongst whom we noticed nearly all the oldest and most active English spiritualists.

Mr Luxmore, who had been elected chairman of the Conference, briefly stated its origin and object. A few friends had met at his house a few weeks previously, to consider how the cause of Spiritualism could be best promoted in London; they then decided upon holding these meetings, and directed Mr Thomas Slater, of 136 Euston Road, N.W., as hon. secretary, to call together the spiritualists of London, which he has done most effectually.

Mr Shorter, the vice-chairman, was called upon to deliver the inaugural address. He said it was highly desirable that spiritualists should meet oftener. In New York and in the whole of the United States, conferences had been carried on with the greatest success for many years, and he thought their example might be profitably imitated in this country. By meeting frequently, he said, spiritualists would be able to understand each other much better, and able also to cultivate habits of social intercourse. To meet at the house of a friend was not enough, as in that case conversation was confined to the experiences and circumstances of that particular circle, instead of to the success of the cause generally, and hence the cause was crippled in one of its most essential elements. He said the opinions of spiritualists differed on many points, and it was well they should. This Conference was instituted that all might state their opinions, and to afford opportunities for laying our minds together and discovering wherein we differ, and why we differ. We should thus be able to look on the subject from a wider view. He went on to say that much remains yet to be done in the publication and circulation of tracts, in the diffusion of spiritualistic literature, in the delivery of sound and popular lectures, and above all in a proper system of education. He then introduced the subject for discussion that evening—"What may be considered reliable evidence that spirits commune with man."

Mrs Hardinge, who was called upon by Mr Luxmore to open the discussion, rose and said, that, assuming she was addressing an assembly of persons who for the most part believe that spirits commune with man, the question might appear superfluous, almost impertinent. In treating this subject, she desired that some standard truths might be arrived at, somewhat analogous to those we possess in physics. We find that in every department of physical science absolute reasons are required for every statement presented to the world, and so it should be with Spiritualism. But in the present state of the popular mind, there are many difficulties in the way of presenting the subject; some of these would be pointed out in the course of discussion. As regards the evidence of spiritual communion, she said that Christianity

had existed for 1800 years upon the assumption that it is true, and upon the fact that it was given through spiritual revelation. That such a belief should be the basis of Christianity answered the question at once. Every civilised nation has accepted this belief—not in one place, by one nation, or at one time; but as age after age had rolled away, and as the march of intellect had spread through the world, each era and each step had discovered new facts, and delivered new testimony that spirits do commune with man. But since the reign of inductive science (?), it had been deemed a mark of insanity to acknowledge a faith in the ministry of spirits; and, strange as it may appear, the very power that upholds Christianity is ridiculed and denounced by professed Christians. Twenty years ago, however, a few humble individuals pretended, claimed, and maintained that they spoke with spirits—a fact which stood in direct opposition to the collective wisdom of centuries, and of the foremost minds of Christianity. That simple fact was a rock. On that rock they had stood, and had been able to assert before all the world that they had reliable evidence that spirits do commune with man. She then went into the nature of those evidences. She found that certain sights and sounds were presented to her, for which she could not account on any other than the spiritual hypothesis. She found that these sights and sounds were always accompanied by intelligence. Intelligence, she said, is mind, and mind is the element of that mysterious power which moves creation. She reviewed the various theories that had been brought forward to account for the facts of Spiritualism, but found them all wanting and inadequate to the collective facts they attempted to explain. She asked for a fair field and free platform, fully assured that sufficient evidence would be elicited to convince all that "spirits do commune with man."

On the conclusion of Mrs Hardinge's address, Mr Spear rose and gave a very valuable narrative of his spiritual experiences. He said it was his fortune to be one of the pioneers of the modern development of Spiritualism; and he gave the details of his conversion to a belief in spirit communion, every particular of which was corroborated by Mrs Hardinge, who was well acquainted with the circumstances. Under spiritual monition, he had gone thousands of miles, travelling from continent to continent, and crossing the Atlantic several times. He added much interesting evidence that Spiritualism was a fact.

A gentleman in the audience asked if it was considered by spiritualists that spirits were present in the room at the time they were working their manifestations, or whether they worked from afar. Mrs Hardinge, in a brief and pointed reply, stated her belief that spirits were present.

Mr Home, in a forcible and trenchant speech, said that every one there assembled had come together for the illustration of one of the most glorious, or else one of the most infamous, causes that had ever been presented to the world; and he would not believe there could be any one so degraded as to force such a belief on a fellow-man, knowing it to be untrue—tampering, as it did, with most sacred feelings of the human mind. He could not conceive of a being who would stain his soul with such a lie. But he said Spiritualism was a fact, and he knew that angels were then in our midst, ay, living in our very hearts.

Referring to brotherly love, he said if we seek to love *God more* we shall love each other a *little* more.

Mr Simkiss of Wolverhampton also tendered a narrative of his experience in Spiritualism. He also had first become acquainted with the subject in America, and he recounted the many tests through which he had worked his way to belief. He became a medium himself, but after a time the power left him as regards communications; but, strange to say, that nearly every one he touched at a spirit circle became mediums. In that way he had developed many test mediums; but, curiously enough, he could not all the time obtain a test for his own satisfaction.

Mr Spear bore testimony to the indefatigable labours of Mr Simkiss, both in England and America. His first word of greeting was always on behalf of the cause of Spiritualism.

Mr Cooper spoke as regards a question of the identity of spirits, which had been brought forward during the discussion. He gave several instances in which the identity of spirits was fully tested and proved. On one occasion he was in bed, when his hand was moved to trace on the wall the name of a friend of whom he had not been thinking. He also traced a message to the effect that that friend was dead. The morning's post brought the news of her decease, though he did not even know she was ill. This power of writing had only come to him quite lately; and within the last two weeks he had become possessed of a faculty for drawing with the most extraordinary facility. He had never previously discovered any aptitude for art, and yet artists told him that these drawings were very well done.

Mrs Hardinge then proceeded to sum up the evidence that had been offered, and the arguments that had been developed, in the course of discussion. She took each speaker in turn, and in her courteous manner kindly pointed out the weak portions of their arguments, and at the same time dwelt upon their more logical points. She placed herself in the position of a sceptic, and step by step reviewed the whole position of Spiritualism as it stood in the eyes of the world at the present time—in the end proving, in a clear, logical, and forcible manner, that there was reliable evidence that spirits do commune with men, and that much of that valuable evidence had been brought forward that evening. The subject, however, was not exhausted, and would be adjourned until the next meeting. She expressed her satisfaction at the manner in which the discussion had been carried on, finding fault only with the fact that it was far too unanimous, and too spiritualistic. She had hoped and expected to have had far more from the other side. She hoped that at the next meeting that would be the case.

After carrying the resolution that the same subject should be discussed at the next sitting, the meeting broke up—terminating one of of the best and most cheerful gatherings of spiritualists that has yet been held in London.

In conservative ages, and among the conservative classes, scholarship will always be more appreciated than genius.

HEALTH TOPICS.

Mrs H., aged 78, was attended by me for inflammation of the lungs, accompanied by the usual symptoms—quick pulse, hot skin, hacking cough, rapid breathing, and prune-juice expectoration. She complained of great weakness and prostration. She was treated principally with hot stupes to the chest, followed by wet bandages, and a tepid wash down night and morning, with the scrupulous avoidance of drugs and stimulants. She made a steady and satisfactory recovery, and has, for the last two years, enjoyed excellent health, taking the Turkish Bath regularly two or three times each week.

Mr L., aged 40, came to my establishment, completely paralysed on one side of his body, mouth drawn on one side, dragging of the leg, and unable to hold anything in the hand or put on or take off his clothes, his speech being also quite inarticulate. He stated that the attack came on suddenly that day, whilst in the act of rowing a boat across a river, the oar falling from his hand. His mind was quite clear and unaffected. I put him at once in the bath, and afterwards applied hot stupe and wet bandages to the stomach, with cooling head bath, &c., and hot stupe bag to the feet, &c. After remaining under treatment here about two months, he left perfectly recovered in every respect, and I have often met him since in the enjoyment of the soundest health. This was a case of undeveloped gout—his recovery dating from the development of an acute attack of it. Whilst under treatment, he took the bath twice a-day regularly, with sitz-baths, and wet packing occasionally; a strict diet was observed, and complete avoidance of all stimulants and medicines.

Miss G., aged 19, was under medical treatment for some months, with tubercular deposit in the apex of the right lung. She was much emaciated, with rapid pulse, profuse expectoration constantly tinged with blood; hectic fever, night perspirations, great debility and loss of appetite, were also prominent symptoms. I at once stopped all drugs and stimulants, of which she had taken a large quantity. I put her under hydropathic treatment. She steadily improved, and after a short time was enabled to travel from her home here. With the daily use of the Turkish Bath, she rapidly regained her strength and flesh, losing all unfavourable symptoms, and is now married, has a large family, and enjoys robust health. RICHARD BARTER.

PROHIBITION.—One year ago the Massachusetts Legislature repealed the Maine Law in that state, and enacted a strict licence law. The results of this policy have been so evident in the demoralisation of the people, that at the recent elections anti-licence men have been elected, constituting a large majority, who will at once re-enact the Maine Law. This experiment has convinced many of the folly of the liquor traffic in any degree; and those who at the previous election sustained the licensing policy, now vote heartily for Prohibition.

THE PLANCHETTE is thus spoken of by Colonel Boyd in a note to our publisher:—"I thank you very much for the well-finished planchette you were kind enough to send me. We had a seance last night with it, before retiring to bed, and received a most beautiful message. It is *far* superior to the planchette we brought from Germany, being decidedly more easy for the intelligence to work with, and, therefore, an immense improvement, an advance in the right direction."

A HEALING MEDIUM.—Mr F. Hern, 3 Tyssen Place, Shacklewell Green, Kingsland, London, N., is described by a correspondent as being "a very remarkable medium in several ways—physical, trance seeing, healing; in fact, every known phenomena almost has been shown through his agency. 'Dr Forbes' and 'Mesmer' are the names given of those who use him for curing diseased persons. At home only from 3 to 6 P.M." We shall be glad if our friends will investigate the merits of this medium, and report.

MR FOWLER'S SECOND PHRENOLOGICAL CLASS in Manchester was brought to a termination on Saturday, the 28th of November, by a soiree of members and friends. The affair went off pleasantly. Sixty persons sat down to tea. That part of the programme being got through, the proceedings were opened by Mr Wilson being proposed to occupy the chair. In his speech, he dwelt on the utility of phrenology and physiology to men in various spheres, presenting facts confirmatory from his own experience. He also gave a general account of the forming of the Phrenological Society after Mr Fowler's last visit, with its proceedings until, from a waning of interest, it suspended its sessions. He now proposed that it should be revivified. Mr Budge then read a paper eulogistic of Mr and Mrs Fowler and their labours, and tendered the gratitude of the class in the present of Chambers's Encyclopedia in ten volumes. In his reply, Mr Fowler said he considered this course of lectures the most successful one he had ever delivered. At no time had he ever given in one town sixty-four lectures; and for twelve years he had never been so long in one place as he had now been in Manchester. Mr Cunliffe proposed, and Mr Sutcliffe seconded, a motion that the present class form themselves into a neuclus for the purpose of getting up a large class at some future time, so as to induce Mr and Mrs Fowler to return. He thought that a class of from 150 to 200 members might be got up. Mrs Fowler, being enthusiastically called for, made a long speech; when, replying to Mr Cunliffe, she said that a class of 200 would certainly be a strong inducement for them to return; and she promised, if such were the case, that she would dissect the brain for them, and give them all the information on physiology and anatomy possible. Mr M'Lachlan proposed that the secretary be instructed to draw up, on the part of the class, a notice of this meeting, with the strong testimony of the members to the use and truth of phrenology, to be inserted in the daily papers, as a reply to the inimical and derogatory article on phrenology published in the *Guardian* a few days before. This motion was allowed to fall through, because some of the members objected to having their names published in connection with the affair. The meeting was enlivened by vocal and instrumental music; and, on the whole, the evening passed off cheerfully.

CARL VOGT,

The Darwin of Germany.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

CARL VOGT.

THE DARWIN OF GERMANY.

CARL VOGT has won for himself a world-wide fame as one of the most enthusiastic adherents and exponents of the Darwinian system in Germany and Switzerland. He has for a number of years made MAN his chief study; endeavouring to solve the question of his origin, to describe his present state, and conjecture his future. His lectures upon this subject, which are at the same time as scientific and thorough as they are popular, have attracted the attention not only of ethnologists, but the most cultivated as well as the lowest classes of nearly the whole German-speaking public. His lecture-rooms, whenever he makes a descent from his Swiss home into the neighbouring Germany, and visits the chief cities, are always full to overflowing. His influence thus exerted upon the Germanic mind is enormous, and many German papers have asserted that in the present century no single individual has plunged with the arms of science so deeply through tradition and the views which age has sanctified as he. And he has done this with an energy of character that never permitted him to shrink back at the thought of the crashing of the old edifice, which he must first pull down in order to make room for the new one. Thus he has become the centre of an excitement such as is seldom caused by one individual. The orthodox party have assailed him, because he asserted himself and his views, as a "materialist;" the old academicians cried —"Pitch him out of our circles and ranks, he is a Darwinist, a phantacist!" while even the rough, uncultivated, excited mobs, with stones, shouted—"Beat him dead; he is a denier of God!" Still the number of his adherents has increased year by year, and now he possesses a large share of the German mind.

Vogt's life has been one full of vicissitudes, such as fall to the lot of but few naturalists. He was born on the 5th of July, 1817, at Giessen, Germany, where his father, the author of

several celebrated medical works, was Professor of Medicine in the university, which his son attended, after preparing himself in the Gymnasium of the city. He had originally intended to follow his father's profession, and three of his student years were spent in the laboratory of the great Liebig, in Giessen. Liebig showed him many special attentions, and during the young student's subsequent career never lost sight of his welfare. In the year 1835 Vogt removed to Berne, Switzerland, with his father, who had accepted a call as clinical Professor in the University; and here his life became diverted into the course which subsequently led him to his present standpoint. He studied anatomy and physiology there, under the guidance of Professor Valentin, and was specially attracted to the systematic study of animal and human life—a study which then had only just taken its place among natural sciences. After his promotion to the doctorate, he entered into co-operation with Agassiz and Desor in their labours at Neufchâtel, where he spent five years in natural-historical studies. In the company of these celebrated men he undertook the well-known glazier exploring expedition to the Alps, of which journey he published his In the Mountains and on the Glaciers (Im Gebirg und auf den Gletschern), in 1843. Agassiz's appreciation of his skill is proved by the works in which they both took equal part—"The Natural History of Fresh Water Fishes"—the first part (1839) of which Vogt wrote entirely,—"Fossil Fishes," and "Studies on Glaciers." Agassiz was then busied with his new theory on the movements of glaciers, in expounding his views to scientific societies in Germany, and also employed Vogt in this mission—a mission of which the latter himself relates many humorous stories. In 1840 he was thus sent with the new glacier theory to an association of naturalists at Erlangen, where Leopold von Buch, who had in his earlier days given out an opinion on the nature of glaciers, received his speech very ungraciously. The theory, however, was attentively listened to by the majority of the assembly. Two years afterward, while on the same mission, he met Buch at Mayence; but Vogt had come much better prepared to meet his opponents than before. Buch tried to prevent his getting a hearing, but Vogt appealed to the president, and when the time came he was called up to the tribune. Buch had let something escape him during the day about yellow beaks (Gelbschnæbel*), referring, of course, to the young naturalist. This still tingled in Vogt's memory as he spoke, and, in his youthful ardour, he closed his speech, much to the chagrin of Buch, with the words:

* Gelbschnæbel literally means any young bird having a yellow beak (as have young birds), but is also applied to striplings. Gray beaks apply here to "matured striplings."

"The song of truth yet penetrates, whether it is sung by gray or yellow beaks!"

From the years 1844 to 1846 Vogt resided in Paris, engaged on his favourite studies. He wrote, while there, correspondence on the sittings of the Academy for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, began his Text Book of Geology and Petrifactions (Lehrbuch der Geologie und Petrefactenkunde, 2 vols., 1846; 3rd Ed., 1866), and published at Gothæ his Physiological Letters (Physiologische Briefe, 1845-46; 3rd Ed., 1862), which were originally designed for the supplement of the above-named journal. He also established, in connection with a number of his fellow-countrymen, the Society of German Physicians in Paris, which still exists, and is of great service to young German medical students during their stay in that city. From Paris he went to Italy, sojourning for a while in Rome, and then for a longer period at Nice, where he began his Ocean and Mediterranean (Ocean und Mittelmeer, 2 vols., 1848). Shortly afterward he received a call, through Liebig's influence, as Professor of Geology to Giessen University, a position he did not long retain, however, as the Revolution was just then preparing to break over Europe (1848), and Vogt joined in with the new ideas with heart and soul. He was chosen by his fellow-citizens as a delegate to the Vorparlament, as well as to the Reichsversammlung, which met in the Paulskirche in Frankfort-on-the-Maine. He took a prominent and active part in the debates, was always ready for the struggle, and distinguished himself for his fearless utterances in behalf of political freedom, though not always as a practical politician. When the Frankfort Parliament was dissolved in 1849, he went with his party to Stuttgart, when he was chosen one of the Regents of the Empire, and was one of the last to give in when Wurtemberg bayonets drove the strivers for popular sovereignty apart. Naturally enough, he lost his position as Professor in Giessen, and must, like hundreds of other true Germans, look for a more congenial home elsewhere.

He chose Switzerland, remaining in Berne until 1850, and again took up his zoological studies in Nice in 1851. He wrote there his Researches on Animal States (Untersuchungen über Thierstaaten, 1851), a political satire, mingled with much humour, in which witty comparisons are made between men and animals, and Pictures from Animal Life (Bilder aus dem Thierleben, 1851), both of which were later published in a single volume under the title of Old and New (Altes und Neues, 1859). He remained in Nice till the spring of 1852, when he received a call to Geneva as Professor of Geology. Here he founded a new home, which he still occupies, honoured and respected by his new fellow-citizens. In 1861 he took charge of a scientific

expedition to the Norwegian Coast and Iceland, fitted out at the expense of a wealthy young man of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. During his quieter life in Switzerland, Vogt expended a little of his surplus force on the celebrated controversy with Professor Wagner, of Bonn University, on the relation of the soul to the body, and on the relation of faith to knowledge.

Wagner was Professor of Physiology in Bonn, and had gained a firm reputation by his numerous physiological lectures and publications. In his controversial works, in which he strove to reconcile the extremes of faith and science, he accepted, in all its fulness, the biblical doctrine of an original divine creation. Vogt appeared against him as the champion of the so-called "materialistic school,"—with Moleschott, Büchner, and others, at its head—and issued a pamphlet entitled Implicit Faith in Science (Kœhlerglaube und Wissenschaft, 1853-55), in which occurred this sentence: "Whoever is a friend of science cannot recognise the truth of those doctrines of revelation which contradict the results of scientific research; science shall free itself from the influence of religion and faith; knowledge must exclude faith; faith is a hindrance to science,"—thus expressing what other naturalists had only dared to think in secret. He also asserted that the human brain was originally much less, and had gradually increased in volume with civilisation. Wagner made examinations on a number of skulls, especially on the great-brain, in order to see "whether the human intelligence is connected with the greater weight and perfection of the great-brain, the seat of the intellect." He found, as his result, that in the brain of men, of more or less intelligence, there was shown no especial difference in form. Even the Germans themselves would not admit the comparison of the brain of a cretin with that of their own Gœthe.

The contest at the time excited the greatest attention, and from that day dates the bitterness against Vogt of the orthodox party, who regard him as one of their most dangerous enemies in Germany or Switzerland. In Geneva, his second home, however, he was more and more recognised as an earnest worker for spreading knowledge among the people. He was invited to lecture, first within the bounds of the Canton, but by and by his field embraced the length and breadth of both Switzerland and Germany. The Society for the Promotion of the Public Good in the Canton Neuenburg, invited him to deliver lectures, a request to which he acceded, his theme being—Man: his Place in Creation and in the History of the Earth (Vorlesungen über den Menschen, 1864). The lectures were received with uncommon favour at the time, and numerous calls from the chief cities of Germany was the result. His bold views naturally enough were severely criticised, but in most cases mis-

understood. The popular opinion was that Vogt wished to make the ape the progenitor of the human family, which, however, he has never asserted. On the contrary, he has assumed that the origin of both species—ape and man—must be referred back to a common original type, from which both have gone on in their widely separated paths. He finds a proof for his assertions in the so-called microcephala or ape-men (Mikrocephalen oder Affenmenschen, 1866), which he regards a proof of a single stem.

Vogt's system is comprised to a great extent in the above sentence, as it is the key to the whole structure. We will give, in his own words, the results of his researches, especially upon this connecting link, the microcephalon: "The skull [of the microcephalon], with the two hemispheres of the great-brain therein contained, correspond to the monkey-type in shape, and are developed according to the same law of growth, which with the ape is regular. The great-brain, the seat of thought, is scarcely so large as with the ape; the individual portions are formed like the ape's—the functions corresponding to their organs; the brain of an ape can generate no human thought. Therefore they lack all those properties which characterise man as a thinking being—articulate speech, the capability of abstract thought, and all that philosophers, moralists, and even naturalists have claimed as the special intellectual attributes of the human race. But there the resemblance breaks off. . . There is in the ape-man a mingling of three different types—the ape in skull and the higher thinking portion of the brain, the lower race of mankind in countenance, the higher race in body. The whole in a certain degree unnatural mixture develops slowly amid opposing tendencies; the small head grows but little, is perhaps exposed in youth to many detrimental influences; he, however, often becomes large, attains to a powerful manhood, and reaches a good age." The ape-man is deficient in volume of brain. The cause follows: "There are two laws which permeate the whole of organic nature — transmutability and variability. Both go hand in hand, both can slumber, not appearing in the phenomenon during a long time, but never perfectly annulled. . . If both can remain latent during a certain period, and even through generations, until brought to light by the acquirement of favourable conditions, we can thus explain why phenomena often make their appearance which place themselves outside the usual course of development, and which we in part designate as premonitory formations—referring us to characteristics present in the forefathers—and arrested formations, that is, through the stopping of an organ at a certain phase of development." Now comes the application. "All anatomists are now united, after the most complete investiga-

tions, that the brain of the ape and man are built after the same fundamental principles, and possess, in common, the finest individual parts; that both differ only through the perfection and proportion of the individual parts, as well as in the development of the whole. The brain of the gorilla, whose body surpasses that of man in size and weight, is nevertheless two-thirds smaller than that of man, and this reduction falls especially on the so-called great-brain, devoted to the intellect. The pre-eminence of the human brain is doubtless acquired in part before birth, for the child comes into the world with a weight of brain which certainly exceeds that of the just-born ape, but stands below that of the full-grown one. The superiority, however, is immediately made prominent after birth, and especially in the first year of life. The volume of brain of the new-born child is related to the grown-up man-like ape, as 4 to 5; that of the full-grown man to the full-grown ape, as 15 to 5. Man thus receives his superiority in brain principally through growth immediately after birth, and this alone proves that this pre-eminence is first acquired proportionately late in the history of the race."

"The brains of all men pass through a period where the development can take either a normal or abnormal direction, especially in the first months of existence. Suppose in this period an arrested formation is brought about; the brain grows, in consequence of this arrestment, not in the normal direction, but remains upon a lower grade, partly following the direction of the low grade to which it belongs—it develops in the direction of the ape type. . . The great-brain, the seat of thought, is formed according to the development of the ape, not according to the human law of development; grows, too, after birth the same as the ape type, and the surrounding skull is also subject to this law. This is the reason that we find in the skull of the mature microcephalon the same ledges and ridges of the skull as those found in aged apes. In short, each condition appears characteristic of this connecting link between men and the ape, namely, the so-called ape-men, whose origin is termed at the sametime an arrested formation and a premonitory formation, referring us, in regard to the brain, to a point from which the two branches of a common stock, the ape and man, have developed, though in different directions, and have diverged from each other constantly more and more. Bring into conception for once, young apes and children, old apes and mature men. The young ones resemble each other more than the aged. The skull of a young ape has a far greater resemblance to that of a child than the skull of a full-grown ape to that of a man. In growing both types deviate. By placing two lines representing both these growths, the point at which they separate is, for the brain, the period where an arrested formation led the

organ in a wrong direction. The conclusion from these premises is: The origin of man cannot be looked for in the now living ape; the ape-men lead us back to a stem, to a similar type, which must be looked for in an earlier geological period, and from which the type has divided. But as the man-resembling apes, orang, chimpanzee, and gorilla, approach man from different sides, the first in the brain, the second in skull and teeth, the third in the size of the limbs, and none stand unqualifiedly nearer to man than the other, so also among the different races of men, different characteristics are found which prove their origin and their relationship with the ape. This is clearly authenticated by the excellent circumspect measurements of Messrs Scherzer & Schwarz, made during the Novara Expedition, recently published in Vienna by Dr Wiessbach, who says: 'Even the highest developed races, which stand above all others in volume of brain, are still supplied with such heirlooms as go to prove a common ancestry.'"

Man's attainment to his present intellectual status is thus explained:—Man, in the pre-historic period, had to defend his existence against other species; and work and culture have exercised a great influence upon his mental development. With the progress of civilisation the human figure has developed in symmetry, more especially has the brain enlarged. The skulls belonging to earlier periods are in formation but a degree advanced above brutishness; with many races and tribes these vestiges still remain. As the muscles are made perfect by exercise, so also is the volume of the brain and its corresponding skull enlarged by the process of thought. The increase in the size of the brain during the space of the last six hundred to a thousand years amounts, in the main, to 70 cubic centimetres. This theory of development, from the imperfect to the perfect —whereby individual men and particular generations, by continuous exercise and the proper use of the intellectual faculties, contribute to the higher development of the race—the perfection of man, as a rational being, is much more worthy of him than the idea of a degradation of humanity from an ideal and more perfect state to a more imperfect one. Such, briefly, are Vogt's views.

Personally, Vogt is esteemed by all who know him. He lives still in Geneva, in the midst of his family, chiefly engaged, when not on his lecturing tours, in his favourite studies. His fellow-citizens have honoured him in various ways, and the chief authorities of the Canton have honourably acknowledged his great service in spreading useful science and knowledge among the people. In the German scientific world he occupies a prominent and honourable position. In his system he has assigned to the brain the most important place, and has constantly proved

himself an earnest advocate of the most advanced ethnological research. He is generally styled by his fellow countrymen the Darwin of Germany, though many German writers go so far as to reverse the order of things, and term Darwin the English Vogt.

PHRENOLOGY AS AN AID TO THE BIOGRAPHER.

By J. W. Jackson,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

BURNS.

(Continued from page 12.)

For an effete world there is but one remedy—a living man. He lights the aged Phœnix to her doom. Like a sun between the cloud, he casts the Iris bow of hope upon the darkness of despair, and belts the mantle of the storm with the radiant hues of joy. Behind him is the hopeless desolation of an outworn and exhausted past, before him the glorious promise of a renewed and regenerated future. Like some master musician, he strikes the keynote of a grander anthem, and leads the choral bands of humanity to nobler strains than they had previously accomplished. Such an one, though in the rudest of all possible guises, that of a simply reared and untutored peasant, was he of whom we are about to speak. And yet, in very truth, is it not of such that the world's great saviours are ever formed? When the genius of Greece was sinking under eclipse, and lifeless sophists, with their laborious pedantry, had superseded the earlier sages with their living inspiration, was it not a poor Athenian stonecutter that restored the force and freshness of Hellenic intellect; and, despite the paralysing influence of a previously decadent philosophy, at once endowed the world with the exhaustless wealth of his disciple Plato? And when the dramatic genius of Europe, grandly awakening from the death-trance of the dark ages, needed a richly gifted hierophant for the utterance of its inspirations, did the schools and colleges respond to the invocation? Was it the men who had mastered Æschylus and studied Sophocles that were found adequate to this great occasion? Was it a deeply-read and thoroughly-accomplished scholar that supplied the demand of modern intelligence for the romantic drama? Again, the reply of destiny was the wool-stapler's son of Stratford, with his "little Latin and less Greek," that made him the pity of pedants who could never have composed a line of Hamlet or furnished a single suggestion towards the composition of Lear.

There are epochs in history, or shall we rather say crises in the growth of humanity, when a new man is the necessity of fate; when the established has become the antiquated, and the accepted is the lifeless. Such was the state of things in Europe during the earlier part of the eighteenth century. Matters had passed beyond the remedial agency of scholarship. Literature, or shall we say more definitively, poetry, was a defunct Lazarus, whom only the God-commissioned could recal to life. No weaker voice would suffice. And the prophet, in this instance, was the inspired ploughman of Ayrshire. What other advent, indeed, would a world, lost in the enfeeblement of a corrupt though cultured age, have demanded? It wanted, not a man reared in all the artificiality of a perverted pedantry, but as nearly as possible, a richly-endowed child of nature, one in whom native gifts should immeasurably transcend educational attainments, and through whom, therefore, the divine might again become vocal. It wanted a man of vigorous faculties and powerful passions, of intense affections and exalted principles; one of Nature's proudest nobles, nay, her greatest kings, but born in a station which courtly refinement had never reached, and where even the prevalent fashions of thought had been but feebly echoed. It wanted a commanding genius, whose experience, nevertheless, should be of the cottage and not of the college, and whose principal tutors were facts in their sternness and life in its reality. It wanted an intelligence of the highest order, reared so close to Nature that her sunshine and her shade, her running streams and bosky woods, her green fields and her lowing kine, should have entered into his very heart and constituted the basis of his consciousness. It wanted a veritable poet, with the dew of the morning on his brow and the stars of the evening in his eyes, a grand, bare soul—the baptist spirit of a new dispensation, able, Elijah-like, to bring down the very fire from heaven on the sacrificial altar of the true God. And it obtained this in Robert Burns.

What manner of man, then, was it that fulfilled these vast demands; that accomplished this great achievement; that wrestled with the corruption of an age, and prevailed; that found a world in darkness and in death, yet Prometheus-like brought fire from heaven; that breathed on the dry bones of pedantry and tradition, and they lived? Of what race and kindred was this son of the North, this child of the mist, this sweet singer of the mountains? And we reply, a Teutonised Celt—that is, a nervo-fibrous Caledonian; very effectually baptised with the bone and muscle of the Scandinavian invader. Robert Burns had all the susceptibility of a Celt and all the manhood of a Teuton. He had the delicacy, the refinement, and the intensity of the one, combined with the breadth, the strength, and the vigour of the other. As

a cast direct from the hand of Nature, independent of all accessories, he was of the largest mental mould, of the greatest calibre; shall we say, the grandest man of his century. Decidedly, and beyond compare, the noblest Scotchman since the time of William Wallace and King Robert the Bruce.

Burns had a head of the largest size, whose magnitude and contour we are enabled to test by actual admeasurement and manipulation, having a cast from his cranium, taken with all care and reverence at the interment of "bonnie Jean," the widow of the poet. From this we are enabled to assert that the distinctive feature of his character was its greatness and power in every direction, amounting almost to universality. The world knows him as a rustic poet; but, under other circumstances, it might have admired him as a powerful advocate, an eloquent senator, an able statesman, or a victorious general. He was great in thought, but he might have been still greater in action. It was, indeed, the strength of his impulses and the intensity of his emotions that ultimately destroyed him. He died like a chained lion, or a caged eagle—of his bonds. Some of his finest songs are, in very truth, but the soul-wails of an expiring prisoner,—the outpouring of a grief that only such poetry could express; the heart-rending groans of a legitimate and honourable ambition everywhere cruelly repressed; the lava-flood of an indignation demanding all the boundless resources of genius for its effective utterance. And yet some of these same songs are the embodiment of a love so deep and tender, that we might almost fancy, as we listen to its gentle plaints and melting tones, his soul could have had no room for any sterner passion. Everywhere there is the real man—earnest, powerful, commanding, and resistless—as by victorious force, by the right of the strongest, compelling the audience of an unwilling world.

In affirming that Burns was a universal man, we do not say enough; for he was endowed also with those finer sympathies which usually attach to the gentler nature of a devoted woman. His fiery passions, with all their masculine intensity, never thoroughly invaded, never wholly absorbed and destroyed his purer affections. He emerged from what might have been supposed their consuming fervour, spiritually intact, with all the simplicity of an unperverted child. This fierce and apparently relentless master of all the terrible resources of satire and sarcasm—who wielded the very thunderbolts of wrath like a second Jove—could, nevertheless, descend in his gentler moods to the upturned daisy and the dispossessed field-mouse. This roystering profligate, this profane jester—the terror of all virtuous, and the abhorrence of all pious, households—could rise in his loftier moments to "Mary in heaven." A large man, as we have said, many-sided beyond the most, and so covering not

only a great area of actuality, but a still wider range of possibility.

To the phrenologist, such a combination, although so rare, is by no means inexplicable. He sees in the powerful combativeness, destructiveness, and secretiveness of this massive organisation, united as they are with a brain so grandly developed in the anterior lobe, the adequate sources of that antagonism of thought and feeling by which the irritable poet was occasionally characterised. He finds here the elements of that force by which his writings are pervaded, and, we may add, of that intense reality by which they are distinguished from the tamer productions of closet scholars. Fierce invective and withering sarcasm, lightning wit and cutting irony, are never solely the fruits of intellect, however gifted. They demand in addition the fire of passion and force of impulse, ere they can be launched in all their blighting, blasting, and scathing influence upon the hated foe. But, combined with these sterner qualities, which made him so formidable to his enemies, there were generous affections and deep-toned emotions, kindly sympathies and genial resolves, that made him proportionably the idol of his friends. In his affections, as we have said, he was a veritable woman. The occipital region is so feminine, that, contemplating this alone, the phrenologist might well mistake the sex, and conceive that, in the predominant philoprogenitiveness and powerful adhesiveness here manifested, he had unmistakable evidence of a most effective development of the maternal instincts and the domestic attachments. If ever there was a man who could interpret woman by himself, that man was Robert Burns.

The social power of an otherwise great and gifted man, so constituted, must have been stupendous. As by a law of his nature, he compelled you to fear and hate, or to love and admire him. With a being so strongly pronounced, so terribly decisive, there could be no medium: you must be either his friend or his enemy. He had too much heart to be indifferent himself; he had too much energy for you to remain perfectly neutral. If great and noble, broad and expansive—that is, if sufficiently exalted to sympathise with and appreciate him—he drew you, as by a resistless magnetism, to his solar centre. If, on the other hand, cold and suspicious, narrow and bigoted, he alarmed you by his warmth and repelled you by his breadth, and you fled from his presence in terror, as from a devouring fire, in which you, with your respectabilities and conventionalities, would otherwise infallibly be consumed. Here was a man before whose lightning glance hypocrisy was unmasked, and pretence rendered transparent. He was hated because he was formidable, but he was also loved because he was princely—a

royal soul, towards whom loyalty was a true devotion, and fealty a paramount duty—at least, on the part of some, and those perhaps none of the meanest.

It must be at once obvious, that for the effective control of such susceptibilities and impulses as those which we have just enumerated, a more than ordinary development of the moral nature was imperatively required. Here was an excelsior spirit that could not fail to walk on the very edge of the precipice, with heaven above, but, alas! with chaos beneath him. Here was a man with vast possibilities in every direction; ennobled by powers that could scarcely fail to lead him to distinction, yet endowed with susceptibilities unutterably perilous on the side of error; enriched intellectually with all the priceless gifts of genius, yet stirred by passions that happily, in such force and intensity, seldom fall to the lot even of the most wayward of the sons of men. What strength in the governing principles, what a degree of self-command, was needed for the due regulation of such powers, combined with such impulses! And this man, so marvellously endowed, be it recollected, was only a peasant, with rustic examples and rustic tuition to help him in the solution of life's great problem.

Again, ere becoming unduly censorious, let us recollect the age in which he lived and the examples by which he was formed. It was, as we have said, the latter half of the eighteenth century—that great age of dissolution, when faith and loyalty were at the lowest ebb, and an all-devouring chaos, like a universal flood, threatened to swallow up not only the time-honoured authorities, but the olden sanctities of society. In such a period of civil and religious anarchy, when the throne and the altar are alike shaken by the earthquake tread of revolution, private morals cannot fail to suffer. The bit is taken out of the mouth of Leviathan, and humanity, liberated from the restraints of tradition, rushes madly into a wild saturnalia of boundless sensualism. A previous age of preparation had produced Louis XIV., and called him *le Grand Monarque*. The age of Burns had produced a Prince of Wales, and esteemed him the first gentleman in Europe! Such were the gods enthroned in this night of time, to whom the men of that day could bow the knee in profoundest adoration, and to whom a civilised and Christian Europe daily offered the intoxicating incense of ardent and enthusiastic admiration. If such were the deities, we may conceive what were the worshippers. If such were the royalties, what must have been not only the nobilities, but the democracies of the world. A thoroughly insane time: when the hospitality of the host could only be duly honoured by the inebriety of the guest, and when a suicidal profligacy was esteemed the surest evidence of superior ability. Into this

seething cauldron of gold-laced grossness and beruffled iniquity was launched the noblest and most gifted, but also the most excitable and susceptible, spirit of the eighteenth century.

Happily, as we have said, he was a peasant; still more happily, perhaps, he was a Scottish peasant, who in after years, from the sacred recollections of his religiously trained childhood, could give an unbelieving world "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Strange inversion and dislocation of matters social, when it is, to all spiritual intents and purposes, better to be reared in a cottage than a palace, and when rank and wealth furnish hindrances rather than furtherances to that growth, which is not so much for time as eternity. Happily, then, we repeat, Robert Burns was born a Scottish peasant, and still more happily, we would add, of the eighteenth rather than the nineteenth century. Calvinism and the Covenant were no doubt great things in their day, heaven-sent and of adequately divine import, but yet only for a season: a stern school, through which it behoved the Scottish mind to pass, and without which we had never known either a Robert Burns or a Thomas Carlyle, in the fashion, at least, under which Providence has seen fit to present them: a verily Sinaitic dispensation, propounding the Law under the guise of the Gospel: the extreme left of the Protestant movement—that in its utter abhorrence of idolatrous ceremonies and Papal indulgences—not only cast the organ out of the church, but well nigh eliminated mercy out of the creed: the thoroughgoing protest of a very earnest and decisive people, fully determined on no half-measures with a corrupt church and a profligate hierarchy: perhaps, like all extremes, a little too violent to last—carrying, indeed, the seeds of its own dissolution, at no very remote period, in its very framework and constitution; but, nevertheless, a system which, at least in the childhood of the poet, was still sufficiently in its vigour to rear not only an outwardly devout, but a practically moral peasantry, of whom that princely patriarch, William Burns, was so magnificent an example.

Old-fashioned morality *versus* modern scepticism—the olden sanctities dying out and the new veracities not yet fully enthroned. Truly a time of terrible confusion, through which our poor, weak, erring humanity could scarcely pass quite unscathed. Paternal principle of the noblest, though somewhat of the sternest at home; popular habitudes, gradually becoming of the freest, abroad. Stoical severity at the domestic hearth; Epicurean laxity at the village club and at the laird's mansion. A gloomy and forbidding creed—the hard and pedantic echo of mediæval scholasticism—preached from the pulpit; a Godless philosophy and a utilitarian economy blatant through the press. Authority degenerating into despotism; and liberty not yet

superior to licence. Such were the Scylla and Charybdis through which the youth of the eighteenth century had to pass in their voyage of life, and wherein, therefore, it is not wonderful that some suffered shipwreck.

With what endowments and equipments, then, did our rustic bard face these conflicting influences?—with what steerage power did he attempt self-pilotage through this waste of troubled waters? Phrenology at once replies, that his moral was not equal to either his passional or his intellectual nature. The head is too long in proportion to its altitude. The median is not proportioned to either the posterior or the anterior lobe. There is a want in the coronal region, which although not absolutely, is relatively, deficient. His principles would have amply sufficed for an ordinary man, but they did not suffice for him. His impulses were too strong and his affections too fervid, and perhaps we may add, his logic too subtle and his imagination too vivid, to permit of effectual restraint, even by the combined power of all his sentiments. Perhaps a nobler age, one of edification, might have built him up into a great saint, a St Francis of Assisi or an Ignatius Loyola —moulding the molten metal, red and scathing from the furnace of passion, into somewhat of angelic shape. But what could an eighteenth, or indeed, any modern century, do with him? Simply, we presume, what it accomplished—that is, leaving him in the hands of Nature, a sinning, suffering, repenting David, the very wails of whose remorse, however, constitute the anthems, and might be grafted into the litanies, of common men.

Of all the moral sentiments his caution is the strongest, being indeed so powerful as to decidedly dominate the sustaining qualities of self-esteem and firmness. And we know, both from the outward records of his life and his own self-revelations, that he was often the victim of needless anxiety and causeless gloom. The sunshine and the shade, in ever-alternating variation, were his especial allotment. At times, indeed, this contrast became so marked that it might almost be defined as the lightning flashes of genius illumining the midnight blackness of despair. In this he was a true Scotchman—terribly earnest in all things, even in his misery and his forebodings. The organisation, as a whole, indeed, has this national peculiarity attaching to it, that the lateral wholly preponderate over the central organs, though this is not so strongly marked as in some of his countrymen. The wonder is, that with such a proportion in his cerebral development, he should have manifested so marked a tendency to fearless independence both in thought and action. But in his case, as perhaps in that of the elder Napoleon, volume of brain, combined with quality, sufficed to produce a general con-

sciousness of power, of which a certain form of self-reliance was the inevitable result. And it is observable of both, that while they instinctively took the lead of others in virtue of greater weight and force of character, they were yet easily cowed by adverse *circumstances*. They felt their right to rule *men*, but they needed to be sustained by success ere they could rise to the conscious mastery of *events*. They were born for prosperity rather than adversity, and while possibly great as conquerors, were not particularly heroic as martyrs.

Much has been said about the religion of Burns, in reference to which there cannot fail to be considerable diversity of opinion. Like nearly all the master-minds of the eighteenth century, he was decidedly heterodox. Perhaps in no age could so grand a soul have been cast in a sectarian mould. He was too great for shibboleths; but, in common with all true poets, he was inherently and essentially devout. A priest of the beautiful, gifted with the profoundest insight into the divine, how could he be otherwise than worshipful? To him the whole universe was a God-built temple, of which the dew of the morning was the matin incense, and the song of birds its evening anthem. Such spirits can never be wholly wanting in true devotion. They may despise the creeds of men and bid defiance to the discipline of churches, but they have that within which is the root of all religions, and in whose presence the professions of formal piety sink into utter insignificance. Let it never be forgotten that they are of that order whence prophets are called in the hour of necessity. Revile it as we may, genius is still the shekinah illumining the holy of holies with its sacred flame, and affording by its supernal light, unmistakable evidence of the immediate presence of an indwelling divinity. Poets, indeed, are the great revealers, the primal spokesmen of the Infinite, of whose oracular responses even the most widely accepted creeds are but the expiring echoes. The religion of such is ever vital, even though informal. It may not accord with the catechisms, but it is in harmony with nature. It may be opposed by conclaves and synods, but it is responded to by the soul of universal man. Burns, then, was not irreligious, any more than Shakespeare, although his piety may not be quite so prominent as that of Milton, or so acceptably framed as that of Young; but it was certainly not of a kind to please the elders and ministers. It would scarcely have passed muster at a kirk session. It was not in the fashion. It did not bow down to the established idols. It was sadly in the minority. Perhaps it was not pre-eminently illustrated even by his own life; or if so, then chiefly by his deep and heartfelt contrition for acknowledged errors. For here was a man who certainly sinned, but as indubitably repented, and whose whole life was little other than a hopeless conflict

with powerful impulses that continually overmastered his better promptings and higher aspirations.

The gravest sins of Burns, however, in the estimation of the Church, were decidedly not those of conduct but composition. The lapses of the man would have been easily condoned but for the offences of the poet. "The Holy Fair," and "Holy Willie's earnest Cry and Prayer," were sins of a far deeper dye than those personal peccadilloes for which the author had already suffered a public rebuke. Heresy, in all ages, has been esteemed far worse than immorality. A dominant priesthood can forgive everything except difference of opinion, implying a doubt of their infallibility. And yet, what after all were these literary sins of the inspired ploughman but an attack on hypocrisy? a withering exposure of the hollowness and deceit of pharisaic formalism? for which, with all reverence be it spoken, he had the highest possible example. For looseness of conduct he might doubtless have been matched in nearly every parish throughout the length and breadth of Scotland; but there was not another man, either north or south of the Tweed, who could have so effectually winged his poisoned arrows home, or with equal ability have held up the Kirk and its proceedings to the profane ridicule of the vulgar. Here, indeed, was the unpardonable sin—that he did not respect the cloth, but with unparalleled audacity exposed both ministers and elders to the jeers of the undiscerning multitude. Not, then, for his actions, but his writings, was Burns esteemed an irreligious man; and when we consider by whom the verdict was pronounced, we shall be the better enabled to judge of its value.

The phrenological indications lead to the conclusion that veneration was not the most powerful of his moral sentiments. Benevolence, indeed, completely dominates it. Here, beyond question, was a man to whom was individually applicable the great saying that of "Faith, Hope, and Charity, the greatest of these is Charity." The religion of such a man could not consist in the easy and uninquiring reception of dogma, in a slavish submission to authority, in the loud profession of a creed, or in a bigoted adherence to orthodox doctrines and established formularies. In faith as in practice, here was a soul too large for accepted moulds. With his unusually powerful intellectual faculties, combined with such a balance of the moral sentiments, Burns could not help thinking for himself in matters of religion. In addition to this, let it be remembered that we have here to do with genius, which is ever of an essentially primary and solar, not dependant and planetary, character. The masses may be led, like sheep by their appointed shepherds. But here, as we have said, was a born king of men, a chieftain from the hand of Nature, of whom blind obedience was not to be ex-

pected, and by whom it could not be rendered, even to the Church. Let it be distinctly understood by all whom it may concern, that dogmatic teaching is for the many, the flock. But here was a being endowed with higher prerogatives, not nominally, but veritably, gifted with "the right of private judgment," and in whose presence, therefore, the pretensions even of the grandest hierarchy to teach with authority were little other than a ridiculous usurpation.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. Jackson, F.A.S.L.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian,"
"Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

PAN,

THE INFINITE ONE,—GOD MANIFEST IN HIS CREATION.

All ordinary minds are lost in the concrete. By no effort of their own can they rise to the abstract. They are at home with incidents. They are alien to principles. They dwell on phenomena, and, by their own unaided effort, never rise to a mastery of the laws on which they depend. Philosophy and science both endeavour to remedy this defect, the radical difference between them being, that while philosophy contemplates ends, science only investigates means; and while the latter is satisfied with sequences, the former endeavours to discover causes. In a sense, religion is, or rather ought to be, a summation of the two, with the higher element of intuition superadded; that is, it should embody the profoundest conclusions of reason, and crown them with the light and glory of inspiration.

Pan was the highest expression of classic antiquity for unity in multiplicity, for the one in the many. At an early age of the world, the profounder class of thinkers could not fail to observe that most things are obviously but copies, perchance of some divine original. One oak is like another; diverse as individuals, they are nevertheless one in principle. They are obviously but manifestations of the same idea. And a similar remark applies with equal force to the horse and the man. Gradually the abstraction advances, and it is found that not only all oaks but all trees are fundamentally alike in structure and function. Nay, it is at last discovered that even the simplest plants have certain attributes in common with the largest trees—have a certain typal resemblance, as if but varied expressions of the same thought; and so the generalisation gradually advances till at length we are enabled to grasp with ease the magnificent con-

ception of a vegetable kingdom, all whose species, genera, orders, and classes are similarly characterised. By a like process of generalisation we also attain to the distinct conception of a mineral and an animal kingdom. But even this does not fully suffice the higher needs of the synthetic intellect in its endeavour to discover unity of design and oneness of thought in the plan of the universe; so we cautiously advance to the still higher generalisation of the organic and the inorganic sphere, till at length the suspicion is dawning upon us that even these are only terms of comparative differentiation, the inorganic being in reality only the organic upon a larger scale; that is, the cosmic in place of the telluric, the earth being in reality but an embryonic cellule, for the discharge of whose higher vital functions plants and animals are simply special instrumentalities, or, as we otherwise phrase it, appropriate organs. And thus we are gradually familiarised with the stupendous truth that even the stellar sphere does but afford a repeating cycle of processes, with which we are already comparatively familiar on the nearer plane of earth. Pan is everywhere present, the same yet different, the one in the many.

There is no doubt that some ideas are racial; that is, there are certain thoughtforms in religion, philosophy, politics, and morals, that having been developed by men of a special type of organic structure and mental constitution, are easily received and appropriated by those of a similar type, though alien to those of different descent. Pantheism, as one of these, is the special product of the Aryan race. It pervades all their principal religions, under the form of God manifest in creation, eventuating, among other things, in the cardinal doctrine of incarnation. But such an idea is eminently offensive to men of the Semitic type, who, accustomed to conceive of the Deity as distinct from his creation, regard the attempt to confound them as horribly blasphemous. The divine-human is to them a specification without meaning, an affirmation involving absurdity and contradiction.

But this apparent opposition, like most other forms of antagonism, is the result of insufficient generalisation. Theism and Pantheism, as generally taught, differ only because the former regards the universal scheme of being principally from the higher or spiritual side, and the latter from the lower or material. Each proclaims and emphasises a certain phase of truth, which, rightly contemplated, does not exclude the other. They are in combination, the bipolar aspect of the same veracity —Theism being the positive and Pantheism the negative side. God and Nature are simply the masculine and feminine, the central and circumferential, the spiritual and material phase of universal being, which, so far from excluding, imply each other.

The great religious mission of the future is the effectual reconciliation of these contradictions of opinion, by a doctrinal revelation so exalted, as to involve the affirmation of both without denying the truth of either. This is a necessity of humanity. Pure Theism is stern and barren. As Judaism, it excluded the fine arts and warred against the due æsthetic culture of its disciples. As Mohammedanism, it goes a step farther, and desolates the land in which it prevails, eventuating first in the intellectual stagnation, and finally in the political decline of its votaries. Pantheism, on the other hand, ultimates in speculative materialism and popular idolatry. Under its influence the few become sceptical and the many superstitious. It appeals to the intellect rather than the sentiments. It promotes poetry and art, philosophy and science. It conduces to *breadth* of culture, but is not equally favourable to elevation of thought and feeling. The Greeks are an instance in point, no less apt than illustrious. Gifted with all the attributes of the highest genius, they have yet failed to assume the supreme place as teachers of posterity. Our literature and art are Hellenic, but our religion is Judaic.

Perhaps the last sentence requires some modification. The truth is, the process of reconciliation has already commenced and is far advanced, and we may say, speaking historically, that Christianity is the result. This, perhaps, demands some explanation. Aryan philosophy and Semitic Theism have interacted from an early period. Persian influence is clearly perceptible in the later prophets. From the conquests of Alexander, Hellenism dominated as the intellectual element of Western Asia, while the Roman rule which succeeded it, was but another and confirmatory wave of Aryan power. The combined effect of these two invasions was the engrafting of Aryan Incarnationalism upon Semitic Theism, and the consequent product of a faith so superior in moral grandeur and purity to the Olympian creed, and indeed we may say to Druidism, Odinism, and the Aryan religions of Europe generally, that they have one and all succumbed to its influence, and are now no longer extant among the things of time. They yielded because they were morally inferior to their Semitised rival. But although so potent as opposed to the grosser Aryan Polytheism of Europe, Christianity has hitherto failed in making an equal impression on the Semitic Theism of Asia. The strictly unitarian faith of Islam has practically superseded it, to the utter exclusion of all true scientific and æsthetic culture, from the entire area dominated by the Crescent. The material prosperity and intellectual advancement of Europe, as compared with the desolation and stagnation of Western Asia, is nevertheless an adequate proof that the Aryan element is a necessity of humanity. It is so, as one of the poles of universal truth. The Aryan worships Nature. To him she is divine.

The Semite worships God, to the exclusion of Nature. To him she is simply a creature, reverence for whom would involve the sin of idolatry. Without the elevating influence of Semitism, the Aryan grovels in Materialism and Polytheism; and without the fertilising and vivifying influence of Aryanism, the Semite revels in destruction and sinks into barbarism.

We thus perceive that the process of reconciliation is still incomplete. The Aryan has not yet been fully redeemed from his idolatry. When a believer he is a tritheist, when a sceptic he is prone to the deification of Nature as the one supreme. The Semite has not yet been cured of his fanaticism. He is deaf to the music, blind to the beauty, and indifferent to the order of Nature. To him she is not the bride but the slave of God, a dead *thing*, not the peerless reflection and living emanation of her divine creator. What the world awaits is the marriage of these veracities; but this can only be accomplished by their approximation, through the more effective development of their respective principles. Hitherto Aryanism has been lost in the many, while Semitism has been absorbed in the one; but the Pantheism of the former implies the ONE in the *many*, as the Theism of the latter implies the *many* in the ONE. But ere these higher truths can be recognised as but the Janus-face of the same veracity, the philosophy of the Aryans must become more profound, and the religion of the Semites more expansive, so that the former will not deny God nor the latter despise Nature.

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,
AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

TIME went on, and the first week of my grace was gone, but not so were we. It was difficult, Mr Peters said, to find women whom he could trust to manage everything as we had, and almost every night there was a petition for us to remain; or, if I must go, then for Eleanore to stop, and have a servant-woman of her own choosing, or a boy or man—black or white—Kanaka or Chinaman—anything that would answer best or please her, only if she would stay and manage and take care of the house. At last the urgency so far prevailed that she consented, if he could not supply her place, to remain till the end of the third month, having with her the woman whom we had occasionally employed. And

so, on Friday of the second week, I left her to go to my future home. Thus I lost much of her daily experience.

But I have her letters, written at intervals of a few days or hours, according to the necessities of her soul,—narrating events, or breathing her beautiful fancies, or rising in fearless affirmation: the moment's mood being as faithfully reflected in them, as in her varying face it always was. There were greater extremes in her nature than I ever knew in any other. She was frank to a daring degree; habitually and constantly so, except in the great inmost experiences of joy and suffering; and these, when she willed it, could be buried so deep within, that those of her household would never conceive their presence; and even I found myself often forgetting them. She was courageous, as you have seen; when need and occasion were, as unflinching in thought and nerve as the hardiest man. Unfaltering and fearless, she pressed impetuously forward to her object; yet laid her hand as gently upon it, when she reached it, as the most delicate and sensitive girl. Her heart was a full fountain of the tenderest and most ecstatic love, yet with the firmness and apparent coldness of the least womanly woman, she pressed down and sealed it within her own bosom. Shallow people thought her hard and cold, when the inward fire of that life, smothered and checked by the strong will, would have blinded and scorched their weak souls, had it been permitted to blaze forth. Her letters seemed to make me even better acquainted with her than I had been. They showed me no new phase of the character I had seen so fully and variously proved, but they defined it more sharply; they individualised more perfectly the admirable harmonies and contrasts which made her the rarest woman I have ever known.

I had left her but a few days—less than two weeks, I think—when the ever-dreaded calamity of that anomalous city, fire, descended upon them one night, and swept the house and most of its contents to destruction. Her loss was heavy, consisting not only of the best part of her wardrobe, but of all the precious mementoes she had preserved of little Harry.

"I am deeply grieved, Anna," she says, in this letter, "for their loss. It seems a wrong to the dear child not to have thought first of what remained to prove his short life to us; but I was terrified for Phil and myself, for you can have no idea of the fearful rapidity of this destruction. The fire broke out two buildings from us, in the grocery, you know, below the restaurant, and although I was on my feet almost with the first stroke of the monumental bell, I could only, by its light, huddle some clothing on, and drag the small trunk, which stood nearest the door, down stairs, before the flames were shooting out of our upper windows. I left Phil for one moment, and ran back to the office, through

the smoke and flying sparks, to get the money and a bundle of papers which Mr Peters had left there the night before. But the corner of our bedroom was already on fire, and I could not attempt to move the heavy trunk. I had to fly down the stairs myself, to escape being buried. Of course I took refuge at the Marsdens', where I am now staying. Mrs Harding also remains here, quiet and benumbed, it seems to me, but ever, I fear, leaning toward that accursed life that has blasted hers."

The next week came another letter, saying that Mr Marsden had heard of a private teacher or governess being wanted in Sacramento, and she was to see the party next day. They met, but the dreadful vulgarity and ignorance of the man forbade all further thought of that.

"I could never think of occupying a subordinate position," said Eleanore, "under such a head, and I fear, dear Anna, that this difficulty will meet me everywhere here; there are so few refined families yet in the country —so very few who are settled and ready to employ a governess. I never occupied such a position, and I do not know how I could suit my spirit to its burdens, under the best circumstances, but I should be very glad to try, with reasonable chances of success. Captain Dahlgren was right when he said that there were few cultivated or accomplished women wanted here. I feel very much saddened and depressed at the prospect before me. The 'outlook,' as Carlyle says, is so short, and dim, and confused. And while I am waiting, I find myself remembering the good Swede's offer to us, and turning frequently to those older communities in South American cities. What would you say, were you to hear some day that I had gone to Chili or Peru? They are not so very far off, you know, and the social order in which woman like us can best live and move, prevails there as it will not here in many years.

"Do you hear of Colonel Anderson, lately? Mr Marsden told me he forwarded a letter to you the other day; but, like any other man, he did not observe the post-mark. I would hope that it was from him, except that there has been time enough for you to have returned an enclosure to me, and none has come. Did you receive a letter from him, and none for me? Tell me, and what he said. I am so very lonely and friendless without you. Friendless in the near sense, I mean, for good Mrs Marsden knows nothing of the past, and so we cannot be confidential.

"Gray's trial is coming on next week, and our poor Mrs Harding is almost beside herself—thoroughly roused from her stupor, and asking the one question that concerns her, by every glance of her eye and every change of position, when one enters the house or a footstep is heard.

"John Harding wrote, two or three days after the fire, to repair the loss of my house by offering one with him. The letter was not well-spelled, neither was it faultless in style, but it was very manly and sincere, and I wish it had been addressed to somebody whose heart it would have gladdened, as it might have a great many."

Before this letter came, I had sent her a note from Colonel Anderson, and when her next reached me, it breathed the breath of rest and contentment in its first lines:—

"Thanks, dear Anna, for yours, with what it contained. The Kohinoor would have paled before it. This will not hold much longer. He will bring me to confession by his own generosity, for one cannot resist that. Did he speak to you of going to Chili? He expresses some such purpose to me, and I wish to know whether or not you have possibly led him to it, by an intimation of my looking in that direction. I cannot conclude from his note, though it has been near my heart ever since I received it; and I ought, therefore, to be informed of the spirit in which every word was written. Write, and answer me this question. I shall decide on something in a few days."

I had conveyed no hint to Colonel Anderson that she thought of South America, and I said so.

"Then," she replied, "you have cemented anew the bond of trust between us, though it needed not that service. I shall go to Chili next month, and my only wish now, is, that you could leave your position and go with me. I have met in the last three days a lady who has resided four years in Valparaiso, and she assures me that we should have no difficulty in employing ourselves there as governesses or teachers. But I ought to tell you that the compensation would but little exceed half that you receive here.

"You have scarcely told me yet, dear Anna, how you find yourself —what is your school, and how and where do you live? Have you any Eleanore to worry or help you? I sometimes fear I may have done more of the former than of the latter. But tell me—for I wish to know before I leave the land which contains you—that you are not going to be left socially destitute by my departure."

I certainly had no one to replace her. I was too wise to look for or expect that; but I was able to describe myself as living very comfortably in a private family of New York people—a father, mother, and two young daughters, who were among my pupils—and my school as large, and made up chiefly of bright and interesting, though often rude and ill-bred children. "On the whole," I said, "as good a position and as comfortable as I ought to expect, I suppose; and if I had never known you, I dare say I should be diligently compressing myself into it, in the full conviction that I ought to be content, and even thankful for it. But you have taken that religion away from me. I aspire to something better, and I long for communion with you, who have led me to it. I rest sometimes in the good progress of my pupils and in my hopes for them; but even then I lack somebody to appreciate and sustain me by the courage and life I have hitherto received from you. Dear Eleanore, since I have been here, I more than ever admire Colonel Anderson's firmness. Would it flatter you if I should say that sometimes, on a

Friday evening, I am so tempted to take the boat and go down, that I have a painful struggle to keep myself here? A few hours, I fancy, would so refresh and help me. I have never known a person who had so much of that power, or felt so clearly in any soul its spontaneous flow. Tell me when you are going, for I must see you once, at least."

In a few days came a letter, saying she had taken passage in a vessel which was expected to sail the next week, and they should expect me on Friday night. "Mr Marsden will meet you at the boat, on its landing," she said, "that not an hour of our precious time may be lost."

I had already learned by the papers that Gray had escaped punishment by the disagreement of the jury, but had been obliged to leave the city by Mr John Harding, who gave him warning, *in the court-room*, on the rendering, that, whenever he should meet him in the town after that hour the next day, he would take his life if he could; and as he was sustained by a strong party of friends, the miscreant had been prudent enough to flee for the time. From Eleanore I had learned that Mrs Harding, so deserted, had wilted down into a state of passive helpless submission to whatever was required of her; and so they had sent her home by the steamer two or three days after the trial was over—a more fortunate termination of her stay than any of us hoped for till it came.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE rainy season was now at hand, which would be a new experience to us summer emigrants, not a drop having yet fallen in the four long months we had been in the country. There were occasionally cloudy evenings and nights, and Eleanore often referred to the pleasure she and Phil had in afternoon walks, now that the winds had abated.

"We go upon the hills," she said, "or, when he is tired, I go alone and look at the sunset over the ocean, and think, with a heart-ache, of that solitary island where the afternoon shadows are lengthening on the sands, and where one falls that my eye will never more measure. I know, dear Anna, that he is not there. I see and feel him in a world of light and growth, where all is *living* power, beauty, expansion, and progress; where low conditions do not imprison, and darkness does not hinder or becloud his radiant soul. I feel that my child is there. I think of him in these relations, and am conscious that he is not lost to me in that grave; and yet I cling to the memory of it, because it is the one spot on earth that is identified with that beloved form. Harry, whom my soul loves, and will rejoice in when we meet face to face again, is not there; but Harry whom these arms have cherished, whom these lips have kissed, and this heart of flesh delighted itself in, is yet there; and so I yearn toward it painfully, as I should irresistibly toward the

dear form, were it now here before me. I have suffered more from painful memories of that period in this idle fortnight than in all the time we were together. I miss you sorely, and sometimes feel afraid to trust myself away in a foreign country without you, knowing that I shall not readily find one to fill your place in my trust and affection. And it is so necessary, dear, for me to be fully understood by some one, when I am otherwise surrounded by strangers."

I fully appreciated this necessity, for I had so often been compelled to interpret her to others, that I had come to regard myself as, in certain sort, necessary to her. And this feeling increased, on my part, the pain of our separation. I found myself often saying, mentally, in my unoccupied moments—now Eleanore is, perhaps, doing or saying something that I ought to be there to explain, by looks if not in words; people are so likely to mistake her in some way. It troubled me not a little, and made me often think seriously of forming some plan by which we could be together again; but this removal to Chili seemed to put an end to all hope of that. Beside, I said, she will soon have one there, who, when he has come near her heart, will take her from me wholly; and should I not then fall to the ground, overlooked and forgotten by both, in their great and sufficient happiness? No, I said, sharply reproving in my heart these yearnings to rejoin myself to that high soul—no, you are to go on alone. The barrenness of life is to you henceforth—not its bloom in the sunshine of such affection as hers. She has insight where you are dull; she is strong where you are weak; she is large-souled, and still expanding, where you, in your solitariness, are narrow, and daily narrowing to your little life and its little future.

I was packing my travelling-satchel for my last visit to her, while I thus lamented and doomed myself. There was bitterness in my heart—I will not deny it—while these thoughts were cutting like a two-edged blade through its hopes and complacencies. Why should she be so much happier than I? I could not see where I had lived so unworthily. My life had not been idle. It had not been a selfish one. I had cared for and aided others, all the way through it, to the limit of my ability, and sometimes beyond. I had not separated myself from the happiness and suffering of those who had moved beside me through the years of womanhood. I had dealt justly, and in all things preserved my self-respect. I had reverenced God and loved humanity. I had been in the main faithful to my highest religious convictions. Why, then, was I here, in the dark valley, and she there, far toward the summit of the mountain of happiness, bathed in its warm light and breathing its odorous airs, with health in her soul and joy in every motion? It could only happen so to us, I said, rebelliously, through the unequal distribution of life's first gifts—the powers with which we

enter the fair garden that invites our young feet, where some find, as she has, endless paths of beauty before them, and others, as myself, only grim desolate walks of toil and pain.

My soul was darkened in that hour. I exaggerated both sides of my picture. I dipped the brush of my memory in black, and dashed it rudely, again and again, across that beautiful golden light in my past, where the image of Herbert appeared and re-appeared, smiling upon me. I obstinately turned away from the bright recollections of my cherished and revered mother; and would not, in that moment, suffer any slender streamlet of happiness to flow into my soul from the thought of my noble, loving father, though he had treasured my peace, ever after Herbert's death, as tenderly as a mother treasures her young child. I would not see the blessings that had come to me, because here, on the other side, was a life so much richer and larger than mine; filled yet to the brim with strong and active purposes of growth; with broad and keen interest in the ideas and systems by which men and women are to ascend to higher planes of being; with ecstatic motherhood; and crowned above all this wealth and brightness, with worshipping love, the supreme gift and the divinest joy of all. I could not balance these accounts, and I went on my way pitying myself, with something akin to contempt, and thinking of her in a spirit that I am ashamed to say was nearer to accusation than forgiveness.

The journey down the San Joaquin is, at best, not an interesting one; and, in my state of mind, it had no power to charm or draw me away from myself. The shrunken stream, flowing between banks of a dead level; mountains in the distance, covered with the sere harvest of indigenous oat; the plains or marshes, then dry, making their way occasionally to the river's edge, and all the near country shut out from view by the sunken position of the boat, crawling along in the bottom of the shallow chasm which contained the current—these were the features that chiefly impressed me during the short period of daylight that remained to us after we left Stockton.

At dark I went into the cabin, the air feeling damp and the clouds threatening rain—which came palpably down before we reached the bay, and was still falling when the boat came up to the wharf. Mr Marsden stepped on board as soon as the plank was thrown out.

"I have brought you," said he, after our greetings were over, "india-rubbers and a large shawl. My wife and Mrs Bromfield thought you might come without them: and also an umbrella. But it is very dark, and as I know every step, and you do not, over the rough way, perhaps you had better take my arm, and come under this one."

I felt wearied, from my emotions as well as loss of rest, and for once was disposed, if it were not too costly, to drive up the hill.

"What will they charge to take us to your house?" I asked. "It seems an ugly walk in the darkness and rain."

"More, I think, than you will be willing to pay. I will inquire, however"—and presently he returned with a hackman, who said he would take me for twenty dollars, and both of us for twenty-five.

"Almost a week's wages!" I said, to Mr Marsden. "No, I can't indulge myself at that price yet. We will walk."

And I seemed to recover strength and animation with every step that brought me nearer to her, while Mr Marsden was quietly letting fall some enthusiastic words of praise.

"My wife and I," he said, "are just beginning to feel what your friend is. We are plain sort of people, and do not understand her as well as if we were more like her, but we have both come to the conclusion that she is a woman of a thousand, and will be a real loss to us."

When I stepped within his door, I found myself clasped in Eleanore's arms, with tears and kisses falling on my face.

It was far past midnight, and Mr and Mrs Marsden soon retired, enjoining upon us, with friendly earnestness, as they went, to seek rest also.

"We will rest here, my own dear Anna," said Eleanore, when we were alone, drawing my weary head to her shoulder, and looking into my face. "There is more sadness than pleasure in these eyes," she added. "What is it? Tell me."

"Are you not going away?" I replied; "and is not this, in all probability, the last time we shall ever meet? Ought I to feel glad, even though I am here with you once more?"

Her eyes suffused while I was speaking. "I do not believe," she said, "it is our last communion together, Anna, though I do not see when or how the next is to happen. But we seem to belong to each other, dear. I almost think I did not feel your worth to me till we were parted, for I look in vain since for any other heart to answer mine, as this good, noble one has, so often and so faithfully."

"Oh, Eleanore," I said, "do not accuse me by a too generous estimate of my poor nature. Do you know it is capable of bitterness, and something so near to envy, that I feel reproached by your tenderness and warmth of heart?"

She looked at me in surprise, and then an incredulous half-smile stole over her wondering features.

"It is true," I said, "and envy of you, dear friend, too. Do not

stop me"—seeing her about to speak—"till I have laid my wickedness all before you, and then I will hear your good words."

And I told her all I have already told you, but more fully, feeling myself drawn on to utter frankness and self-cleansing, by the kindly and trusting light that shone down on me from her matchless face.

When I had done, we were both silent. I was looking at the handful of coals and dying brands that lay before us on the hearth, and I waited for her voice so long, without hearing it, that I at last looked up, to see tears falling slowly from her eyes, in which I felt the light of happiness as much as the gloom of pain.

"Eleanore," I said, "do not weep for me. I am scarcely worthy of tears that flow so rarely as yours do."

"It is not for you only, but myself, dear Anna. You have summed up for me, afresh, all that I have to be grateful for, which one forgets sometimes, you know. I do not wish, however, to speak now of my riches, which are, indeed, great—with Phil, and that other, whom we need not name, and you, good child, beside some dear ones left behind us. Let them pass. But in the account you have given me of yourself, you have reflected the sad internal record, I suspect, of many a life, that does not, perhaps, once in all its years of duration, reach itself out as you have done to-day. You ask me how blessings can be so unequally divided between persons whose lives are equally pure, obedient, and faithful? You come to me for wisdom while I have none to give you. The sages and philosophers, the churchmen and schoolmen, the economists and statesmen, have failed, and do perpetually fail in solving this question. Each thoughtful soul, I suppose, in some grave, high hours, attempts the solution for itself, and perhaps penetrates the mists a little way, but is finally beaten back to the cold kingdom of mere question. Some impatient spirits have doubtless hurried through the portals of death, to get the answer which life denied them. But for me,

> "'The doubt *must* rest I dare not solve,
> In the same circle we revolve;
> Assurance only breeds resolve.'"

"And have you never, then," I asked, from all your large questioning and patient thought, drawn any satisfying light to your own soul?"

"Perhaps a gleam now and then," she replied, with the help of modern thought and research into the nature of our humanity. One thing I am clear about, and that is, that many lives are reckoned worthy and obedient, according to the world's best standards, which are truly something less. The world's standard cannot measure our obedience or happiness, dear Anna, when we rise by even a hair's-breadth above the world's wisdom and development. Then obedience becomes exalted

faithfulness to something within, which the world knows not of; and to fall short of that, is a dereliction which stands first in the great statute-book of the soul. I know more of this sort of experience among my own sex than men, and I suppose the knowledge is common to most thoughtful and observant women.

"There are thousands of maids, wives, and mothers, in our country, who are deliberately and purposely belittling themselves, that they may remain in a certain measure, which is smaller than their nature demands —keeping down to the husband's level, or the father's, or the brother's, or the lover's. There are women who shun the thought, either printed or spoken, that would fledge their soul and send it forth to try its own pinion in the universe which the good Father widened and glorified, as well for them as for any. There are others, who shrink weakly from the high labour of development, though broad kingdoms, peopled with majestic forms of thought and beauty, flash invitation and encouragement upon them, when they will lift their cowering eyes to behold them.

"Yet all these are good women, often noble women—measured by the world's standard; living pure lives, doing good, loving mercy, and, if it would not sound like irony, I would add, walking humbly. None but themselves, or some soul trusted as their own, can know how much less they have done and been than was required of them by that sacred voice and 'light within,' as our Quaker friends have it.

"What is the world's standard to me, when I see beyond and above it, and know and feel in my inmost consciousness that there lies my path, and not here, in the way which is already beaten to flinty hardness beneath the thronging feet of them that hurry up to have their moral stature certified by the great clerk, Society? If I have a living soul within me, individual culture and growth, to the utmost limit of its capacity, can alone insure me peace and joy in its possession. If I sit down, stifling and compressing it, because use and custom require that I should, or because by rising I may agitate the stagnant levels of the life about me, I can but lay up bitterness for myself in so doing; and then, perhaps, I should come, in certain moods and hours, to compare my state with a higher and truer one, and accuse some undefined power, which I might call life, or fate, or nature, or if very daring, even God himself, of an unequal distribution of the goods.

"I do not know," she added, after a pause, smoothing my hair, "that I have touched your case. Indeed, I believe I have not; but I have given you my best thought and light. It would come nearer to some other experiences, dear, because of those great chasms in yours which marriage and maternity, however inadequately they may answer our demands, do, in some sort, either close up or convert to flowering

plains around most women. Life is very beautiful and blessed when used nobly. Could we conceive of greater or more perfect happiness than falls to the lot of one born with organic soundness, full and harmonious endowments, enjoying freedom, and in perfect measure, all the divine relations which God has appointed to the periods of maturity and age? I have often considered this, and wondered how the Church could so long have taught the degrading and destructive doctrine of the 'fall,' substituting therein an arbitrary and narrow salvation by faith, for that glorious one which is only the fruit of development in noble and godlike uses."

"I rejected that long ago," said I. "I was taught it in my youth very diligently, and my mother died firm in that belief; but I rejoiced to see my father emancipated from it, and at peace, years before his death, in the Church to which, I believe, I led him. That is one large item in my past which I never recollect without a substantial feeling of satisfaction. But, Eleanore, come to my case. You have spoken clearly, and your words have tranquillised and helped me to cast off for the time this bitter burden. But tell me, now, what is left to me for the rest of life that I can cultivate into a flower which shall at least resemble happiness?"

There was another silence. At length she said: "There is always work, Anna: and by that I do not mean simply labour or employment, as the opposite of idleness, but work which bears the right relation to your spiritual life—the relation of educating and elevating either the intellect or affections, or both, which is better."

"But consider the difficulty of getting such to do," said I.

"Yes, that is a serious and oppressive thought to all whose work must bring them support—most of all, to an aspiring woman. But if you value growth before gain—and I know no gospel for the soul that does not—you will always be able to rescue some hours every day from your productive labour, whatever it be, for the aquisition of new thoughts or the carrying of old ones to their more ultimate deductions. In this way there can always be some culture going on, unless one is absolutely needy.

"Then, one grows to such a beautiful affectional life, through practical charities, which may be the work of every day. Where your money is not needed, your courageous word may be, your tender sympathy, or your helpful hand. Where there are not sick bodies there are often aching and burdened hearts, whose pain and weariness we can mitigate. But all this you have known and done promptly, during your whole life, I know, and yet there is a great pain unrelieved. Will you bear with me if I tell you, frankly, that it is the cry of your womanhood, which

you have denied all these years. I do not believe in celibacy, Anna; and—pardon my plainness, dear friend—I respect any individual less, of either sex, who lives through the ordinary term of life unmarried."

I could not altogether suppress the emotions which these words called up from the grave of past hopes and joys, and I wept.

"Forgive me if I have pained you, my friend," said Eleanore. "I do not quite know your past, nor why your are now Miss Warren, instead of some good man's beloved and honoured wife, which you are entitled to be; but I feel that if you have consecrated yourself to some sorrow, such as I guess at, you ought to be roused from that devotion, and see that while it is life which makes all demands upon you, life ought to furnish you, in some measure, at least, with the sources of strength and courage to meet them. Persistent love is, I think, the noblest of our attributes, and profound and lasting grief for its object is one of its most touching and beautiful expressions; but grief rarely kills; and, after awhile, back come the rushing streams of life, bearing to us, perhaps, but the ghosts of former hopes and purposes—yet, at least those. Old desires of doing and being revive; we find the same world, or its vivid semblance, about us again. It treats us as reality, having the same wants and needs as before, and perhaps shows us greater ones than we ever before felt; and then I hold it wise and righteous, when the pulses of the heart beat as formerly, and the affections return to its darkened chambers, to heed their demands."

"He who could take Herbert's place in my heart," said I, "has never come to me."

"You have loved and lost, then?" she said, inquiringly.

"Yes, many years ago. I was but twenty, and now I am past forty."

"And have you not, ever since, felt a pleasure, and possibly a spark of pride, in the thought that you were devoting yourself to his memory? Have you not counted the years, sometimes, when you have indulged fond memories of him, and said, 'So many, dear heart, have I consecrated to thee—so many have I faced the fierce, exacting world, alone, because thou wert, and art not'? I do not say, dear Anna, that you might have loved another, had you dispossessed your mind of this phantom of heroism. Possibly you might not, and that would be the hardest lot of all; but it seems to me most probable, with so much life and health of nature as you possess; and then, had worth and congeniality proved that you loved wisely, what a different life had been yours to-day!

"I am persuaded, Anna, that it is better a woman should love, even though it prove to be unworthily, and marry, even if her hopes be disappointed, than ignore so much of her best life as she must in living

singly. And if to the marriage be added the glory of motherhood, she is thereby victor over much pain and wretchedness. God is her ally in that, against the world. Ask any wife who has had the prayer of her heart answered, by the birth of a child to the man she loves, even though he be an oppressor and tyrant, and she will tell you that all her past wounds found healing there, and that she felt the universe had declared for her in the strife.

"I do not know, dear friend, that I can do so true a thing for you in any other way as to help you to shake off the delusion which has shut you from the kingdom of Love. It may be a vain thing to attempt, and may make me seem almost unworthy of the affection you honour me with: but I will say it, nevertheless. Look at the world of men, and women, and children, as far as possible, with your healthy, natural eye. Lay reverently aside that cherished memory, and, as life calls on you for service and exertion, demand of life wherewithal for their performance. Try Nature's by your own, not by any imaginary standard which is no longer within your true and living appreciation, and when you find one pure and noble enough, who can appeal to your heart, do not shut your eyes and deafen your soul, but see and hearken, with a rational purpose to receive the good that may come to you."

"NEVERMORE" TO "EVERMORE."

I saw an iron-bound portal in the visions of my slumber,
And through it flashed a flame of fire, and faces grim and gay
Of demons horned and ugly, and voices deep as thunder,—
With fiendish yell they dragged to hell each soul who came that way,
And the gate forever swinging, ever grating, harshly ringing,
Like the hoarse and croaking singing of the "Raven" in Lenore;
Then I heard the chorus swell with a fierce and fiendish yell
As they sung the soul's death-knell, and the song was "Nevermore."

And as I gazed and listened, came a man with sharpened features:
The slaver's whip was in his hand, the oath upon his lip;
His frenzied eye flashed madly when he could not find those creatures
Who had worn on earth his heavy chain and suffered from his whip
Ere the heart had time for beating, the fiends before him meeting
Bound him while retreating with old fetters wet with gore;
And I heard the chorus swell with a fierce and fiendish yell
As they sung his soul's death-knell—"Thou'rt a freeman nevermore."

And while I gazed and listened, came one who sung a vesper:
A pious look was in his eye, but not upon his heart;
The echo of his words were heard, "Lord, Lord," he seemed to whisper—
Being pious from *profession*, he could ne'er from habit part.

One demon stepping nimbly put his arm in his quite grimly,
And they said their prayers so primly as they stalked in at the door;
And I heard the chorus swell with a fierce and fiendish yell,
As they sung his soul's death-knell, "Thou shalt preach, sir, nevermore."

I shuddered in my slumber, for the clouds were gathering o'er me.
The vision changes, flowers now bloom beneath a sunny beam;
An angel bright stands in the light all smilingly before me,
And whispers sweetly in my ear that this was but a dream.
In her soft embrace she caught me, and in loving accents taught me,
That the great All-father bought me and *all* outside the door;
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
None on this fair earth dwelling who shall suffer "Evermore."

Glasgow, 11th Jan., 1869. CLARA SHERWOOD.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE PRESS.

WITHIN the last few weeks, much discussion has taken place in the local newspapers in various parts of the country. The *Daily Mail* of Glasgow has been in the habit of giving paragraphs from *Human Nature*, which have been quoted into other journals, and often paraded as sensational wonders from the mystic realm of Spiritualism. The letter of "Honestas," which appeared in our December number describing the "fire test" as exhibited through Mr Home's mediumship, was given by the *Daily Mail*. An editorial "incidental allusion to Spiritualism" which followed called forth a flood of correspondence and another editorial—a very weak fluid composed of street-corner dogmatism and misapprehensions. The fight then became thicker than ever. Mr G. B. Clark, Mr A. Cross, and others stoutly defended the "cause" and its literary exponents; while "George Sexton, M.D.," secularist lecturer, opposed with pedantic quotations and vapoury platitudes—assisted by "the author of 'Marston Brothers' and other rejected dramas." The spiritualists defended the interests of truth most nobly, many of the letters being well written and full of information, particularly those of "Clara Sherwood," for whose admirable production we are sorry we cannot find space. We cordially thank the editor of the *Daily Mail* for his courtesy in the matter of "space," and we feel certain that a better acquaintance with Spiritualism will enable him, in treating of it, to do greater justice to his liberality and well-known talents.

One of the Glasgow correspondents' letters against Spiritualism found its way into the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, which elicited two prompt "feelers" from the spiritualists. "Fairplay" volunteered to give some instances of spiritual mediumship—"what I can only describe as charming and astonishing, with much to satisfy the wary, and nothing to repel the refined." The editor kindly placed his columns at the service of "Fairplay," who furnished a most intelligent description of some very remarkable and interesting phenomena. The

thanks of spiritualists generally are due to this lucid writer for his noble effort.

Some statements as to Mr Young's mediumship have occasioned a stir in a Swindon paper. An article by Mr Reeves, of the Progressive Library, describing a seance with Mr Home, has appeared in a recent number of the "Cabinet"—a monthly periodical in Pitman's short-hand.

We again call the attention of our friends to the great importance of sending the spiritualistic periodicals and other publications to the press. We have commenced to send 100 *Human Nature* per month to selected newspapers. We can ill afford to do so; but rely somewhat on the aid we may receive from those who are well able to help forward this good work.

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATION OF GEORGE DAWSON.

ALL who know Mr Dawson (and who does not?) will be struck with the following remarkable delineations of him by Mr Spear. At the time it was given, the psychometrist had never heard of George Dawson, nor seen his name; and it is a question whether the autograph even appeared on the scrap of written paper which served to bring Mr Spear *en rapport* with his subject. We have seen not a few of Mr Spear's delineations, and have been much surprised at their accuracy and instructive tendency. We are glad to know that Mr Spear is quite fully employed, and profitably interests many minds in this occult phase of Psychology.

"Pressing the handwriting of Rev. Geo. Dawson to his forehead, and passing into the trance condition, Mr Spear said:—The writer of this epistle has in his composition a large amount of iron, and the intellect is of a massive, ironistic, endurable, and malleable cast. There is great strength of expression; and when he determines on a course of action, it is pursued with great vigour and marked tenacity, with the eye fixed on an end. It is a mind that acts with a purpose; is exceedingly bold in its investigations, distinct in its annunciations, and, having taken an intellectual position, he cannot be thrown off his balance. It is a mind that is markedly materialistic; clings with tenacity to things which can be seen, handled, tasted, heard. He may be called, in a marked sense, a material philosopher, because he philosophises upon things classified material. But it is a mind open to receive new thoughts, to investigate with candour, to see the relations they bear to acknowledged thoughts, and if they have no place in the ordinary sense with others, he lays them aside, as it were, labels them, and perhaps takes them up on another occasion. It is a mind that is exceedingly direct—says, in few and fitly-chosen words what he will do, what he will not do, and, if required, gives reason for doing or omitting to do. This is a directive order of mind; is not satisfied to be a follower in the steps of others, nor is it easy for him to take a middle course; but he likes to lead and to be followed.

"The sense of justice in his character is marked and strong. There

is a capacity to weigh subjects—to look on the good side of things, and also on the bad; and hence it is a charitably just mind—would not injure any person. When he has made up his mind to walk in a given course, he proceeds with great directness, and presses steadily forward —will not be jostled or turned out of his path. This is a mind well stored with a large variety of useful knowledge. The impression comes that there is intimate acquaintance with the British poets, and that he quotes them readily. This gentleman is accustomed to move in good society. He has a gentlemanly demeanour, suavity of manner, and can adapt himself easily to the circle in which he is called to move. He narrates what he has seen and read with ease and profit to those who listen. He is a migrationist; likes to go from location to location, to see new persons, to listen to fresh thoughts. He notices objects critically, and expresses his opinions readily. He has a fine eye for a horse; could manage an unruly animal with a good deal of ease. He possesses a strong muscular power. There is exhibited a solidity of character, a willingness to dwell upon serious, and to consider with care, religious subjects.

"The concentrative powers are marked, and in full play. So of the penetrative faculties; they are sharp. 'Tis a mind that penetrates a subject with ease, criticises accurately, separates the chaff from the wheat. He sometimes soliloquises—talks to himself as to another person—and in this way seems to instruct himself. This gentleman is honourable in his intercourse with his fellow-men. He would not descend to a mean act, though much personal profit were to come therefrom.

"The reverential faculties are in good condition; the domestic organs are full. When he enters a circle for conversation, he becomes a centre; parties gather about him. He likes to give tokens of affection, or manifestations of respect. The whole character exhibits substantiality. It is a progressive order of mind, seeks light from every quarter. He likes at times to be alone, to have opportunities for meditation to look into the past and sometimes into the future with high satisfaction. The more thoroughly and intimately he is known, the more respect and confidence he secures. He is precise in money matters, meets engagements promptly, is neither mean nor avaricious. He likes a good dinner, and good company at the table, where he exhibits his conversational powers. It is an order of mind ready to serve others. Persons come to him for counsel, and he gives them solid advice. These traits go to conclude a good character, trustworthy, honourable, faithful, with high and noble impulses."

CURATIVE MESMERISM.

In my paper on this subject last month, I stated that my object was to disabuse the minds of spiritualists of the notion that this healing power depended in some occult manner on the spirits of departed human beings. I have not erected a man of straw for the purpose of knocking him over. In Glasgow it is a source of regret among the mesmerists that

many of their best operators, men who had done much good as healing mesmerists, ceased curing shortly after becoming converted to spiritualism. In some cases this might be accounted for by the want of time necessary to carry on both studies; but it is well known that in many instances this was not the cause. They had got inoculated with peculiar ideas of "healing mediums," and operated only occasionally, when requested or allowed by their spirit guides. Some of them looked on the mesmerists as "materialists," because they took the credit to themselves of performing the cures; and nearly every one of them left the Mesmeric Society altogether. Our president and teacher, Mr J. W. Jackson, tells us that the same thing has occurred to his pupils elsewhere than in Glasgow. To an "advanced" spiritualist of this kind, the man who has felt a "spirit hand" is an object of envy, and not to be compared to the commonplace individual who goes about laying his own hands on the sick and making them recover. An enthusiastic friend of mesmerism told me he had an amusing instance of the truth of what I stated in my former paper. Conversing on mesmerism with two eminent spiritualists (both of them writers and lecturers on the subject), he narrated several of his cures, some of them very rapid and striking, when he was greatly astonished by one of them remarking in a peculiar tone, with an ominous shake of the head, that he must be a "healing medium." As I said before, the name would be of no consequence, and would not hinder the efficacy of the power, if the ordinary means and usages were followed. But a peculiar meaning is attached to the term, which deters people from applying the power unless under extraordinary circumstances.

That the healing power of mesmerism depends on the condition of the mind and body of the operator (modified, of course, by external surroundings), is a fact of which any one may satisfy himself who chooses to experiment or read on the subject. The working of the Glasgow Curative Mesmeric Association during the past eight years, seems to point clearly to the fact, that every healthy person may be a curative mesmerist, or "healing medium," if it pleases better. But all are not alike. Some excel in one form of disease, some in another; others succeed in inducing sleep or clairvoyance, while to some operators these conditions are almost unknown. Again, one may fail in producing any effect on a given case, while another succeeds admirably. This is felt to be the great want in mesmerism—the ability to choose the proper operator for each case; but there is good reason to believe that this difficulty will be overcome when the subject receives that amount of attention which its importance deserves.

I formerly narrated several instances of cure by mesmerism in what might be considered trivial cases, and which were successful at the first operation. On this occasion I shall mention a few more important cures, and where the treatment lasted over some time, the recovery progressing with the treatment. They are extracted from the records of our Mesmeric Society.

Spinal Disease, &c.—A girl aged ten, having had intermittent fever, was much reduced. Disease in the chest followed, causing great pain. Her medical attendant ordered blistering, and she had upwards

of fifteen fly and croton oil blisters applied, besides many others of mustard and turpentine. Her throat was also very sore and inflamed, and was occasionally touched with tincture of iodine. The disease then extended to the spine, after which she suffered intense pain in the back, and occasionally in the front of her head, of which she lost all control, so that it always fell to one side unless upheld. She never enjoyed proper sleep, but seemed at the deepest dose to be in a half-waking, dreamy state, with her eyes partially open, and *constantly suffering pain.* For seven months she was prescribed whisky three or four times a day, and some port wine. She also had mustard cloths laid along her spine, and these were followed by rubbing with whisky. Besides, she got a great deal of medicine, and nothing that was considered beneficial was awanting, her medical adviser being unremitting in his attention. After being confined to bed about fourteen months, she partially recovered; but in the course of a few weeks relapsed, and was worse than before. The week previous to her being mesmerised, the physician said he had given her case great consideration, and did not know what was best to be done. He recommended her to be kept without medicine for eight days, to try what effect that would produce. At this time one of the members of the association, at the request of the parents, commenced to mesmerise her. When he called to see her she was lifted out of bed by her mother, and held upon her lap. Her head required to be supported, and she complained of severe pain in the head, chest, and throat, and could scarcely swallow. She was mesmerised for 45 minutes, fell asleep, and slept for 35 minutes. The sleep was different from that which she had got during the past two years. *Her eyes were quite closed, and she felt no pain.* She also had an excellent night's rest. She was mesmerised nearly every day for four months, and occasionally for about a month thereafter, her gradual progress towards recovery being gratifying to notice. At the end of the fourth week she could rise from bed, put on her clothes, and walk about the house, *holding her head quite erect,* without any support whatever. The pain in the head had almost disappeared by this time, and her throat was better. She improved greatly in appearance, and gained strength every day. She took no drugs after the commencement of the mesmeric treatment. A year afterwards, her father reported her "as still in the enjoyment of good health, a living monument of the curative power of mesmerism."

Facial Paralysis.—A gentleman suffering from paralysis of the right side of the face applied to the association for an operator. He had suffered for about ten days previously, and his speech was so much affected that he could scarcely describe his case. He had lost all power over the muscles of the right side of the face, with the exception of those connected with the eyeball. He was unable, however, to close the eye, which remained open during sleep, and there was a continual flow of water from it. The mouth also fell to the side, and not being able to bring the lips properly into opposition, he found it difficult to speak. He was mesmerised daily for a fortnight, by which time he was completely cured, and remained quite well. Those acquainted with the physiology of the nervous system, will at once recognise this as beautiful and typical case of paralysis of the right facial nerve.

Bronchitis.—One of the members happened to call at a house where there was an old woman suffering severely from bronchitis, being hardly able to breathe. He mesmerised her for about half an hour, after which she could breathe as freely as himself. He called and mesmerised her three or four times afterwards, and she has remained well ever since.

Rheumatism.—A gentleman who had suffered from lumbago for upwards of five years, and who had been under the treatment of eminent medical men without avail, was mesmerised twelve times by one of the members, which completely removed the pain, and there had been no return seven months afterwards.

Headache.—A young woman, 22 years of age, had been suffering every other week from severe headache for five years. These headaches were of such a character that she was compelled to leave off work and go to bed; but in a day or two she was able to resume her employment until another attack came on. Having been mesmerised every second evening for four weeks, she was thoroughly cured, and eight months afterwards had no relapse.

I could fill every page of the magazine with accounts of splendid cures, but the above must serve as a sample. In the records before me are cures of all forms of disease—epilepsy, dyspepsia, tic, consumption, scrofula, deafness, and most of the "ills that flesh is heir to." These cures have a double aspect—the power of mesmerism, and the self-denying philanthropy of the operators, the majority of whom are tradesmen working hard all day, and who thus spend their leisure time in relieving suffering humanity, often receiving very little thanks for their work; pitied as fools or denounced as impostors by the press, and characterised as quacks by the medical fraternity.

W. Anderson.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

MIRACLES BY SPIRIT-POWER.

To the Editor.

Sir,—A natural question arises, What are Spirit Manifestations? The answer is, Evidences of unseen, living, moving, acting beings, having shape and substance—seeing us, acting on us, guiding us to good and evil, while we are using our physical bodies to move in this material world.

How are the Existence and Power of Spirits Shown?

1st.—By moving tangible articles when asked to do so.

2nd.—By producing sounds of various kinds, on tables, chairs, walls, etc., when asked so to do.

3rd.—By consecutive sentences of advice, reproof, etc., produced by sounds, when a pencil is passed over an alphabet.

4th.—Premonitions.

5th.—By using the voice of a person, and uttering words the person acted upon has not in his mind.

6th.—By using the arms and hands of susceptible persons to write prescriptions—give information—give warnings of a personal and relative character—and inculcate purity of life, and prayerfulness of inclination; the person acted upon simply consenting to let the hand be used, but totally unconscious of what is to be produced.

7th.—Audible voices heard, and conversation so carried on by mediums.

8th.—Apparitions of the whole body, or part of the body.

9th.—Spirits touching the human body, sometimes gently, sometimes roughly.

10th.—Musical instruments used, and exquisite melodies produced on pianos, accordions, etc., no seen hand touching the instruments.

11th.—Curing the sick, by the hand of the medium being floated to the patient by a power *felt* but not seen; and placed on the diseased part of the body; the medium till then not knowing where the diseased part was.

12th.—By taking up persons, and heavy substances off the ground into the air, and that in the presence of many witnesses; and when asked why they produce these proofs of existence, they reply,—To convince you that the (to you) dead still live; and by tests and tokens prove themselves to be—The mother to the orphan,—the husband to the widow,—the child to the parent,—the sister or brother to those left on earth.

CAN THESE THINGS BE? YES—

1st.—Because the writer of this, and very many of his friends have for many years been accustomed to the manifestations of Spirit-power, as detailed; and it is therefore to us—"WE KNOW."

2nd.—The Bible contains similar statements, giving to us therefore the assurance that the spirit phenomena mentioned in the Gospels and the Acts are credible, and that the law is *still in force*, there being no text in Scripture to annul or suspend; and the proof of non-suspension being the daily production of similar spirit-power manifestations in England and elsewhere.

"It cannot be," say some. "It is," say we. Apart from the evidence of your own senses—THINK.

We see each other because the crystalline power of our eyes is sufficient for viewing material objects within a limited range; the eye cannot see the thousands of stars in immensity without the aid of a telescope, nor the thousands of animalculæ in a drop of water without the aid of the microscope; but for the discovery of those instruments, the assertion of the existence of thousands of ponderous globes in the blue vault of heaven, or the existence of thousands of blood-living animals in a single drop of water, would have been assailed with as much virulence and incredulity as are the spirit manifestations of the present day.

As air has a body, though unseen by us, and spirits are clothed with bodies though unseen by us, who knows, instruments may yet be made powerful enough to SEE the air we breathe, and the ærial beings who inhabit it.

One thing is demonstrable, even now; that is, *one-third* of the popu-

lation of Great Britain is susceptible to spirit influence; or, in other words, NINE MILLIONS of the inhabitants of Great Britain are mediums of more or less power.

No marvel therefore, materialists, that so many of your fellowmen worship GOD in churches and chapels, believe that spirits exist, and that *man is immortal.*

JNO. JONES.

Enmore Park, South Norwood, 5th Jan., 1869.

P.S.—Within the radius of three miles from the Crystal Palace, there are hundreds of spiritualists residing, and having sittings by themselves and with others, at their own firesides. At these sittings they have converse with their (deceased) relatives. The happiness they enjoy is there secure from the jeers of those heartless grubs whose domestic and business movements are such as to desire the extinction of divine knowledge and retribution. J. J.

[Mr Jones is sustaining a strong controversy in the *Norwood News* on this subject. One man offers £10 to witness the phenomena in Norwood Hall. We would answer as the sage did to the youth who wanted to purchase his bow, Keep your money, you fool; when you are prepared for it you will have a knowledge of the spiritual for nothing.]

HOW TO DEVELOP MEDIUMS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—In reply to your correspondent, "One who desires light," who has written to you for advice as to mediumistic development, I beg to say that since March last I have been carefully investigating the various phenomena of Spiritualism. In this time I have seen "mediums" in almost all states and conditions of which we have any record; all that your correspondent so accurately describes.

I find that the best and almost only method of attaining a highly developed spiritual receptivity is by frequent sitting with an enlightened circle of friends, each one being perfectly desirous of investigating the phenomena, and desirous of receiving the truth.

I find it far the best when a circle is formed for the purpose of developing a "medium," that it should be composed one half of women; females exert, by some means or other yet undiscovered, a calming and soothing influence upon the whole of the circle, and particularly upon the "undeveloped medium."

It is absolutely necessary that the "medium" should be as passive as possible; that there should be no resistance on his part to the reception of the influx of power for the production of any manifestation, whatever may be its kind or degree.

Persons of dark complexion, having large, brilliant, dark eyes, appear to make the best mediums. Educated persons are better than uneducated persons for displaying the higher manifestations of spiritual phenomena. Uneducated persons are sometimes good physical mediums for moving tables and the like; and, so far as I have yet seen, they seldom get any further.

Lastly, there must be an earnest, prayerful spirit, a willingness to give up the entire man, "body, soul, and spirit," to God's purpose; to receive and accept whatever he is pleased to bestow with humble satisfaction, and with the assurance that as the necessity for more light is felt, more will be given. "Ask and ye shall receive," "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," are, as in the old time, the means whereby we must receive divine truth. Let "One who desires light" persevere in his good work, and success will doubtless crown his efforts.—I am, Sir, yours truly, JOSEPH OGDEN.

Hyde, near Manchester, Jan. 18, 1869.

EVIL SPIRITS DEFEATED.

DURING the last few months there has been a rambling discussion going on in our pages respecting the question of "evil spirits." At page 440 of vol. ii., a most interesting account is given of the sufferings of a family from some unseen psychological influence. Last month we published some remarks on the subject from a gentleman who wrote them automatically, and purporting to come from the spirit of "W. W." The tormented family has been visited by Mr A. Barker of America, a very peculiar medium, and the results of his visit are thus communicated by the head of the family:—

"I have not heard from Mr Barker since he was here. I think, however, that his visit here has been of service. We have not had any of the strange and unpleasant manifestations we used to have formerly, and I assure you it is a great comfort to be rid of them.

"The first day or two that he was with us, he could see nothing that could affect us in the way described; but in the second or third week (I cannot now be sure which), after retiring he was disturbed by a number of evil, or, as we might more properly term them, undeveloped spirits; and these, it would appear, had got a foothold into our circle, and been a means of causing so many of the singular and unpleasant manifestations of which we have written to you before.

"This, however, is not the only cause. There has been an unbalanced condition of the forces, mental and physical, in the medium (myself), which, when subject to spirit control, has operated very prejudicially, and caused a vast amount of pain and inharmony. Furthermore, it appears that in some measure it is the result of development in mediumship, and in this case (owing to the conditions above named) inseparable from it. Nevertheless, the fact remains that evil spirits have been at work, and according to Mr B.'s affirmation, if not counteracted they would soon have got such power that (to use his own words) they would have *tippled* me quite over. They have no doubt done me considerable damage, from the fact that I have for a long time been below par; and this has at length ultimated in my being quite thrown off my balance, and laid up for the last twelve days. Mr B. further observed that the sphere we were in (you will understand what he means, the spiritual atmosphere) was very good, and that no low or depraved spirits could invade it if we could only bring all the forces of our natures into harmony with spiritual law; and he said that from the

time of his being with us we should not be troubled with the like manifestations any more, and so far it is quite true. I think you have the gist of what he said: you can make such extracts from this as you deem necessary, and if any further light can be given upon this point by any of your correspondents, I shall be glad to hear it.

"W. C."

To the Editor.

SIR,—I write to congratulate your correspondent "M.," or, if he prefers it, his good spirit "W. W.," on the very sensible remarks that he has given relative to "evil spirits." I know nothing of Spiritualism, but I have some stomach experience, which convinces me that it is all a question of diet, and that eventually we shall find out that by feeding, and the matter taken in as food, do we develop either saint or sinner at pleasure. And herein rests the solution of all such difficulties, which, if taken with the necessary considerations of air, exercise, &c., constitute the only practical mode of dealing with ourselves or other people. —Yours, &c.,

Manchester. RICHARD DAVENPORT.

[The testimony of many excellent mediums fully bears out Mr Davenport's remarks, as also the experience of "W. C." Far too little attention is paid to personal habits and other physical circumstances.]

PROFESSOR OWEN AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor.

Sir,—As one of the steady readers of your journal, and other spiritualistic magazines, I was sorry this year to perceive, in reading the last great work of Professor Owen just published, where he demolishes "Darwinism" as an explanation of man's origin and inner life, and sets up a new idea of his own as to the nature of the soul and man's spiritual origin and surroundings, that in his battle with materialism, psychology, and "natural selection," though he quotes and believes the recital in Holy Writ as to Saul and the Witch of Endor, he still thinks it worth his while to let fly a Parthian shaft at Spiritualism and Spiritual magazines. This may be wise, but it strikes me Professor Owen has not studied the real facts, for instance, of mesmerism, partial sleep, dreams, chloroform, inhalation, etc., which help to explain what an extraordinary thing the nervous system or soul is! Darwinism, he admits, takes all kosmos, beauty, and religion out of the world; it is a dead, untruthful, gloomy hypothesis of "chance" governing the world. Owen admits that the nature of "life" beats every one; there is no explanation that will explain it; we cannot, with all our correlation of force or forces, give life to a midge or moth, but surely till we can do so it would be better to wait before demolishing spirit or spiritualism. How far wiser the teachings of Paul in the Corinthians— "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened (or brought to life) except (its surroundings) die." That is, that in the mere grain of wheat there is a spirit or life as there is in man a soul or spirit; disturbed, or refracted, or made to the inner-consciousness visible, as in the case at Endor.—I am, &c., C. K.

SPIRITUALISM AND MESMERISM.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I heartily thank your able contributor, W. A., for his sturdy utterances in last number of *Human Nature*. We want writers to speak out clearly and boldly whatever their opinions may be, and that he has done unmistakably. I beg to notice one principle he lays down —that curative mesmerism cannot be performed irrespective of circumstances. "Our bodily and mental organisations" are cited as conditions which underlie success in these healing experiments. Health, the field, sunshine, and running brooks, are also recommended as powerful in developing the healing medium, and yet we are warned not to "lose our identity or independence altogether, and become mere automata for spiritual wire-pulling." If W. A. will look a little wider into the sphere of condition, he will find that individual independence is a mere chimera, and that if he remove the circumstances upon which our individuality depend, there would be nothing left but that which the most sublimated spiritual apprehension could appreciate. Individuality is a bundle of circumstances — conditions threaded together in a mysterious way by some undiscoverable, invisible link. This is true organically, and on the social plane the same law rules. Let me illustrate. Before W. A. can dress of a morning he must invoke the assistance of tailor, shoemaker, hosier, etc., and then, again, the producers, manufacturers, and importers of material *ad infinitum*. In walking the streets whole generations of city improvement are taken advantage of; and before he can breakfast sailors must go to the west for sugar, to the east for tea, coffee, etc., and all the resources of husbandry and culinary art come in as indispensable attendants on his table. He goes to labour with head or hand, and at every step he has to be preceded by corps of inventors, manufacturers, etc., etc. Each of these is really a part and parcel of his circumstantial being, and without their aid he could not act even if he would, as they meet him at every turn of his foot. Yet within himself there is the impress of individuality in the fact that he *can* thus avail himself of these circumstances, that he *can* render conditions subservient to his Be-ing—the only thing that IS—the finite emblem or counterpart of the great cause —the Infinite. All the rest is "circumstances"—"conditions." We even condition each other—we can't heal without a patient, love without a mate, nor be charitable without neighbours; and if this inexorable law of condition rules us on the physical plane, may we not expect it in even greater force on the spiritual, where mental acts are said to become visible objects? Thus the mesmerist puts himself in the attitude of healing—a mental attitude, nay, rather a spiritual act, only a dim reflex of which is seen in his bodily expression or movement. Now W. A. declares that such cannot be successfully engaged without attention to physical conditions; and are we warranted in presuming that spiritual conditions are of no consequence, or in practically ignoring them? Is not this desire to heal, this spiritual effort, an act which puts us *en rapport* with spiritual circumstances and personages,

whether we are conscious of it or not? By observing certain rules we can avail ourselves of all the advantages of the post office, legislature, railway system, educational, literary, or theological advantages, and why not spiritual planes of aid as well as the physical and mental, which no. doubt exist in harmony with some underlying spiritual principle?

A reference to experience solves the question for us. "Mesmerism is a property of matter which can be transmitted from one object to another," says W. A.,—but what is the transmitting power? I answer, spirit individuality; and it is a well-known fact that one individuality can be assisted by other individualities that are in harmony with our intentions and plane of spiritual being for the time. Experiences narrated in a recent number of *Daybreak* demonstrate that spirits may be seen in attendance on the healer when great power is manifested, and that the power is in proportion to the spiritual agents at work. If unassisted the mesmerist is comparatively weak, but if aided by a powerful band of spirits he becomes the healing Zouave, Dr Newton, etc. Many eminent mesmerists have been enabled to confess that they have been unconsciously aided by spirits, and I think that this side of the question is worthy of the deepest investigation. It does not in any respect negative the very excellent rules laid down by W. A., but rather enhances them, and it is in no captious controversial spirit that these remarks are offered. ANTHROPOLOGOS.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

UNPRECEDENTED MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MR HOME.

(To the Editor.)

I PROPOSED in my last letter to furnish a farther account of the manifestations which are occurring in the presence of Mr Home, and now proceed to fulfil my promise. On the day of the evening in question, several friends had met at the house of Sir —— ——, and had witnessed very marked and satisfactory evidence of spiritual manifestations to those who desired further proofs of these phenomena; for instance—the sofa upon which an invalid lady lay was moved and tilted, the screen moved across the room, and the pillow of the invalid patted by an invisible hand. Other manifestations also occurred, similar to those familiar to the reader—such as raps, movements of furniture, &c. One of the gentlemen present, Mr ———, who has never witnessed these phenomena, appeared much struck by raps being heard and felt on the screen, as he stood resting his hand upon it, and this in a clear light, at a considerable distance from Mr Home, under circumstances rendering deception impossible.

On the evening of the same day the friends again met, but this time

at Ashley House. I refrain from mentioning the names of those present, as, until the facts are publicly admitted, possibly there may exist an excusable hesitancy in seeking publicity; suffice it, the gentlemen met. After a short pause loud raps were heard, the table vibrated, tilted, and was raised into the air; then a spirit form was seen by the Hon. ——— reclining on the sofa; voices were heard, words half articulated, but sufficiently distinct to be understood. By this time Mr Home had passed into the trance state so often witnessed; rising from his seat, he laid hold of an arm-chair, which he held at arm's length, and was then lifted about four feet clear off the ground; travelling thus suspended in space, he made a circuit round those in the room, being lowered and raised as he passed each of us. One of those present measured the elevation, and passed his leg and arm underneath Mr Home's feet. The levitation lasted from four to five minutes. On resuming his seat, Mr Home addressed Captain ———, communicating news to him of which the departed alone could have been cognisant.

The spirit form that had been seen reclining on the sofa now stepped up to Mr Home and mesmerised him; a hand was then seen luminously visible over his head, about 18 inches in a vertical line from his head. The trance state of Mr Home now assumed a different character; gently rising he spoke a few words to those present, and then opening the door proceeded into the corridor; a voice then said—"He will go out of this window and come in at that window." The only one who heard the voice was the Hon. ———, and a cold shudder seized upon him as he contemplated the possibility of this occurring, a feat which the great height of the third floor windows rendered more than ordinarily perilous. The others present, however, having closely questioned him as to what he had heard, he at first replied, "I dare not tell you;" when, to the amazement of all, a voice said—"You must tell; tell directly." The Hon. ——— then said—"Yes; yes, terrible to say, he will go out at that window and come in at this; do not be frightened, be quiet." Mr Home now re-entered the room, and opening the drawing-room window, was pushed out demi-horizontally into space, and carried from one window of the drawing-room to the farthermost window of the adjoining room. This feat being performed at a height of about 80 feet from the ground, naturally caused a shudder in all present. The body of Mr Home, when it appeared at the window of the adjoining room, was shunted into the room feet foremost—the window being only 18 inches open. As soon as he had recovered his footing he laughed and said—"I wonder what a policeman would have said had he seen me go round and round like a teetotum." The scene was, however, too terrible, too strange, to elicit a smile; cold beads of perspiration stood on every brow, while a feeling pervaded all as if some great danger had passed; the nerves of those present had been kept in a state of tension that refused to respond to a joke. A change now passed over Mr Home, one often observable during the trance states, indicative, no doubt, of some other power operating on his system. Lord ——— had in the meantime stepped up to the open window in the adjoining room to close it—the cold air, as it came pouring in, chilling the room; when, to his surprise, he only found the window 18 to 24

inches open. This puzzled him, for how could Mr Home have passed outside through a window only 18 to 24 inches open! Mr Home, however, soon set his doubts at rest; stepping up to Lord ——— he said—"No, no; I did not close the window; I passed thus into the air outside." An invisible power then supported Mr Home all but horizontally in space, and thrust his body into space through the open window, head foremost, bringing him back again feet foremost into the room, shunted not unlike a shutter into a basement below. The circle round the table having reformed, Mr Home addressed those present upon the wonderful power exhibited in spiritual manifestations. He then spoke of the principles of Trinity and Unity. At the close of his lecture a cold current of air passed over those present, like the rushing of winds. This repeated itself several times. The cold blast of air, or electric fluid, or call it what you may, was accompanied by a loud whistle like a gust of wind on the mountain top, or through the leaves of the forest in late autumn; the sound was deep, sonorous, and powerful in the extreme, and a shudder kept passing over those present, who all heard and felt it. This rushing sound lasted quite ten minutes, in broken intervals of one or two minutes. As each gust of wind came and passed, a dove was seen to pass slowly over the heads of those present. All present were much surprised; and the interest became intensified by the unknown tongues in which Mr Home now conversed. Passing from one language to another in rapid succession, he spoke for ten minutes in unknown languages. Two, perhaps three, of the languages he employed were understood; the others used appeared to have been Arabic and Oriental.

A spirit form now became distinctly visible; it stood next to the Hon. the ———, clad, as seen on former occasions, in a long robe with a girdle, the feet scarcely touching the ground, the outline of the face only clear, and the tones of the voice, though sufficiently distinct to be understood, whispered rather than spoken. Other voices were now heard, and large globes of phosphorescent lights passed slowly through the room.

By this time Mr Home showed signs of exhaustion. On awakening he violently trembled, asked what had occurred, said he had been exposed to some great danger, and so cerebrally excited was his state that his friends had to stop him from doing an injury to himself by flinging himself out of the window.

Marvellous as it may appear, the facts I have recorded are strictly given in the order of time as they occurred, and all present are quite prepared, if called upon, to verify the truth of what I have now stated. With such facts before us, I repeat, is it not pitiable that the scientific world, or I may be wrong in saying the men of science as a body, but at all events a very large section of them, should keep aloof and refuse to investigate thoroughly the marvellous phenomena which I have only sketched in outline in this letter, but which, had I time and you space, I could by the mere narrative have filled 50 pages? Yet I am only recording facts,—facts evidenced to our senses, and under circumstances rendering deception impossible.

Since writing the above I learn that heavy objects have been carried

out at one window and in at the other. Again, that a crucifix had been carried across the room, slowly moving from one person present to another; but I must defer the account of these phenomena until I have again an opportunity of addressing you. H. D. JENCKEN.

Norwood, January, 1869.

INSTANCES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I beg to present to your notice the following narration of facts, occurring within the circle of my private acquaintance, to the verity of which I can bear my unqualified testimony. The parties concerned are my attached friends, our mutual connexion being of many years' standing; bnt I regret to say that *names* cannot appear, heavy responsibilities being dependent thereon. All I can venture in this case to say, is, that both the medium and her friend are ladies of refined manners and education, esteemed and beloved by a large circle of friends and connexions. Fictitious names must therefore be given: we will call the medium "Beatrice," and her friend "Elizabeth." Some few years since, Beatrice became a "writing medium." Her hand was involuntarily guided over sheets of paper, on which she was made to write essays or treatises on subjects beyond her previous knowledge. On one occasion a correct medical diagnosis was given in writing through the guiding of her hand,—the peculiar terms and phrases current among medical men being adopted, all of which she was unacquainted with; but on showing the MS. to a surgical friend, he pronounced every term to be correct.

At another time she was impelled to write a communication purporting to proceed from the spirit of a deceased clergyman, unknown to herself; in the course of which, mention was made of his having been, in the year 1829, presented by his congregation with a golden *Cap*—for such the word appeared to her to be. The communication being addressed to her friend "Elizabeth," she presented the document to her with the remark, "What a strange thing! he says he had a golden '*Cap*' given him in the year 1829." Elizabeth examined the mysterious word, and soon detected an error in the medium's reading of what she had written. Beatrice had mistaken the letter *u* for the letter *a;* she should have read "*Cup*," not *Cap*. The circumstance related by the clerical spirit was *true*, and, though unknown to the medium, it was well known to Elizabeth, to whom the communication was addressed; yet not so the *date* of presentation. How, then, should they ascertain the correctness of that? Elizabeth bethought her of a friend, an intimate associate of the late divine, with whom she was sure the date in question would be correctly chronicled. Some little time elapsed before she could meet this person; but on doing so she put the question, being at the same time careful not to give him any intimation as to her reason for making the inquiry. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied by repeating the date given by the spirit—1829.

As one more instance of this lady's ability to receive direct spirit communication, I would refer to a quotation introduced into an elaborate

dissertation on a theological subject, which was given through her hand; the quotation was said to be from a work, the title of which was only indicated by the initials, "*S. D.*" The medium again had recourse to her friend; but this time Elizabeth also was perplexed to decipher the spirit's meaning—neither Beatrice nor her friend could think what could be the title of the work, *S. D.*, stated to be by Swedenborg. On subsequent reflection, it occurred to Elizabeth that *S. D.* must mean *Spiritual Diary*, a work which she feared was not in her possession. She searched the top shelves of her bookcase, with little hope of finding the volume; but to their mutual satisfaction there it was, covered with dust from long disuse. They had now obtained possession of the book referred to, but how should they discover on what page the quoted passage was inscribed?—for to that they had received no clue, and the volume was of somewhat bulky dimensions. Elizabeth despaired, but gave the book to Beatrice. In *her* hand it opened at the very page from which the quotation given in the MS. had been taken, and with an exclamation of surprise and delight the medium pointed it out to her friend. They then carefully compared the MS. and the printed page, and found that the quotation was perfect.

The hypothesis of clairvoyance, or "thought-reading," in these instances, will not avail us for an explanation. In privacy, and with much unwilling, but, alas! *necessary* secrecy, has this highly gifted medium exercised her power. There have been seasons when it refused to obey her bidding. It came and went, summoned or recalled by a higher power than her own will.—I remain, Sir, truly yours,

J. F.

[These facts were recorded in the *Spiritual Magazine* in 1862.]

MANIFESTATION OF PERFUME.

The following extract from a letter gives one of the most striking instances of this phenomenon that has come under our notice:—

"I had left a pocket handkerchief under my pillow, and when I went upstairs for it I felt that it was scented strongly of musk. Matthew and Martha Jane (her husband and sister) and myself felt the odour, and on Saturday afternoon the parlour smelled strongly of perfume. The pocket handkerchief has been washed and hung out to dry, and yet it is here smelling as strong as ever.

"On Sunday morning baby was not very well, and M. Jane had got up to make the fire. She was down stairs, and I was in bed, when we both heard something knock in a rat-a-tat way, but could not discover in what part of the house it was. Again, last night as we were going to bed a strong perfume of roses filled the house both up stairs and down. We are not mistaken at all. W. C."

EXTRAORDINARY MATERNAL IMPRESSION.

Dr F. H. Daly, of Queen's Road, Dalston, relates the following interesting case in the *Lancet* of 16th January, which we think worthy the attention of all students of human nature. Being summoned to a

labour case, he found, before the child was born, that there was something peculiar about it, but could not make out what was wrong. The child was still-born, and had been dead for some days. "My patient at once inquired if it were dead; and when I told her it was, she asked if it were all right. I, of course, only told her to keep quiet, and wrapped the child in a flannel; but she again persisted, 'Has it got any mark like a rat?' I said I would see. When the mother was made comfortable, I took the child into another room, and examined it. It was a most horrible monster. The body and limbs were natural; but there was no neck, the head being placed immediately between the shoulders, with the face upwards. The resemblance to a rat was most striking. The maxillæ (cheek and jaw bones) were prolonged, and terminated in an exact snout; the nose, mouth, and tongue being precisely like those organs in a rat. There was no rotundity of the cheeks, or prominence of the forehead, but a prolonged cone-shaped snout, looking upwards, attached directly above the sternum (breast bone). On questioning the mother, she informed me, that at the time of the conception, and for about three months afterwards, she lived in a house infested with rats. To use her own language, wherever she turned she saw a rat, and always said the child would be marked. The patient recovered without any bad symptom. She had previously been the mother of several fine healthy children."

This is an important illustration of a fact which has long been observed. Would it not be more appropriate for physiologists and anatomists to endeavour to reduce these isolated facts to some general law, than dissipate their energies on many of the unmeaning and practically useless questions which engage their attention? These peculiar phenomena are not *accidents*. If the task be a difficult one, it has the promise of adding an exceedingly interesting and highly useful adjunct to our present knowledge. If revolting impressions on the mind can produce such a change on the physical man, no doubt pleasant, elevating feelings will have their appropriate effect. How much light might thus be thrown on many of our peculiar idiosyncrasies! As Mr Bray remarks in his admirable pamphlet on the "Science of Man," if the world's thanks are universally acknowledged to be due to the late Jonas Webb for teaching us how "to grow more mutton and wool to the acre," surely we shall owe more to the man who will teach us how to improve the breed of men, and to grow more "brains to the acre."

MRS HARDINGE'S LECTURES.

We cannot understand the apparent apathy or absent-mindedness of the spiritualists of London, that they do not form themselves into local committees, and invite Mrs Hardinge to address meetings on the subject of Spiritualism. On attending the conferences and lectures, the visitor is struck with the respectability, intelligence, wealth, and power of the spiritualists as a body. Why is it that they do so little when they have within themselves the means of doing so much? We reply, it is because they do not know how to fall about it, and there is no leader with bugle sounding high enough to direct them. We therefore

press the matter of local organisations on the attention of London spiritualists in and around London. Halls can readily be obtained in all parts of London; there is the Middleton Hall at Islington; Portman Hall at Paddington; and others equally accessible, which could be thronged with attentive audiences if the means were taken to procure them. Mrs Hardinge is with us now, and if we be wise we will avail ourselves of that fact; she may not be with us always.

The plan of local organisation has been tried already, under perhaps the most disadvantageous circumstances, and has succeeded perfectly—we allude to the course of three lectures which Mrs Hardinge has given for the *East London Association of Spiritualists*. The Temperance Hall, Stepney, is rather obscure, and has a bad entrance; and though the society is composed entirely of the working classes, the hall was well filled with a highly respectable, orderly, and intelligent audience on each occasion. At the last lecture, the room was filled to overflowing, and a most cordial vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs Hardinge for her kindness in giving the lectures gratuitously, and also to Mr Luxmore for presiding, and defraying Mrs Hardinge's travelling expenses. If spiritualists in any part of London desire to form similar associations, we shall be glad to give them any introductions at our command to other spiritualists residing in the same district.

REVIEWS.

ALCOHOL: ITS USE AND MISUSE. By EDWARD T. BENNETT. Tweedie. 1d.

THIS tract is brimful of facts as to the nature and effects of alcohol. The author blunders somewhat in finding a use for it as a drug, seeing that drugs are of no use further than being an article of profit to those who deal in them. In this respect alcohol is certainly of great use to brewers, distillers, and publicans. It is a great pity that temperance reformers do not know a little of hygiene, and not pin their faith blindly to obsolete medical dogmas. They will never get rid of alcohol till they reject the doctor with his murderous drugs and unphysiological therapeutics.

THE ALPHA: A REVELATION, BUT NO MYSTERY. By EDWARD N. DENNYS. A New Edition. J. Burns, Progressive Library, London. Cloth, 3s 6d.

WE are sorry we have not space on this occasion to do more than merely refer to this remarkable work. Our desire is to supersede the necessity for any remarks of our own as to the nature of the book by putting our readers, even the most humble, in a position to possess it and read it for themselves. We have selected it as one of our distribution works, and with this number of *Human Nature* is presented a certificate which will entitle the holder to procure the work for 2s. We shall continue to refer to this matter till we find that all our readers have availed themselves of our arrangement, and supplied themselves with a copy of the book. For range of thought, clearness of reasoning, purity of motive, elevation of feeling, and easiness of style, it is not often surpassed. It is not necessary for us to agree with every utterance of the author to heartily recommend his production.

DR CARL VOGT'S NEW WORK, "Vorlesungen über den Menschen," comprising the substance of his lectures delivered under the auspices of the "Useful Knowledge Society" of Neûfchatel, has been translated by Dr Jas.

Hunt, F.S.A., F.R.S.L., president of the Anthropological Society of London, and has been published for the Society by Longman & Co. It is a handsome volume of nearly 500 pages, profusely illustrated with drawings of brains and skulls of various types, and giving a very clear idea of the author's system. Irrespective of the conclusions of the author, it is a most interesting and instructive work, replete with ethnological and physiological lore. It has been so freely referred to in our opening article that we may be excused from saying more respecting it at present, but would add that the notes of the editor are a great assistance to the English reader, and otherwise very valuable. The book is in the Progressive Library, and a perusal of it may be obtained on application.

MR JONES'S "NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL."

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,—The *Spiritual Magazine* has in error continued the advertisement respecting the second edition of "Natural and Supernatural." This I regret, because it will not be ready till a date hereafter to be named; as I am probing some principles that seem to be developing themselves, and I desire that the book be if possible a text book for spiritual students.—I am yours truly, J. JONES.

Enmore Park, S. Norwood,
4th January, 1869.

[This much esteemed work has been out of print for several years, and has been considerably inquired after. The forthcoming edition will be in many respects a new work. Every Human Naturian should have a copy. Subscribers' names will be received at the Progressive Library.]

OUR PLANET: ITS PAST AND PRESENT.*

AN ENGLISH GEOLOGIST'S OPINION OF WILLIAM DENTON'S BOOK.

Bremont Mines,
Guisborough, 5th December, 1868.

John MacNay, Esq., Middlesborough.

Dear Sir,—The book you kindly lent me, on the "Past and Future of our Planet," by Mr W. Denton, I have read with much pleasure and no small degree of profit. It is a geological work of the first class. This branch of science is a beaten track in which I have walked for upwards of thirty years with untiring admiration of the many sublime truths it unfolds, and many of Mr Denton's subjects are therefore familiar to me. But his language and style of writing are so original and pleasing, that the reading of it is like meeting an old and valued friend, who looks ten years younger by being garbed in a new style of dress. There are other subjects, however, in the book, which are new to me, and these lend an additional charm, especially the origin of the oil springs. His theory of this great source of *light*, *heat*, and *force* is certainly the best and most plausible I have seen. How sublime and wonderful to think that the great Creator, Lawgiver, and Sustainer of all, was, countless ages ago, by the instrumentality of zoophytes and other minutely small sea insects, storing up immeasurable reservoirs of oil for the great American Republic of the present day.

* Our Planet: its Past and Present. 6s. J. Burns, London; W. Denton, Boston.

It is evident Mr Denton's reading has been very extensive, and his memory retentive in hoarding its scientific treasures. But his wide range of travelling and minute observations have added a large stock of new ideas to our geological knowledge.

His book is a quintessent gathering from these two principal sources of mental acquirement, and represents a culling of brilliant geological flowers from almost all parts of the civilized globe.

If properly brought before the public, it would no doubt obtain a large circulation in this country.—Yours truly,

THOMAS ALLISON.

SCANDAL LANE.

IT is not on the signboard, sir,
Go search both far and wide,
Or in the town directory,
The map or railway guide;
And if you pump your neighbours, sir,
You pump, alas! in vain,
For no one e'er acknowledged yet
He lived in Scandal Lane!

It is a fearful neighbourhood,
So secret and so sly;
Although the tenants oftentimes
Include the rich and high.
I'm told they're even cannibals,
And when they dine or sup,
By way of change they'll turn about
And eat each other up!

They much prefer the youthful, sir,
The beautiful and *rare;*
They grind up character and all,
And call it wholesome fare!
And should the helpless victim wince,
They heed not cries of pain;
These very bloody cannibals,
That live in Scandal Lane!

If you should chance to dine with them,
Pray never be deceived,
When they seem most like bosom friends,
They're least to be believed.
Their claws are sheathed in velvet, sir,
Their teeth are hid by smiles,
And woe betide the innocent
Who falls beneath their wiles!

When they have singled out their prey,
They make a cat-like spring:
Or hug them like a serpent, ere
They plant the fatal sting!
And then they wash their guilty hands,
But don't efface the stain—
These very greedy cannibals
That live in Scandal Lane!

MRS M. KIDDER.

HEALTH TOPICS.

Cork, 18th January, 1869.

Dear Sir,—I wish to bear my testimony to the value of the Steel Mill which you supplied me with. I purchased the Mill about two years ago, and since then it has done its work admirably. I grind wheat into wheat meal, and make of it unfermented bread, puddings, and pie crust. The wheat bread thus costs me from 1s 6d to 2s a stone, according to the price at which I buy the wheat. I then have one of the most nutritious and wholesome articles of diet to be procured, namely, wheat meal, at about half the cost of fine flour. I can, from experience, recommend every paterfamilias to set up one of these Steel Mills. He will find the benefit of it, both in pocket and in health; for I have proved it both ways. It is an undoubted fact that the use of wheat meal in place of fine flour removes constipation.

Yours sincerely, THOMAS SMITH.

P.S.—My Mill cost £2 10s and 15s mounting, together £3 5s.

WHEAT MEAL FOR INFANTS.

Sir,—I beg to state the result of my experience in the above for the benefit of others who may not have found out the secret. Baby was attacked with constipation. Mamma said—"I must give castor oil." "Don't," replied I, "but try the wheat meal." Mamma was incredulous, but the constipation continuing, she consented to try the meal. It was accordingly well boiled, and sufficiently diluted with water to make it pass through one of Marr's feeding bottles. The result in a short time was most satisfactory, and in addition baby relished it wonderfully.

Yours, &c., PATERFAMILIAS.

Cork, January, 1869.

A country clergyman writes:—"Put me down as a member of the Hygienic Society. I am living in your mode, with the exception of taking a little meat at dinners, not much, and this I intend only during the winter months. Much obliged for the advice you gave me. I have gained ten pounds of flesh last month. I am so much taken up with phrenology, through the 'Self Instructor,' that I intend ordering 'Fowler's Phrenology' and his 'Education Complete.' Which is the best bust?" This gentleman got the advice that has proved of such value to him by letter—no personal interview being necessary. Will you not, dear reader, help the hygienic movement?

In December *last* a child of *mine*, 18 days old, was attacked by acute and suffocative bronchitis. I had it immediately carried to the bath, in which, after about ten minutes, the symptoms became greatly alleviated, and in about a quarter of an hour a papular eruption made its appearance all over the chest and back. I continued the daily use of

the bath for four days, accompanied with chest compress of cotton wadding, covered with oiled silk, after which the child completely recovered, and has since (now six months) had no return, being well and strong.

I was called up about 12 o'clock the other night to see a child a little more than three years old, whom I found almost suffocating under an attack of acute bronchitis—the face being nearly livid, and pulse rapid. I had the child at once put into a warm bath for about ten minutes, and then enveloped back and front in a warm poultice of linseed meal, with hot flannels applied to the extremities. In the morning the child was somewhat better, though there was still great difficulty of breathing. I then ordered him to the Bath, where, in a few minutes, profuse perspiration set in, with the immediate relief of the most urgent symptoms. This was followed by a second bath in the evening, and on the third day the child was about quite convalescent.

RICHARD GRIFFITH, Ch.M.T.C.D.

I. H., a child three weeks old, was attacked with acute inflammation of the lungs, with usual symptoms. After being treated with suitable hydropathic appliances, she made a rapid recovery. Having no Turkish Bath at hand, wet packing and warm baths, followed by chest bandages, were had recourse to.

I have only selected a very few out of the numerous recoveries which are of daily occurrence here, and which, if recorded in detail, would require several volumes to themselves. As a summary of my experience of 25 years as a hydropathic practitioner and 15 years as a drug practitioner, I would say that there is no comparison to be made between the effects of the two systems, as I now feel that, in most cases, I cure the patient; so I wish I could feel that they did not formerly die in consequence of, or recover in spite of, my treatment; and had I had no better success under the new system than the old, I feel sure that I should have been tried more than once for manslaughter.

RICHARD BARTER.

THE TRANCE PAINTINGS.—The office of *Human Nature* had the distinguished honour of receiving the paintings drawn for by London ticket-holders at the late distribution sale of paintings by the "Glasgow Painting Medium." Before opportunity could be obtained for delivering them to their respective owners, they embellished our walls and afforded the inmates and visitors much satisfaction. It may not be generally known out of London that Mr Duguid, the painting medium, being in London for about ten days during December, complied with an urgent request, and gave several trance painting seances. Mr and Mrs Everitt were his hosts, and their truly hospitable home was nightly thronged by visitors from all parts of London to see Mr Duguid painting in the trance state. A very fine picture, "Loch Katrine," was painted at these sittings by the medium, and presented to Mr and Mrs E. as a memorial of his visit. This short sojourn has made him very popular in London, and his honest and unaffected manner heightened the impression as to the genuineness of his mediumship. It fell to the lot of the Progressive Library to retain the chief prize—a very imposing picture, "A Scene on the Rhine," and it may be inspected by callers at their convenience.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

THE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES IN LONDON.

LAWSON'S ROOMS, 145 Gower Street, have been well attended by highly intelligent and respectable audiences on Monday evenings—the first conference having been reported by us last month. Mr Luxmore has occupied the presidency at the whole series; and Mrs Hardinge has opened and summed up all but one, on which occasion Mr Jencken officiated with great ability and cordiality of manner. In fact, it is saying too much to affirm that the desire to hear her is the preponderating influence that brings most visitors to the conferences. The chairman manages his department with the utmost fairness and good humour; and, if he leans at all on either side, it is on that of the opponents of spiritualism, who are uniformly treated with the greatest courtesy and consideration.

The subject of the second evening was a continuance of the first: "What reliable evidence have we that spirits can commune with man?" in the discussion of which Messrs Kent, Spear, Shorter, and other gentlemen gave evidence. Mr Home was present, and gave a very valuable instance of spirit communion. On the third evening the subject was: "Assuming spiritualism to be true, what are its dangers, and, if any, how may they be avoided?" Mrs Hardinge in her opening address said: Among the dangers ascribed to spiritualism, one most frequently urged is that of insanity or mental imbecility ensuing from the excessive excitement of superior faculties, and sometimes merging into that dark and dreadful condition—obcession. The speaker said she had investigated this subject, and had visited many lunatic asylums; she had found there a certain number of persons professing a belief in spiritualism, but they were found to be far less in number than any other sections registered under the form of religious excitement. She then described various forms of insanity to which persons suffering from religious excitement may be liable; amongst the most terrible of these were the cases of obcession, but she had found that those most liable to obcession were not spiritualists at all, but were people already predisposed to that form of insanity; and Mrs Hardinge declared that she had never met with a case of insanity where its predisposition did not live in the germ. The fragile condition of mediums was also cited as an instance of the dangers of spiritualism; but she had known such individuals maintained for many years by the spiritual magnetism obtained through mediumship, and permanent cures had been effected by the same means. Mr Home, Mr Jencken, Miss Houghton, and others, took part in the discussion. The subject of the fourth convention was: "What is the best method of seeking communion with spirits?" in which the organisation of mediums and the best modes of conducting the circle were canvassed. Messrs Childs, Shorter, and Miss Houghton made valuable speeches. On the evenings of December 28, 1868, and January 4, 1869, the topic was: "What is the best means of promoting spiritualism in London?" The discussion was very unproductive. Mrs Hardinge in her address really made many excellent remarks upon a poor text. J. Burns thought that if some of the obstacles were removed out of the way of spiritualism that it would progress naturally from its own inherent power. He thought one of the greatest obstacles was the gossipping, backbiting, slandering habits of spiritualists and mediums. This charge was so exceedingly practical that it went home to many in such a manner as to prevent them forgetting it in their speeches. Mr Shorter thought Mr Burns had been in very bad company,—rather an infelicitous remark, seeing that in the matter of journalism Mr Shorter is Mr Burns's next-door neighbour. On January 11 and 18 the matter before the conference was: "Can we

explain the manifestions of spiritualism on any other hypothesis than the agency of disembodied spirits?" Mrs Hardinge opened by recounting the whole series of psychological phenomena, and showing in how far the results differed from those caused by the agency of spirits. Mr Jencken introduced the subject and summed up on the second evening. The discussion was sustained by Messrs Knightsmith, Burns, Spear, Chevelier, Jencken, Childs, Harper of Birmingham, Miss Houghton, and others. Mr Harper and Mr Childs gave some very interesting instances of the spirits of persons in the body producing phenomena, such as causing the medium to write, &c., similar to those occasioned by the spirits of the departed.

We are glad to know that these conferences are to be continued. A committee has been formed and subscriptions opened. The meetings become more interesting and better attended as they advance. Those who have not yet attended them should lose no time in doing so.

INVESTIGATION.—We hear that the Dialectical Society have appointed a committee to investigate the spiritual phenomena. We hope it will not be a ridiculous sham, like what the majority of such efforts amount to.

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY.—The Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh University has now a class of sixty ladies, to whom he delivers a lecture twice a-week on two or three subjects. They are all most earnest.

THE circles are held regularly at 2 Great Coram Street, Russell Square, W.C., every Thursday evening at seven o'clock. We hear that this effort at association is making considerable progress, and that a goodly number of members have given in their names.

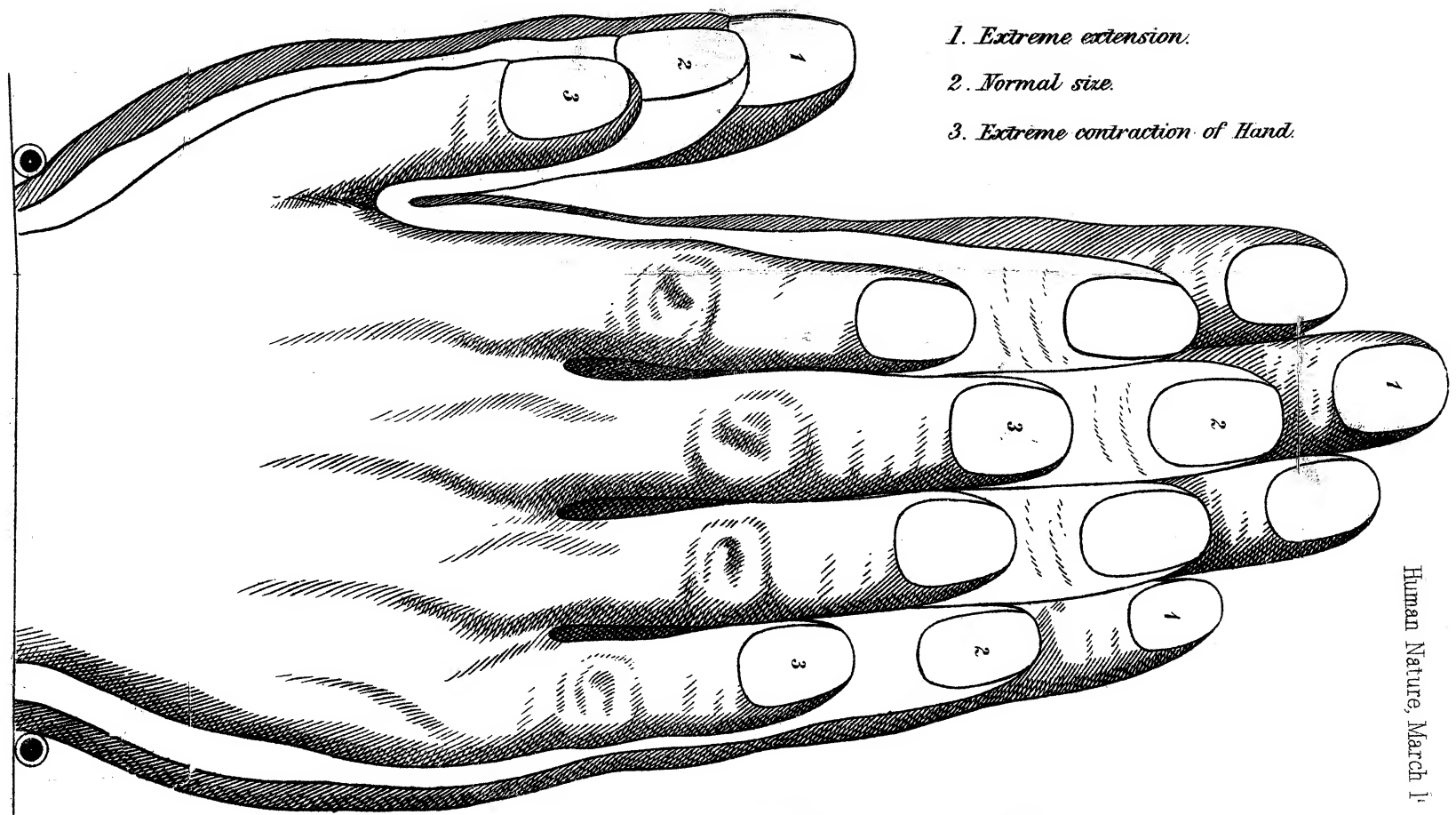
THE Spiritual Institute, 26 Bryanstone Square, Marble Arch, is doing a good work quietly. The secretary, Mrs C. H. Spear, answers many letters, receives many calls, and gives much information. Spiritualists should attend the re-unions on Wednesday evenings. All are invited.

STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE.—A respectable tradesman, residing at Longton, whose age is 59, and who is the father of nineteen children, is cutting a second set of teeth. The first set have been forced out by the growth of the second, though they were all sound and perfect.—*Staffordshire Advertiser.*

THE East London Association of Spiritualists have in contemplation a course of lectures for February, to take place on Thursday evenings in the Temperance Hall, 103 Mile End Road, to be addressed by Mr J. Burns of the Progressive Library, Mr J. M. Spear, and others. The London friends are cordially invited to attend, and sustain the effort to keep up local weekly meetings.

MUSICAL GYMNASTICS.—We are delighted to learn that Mrs Wilkinson has resumed her classes in these graceful and health-giving exercises at St. George's hall, opposite the Polytechnic, Regent Street, on Friday evenings, at half-past seven o'clock. She has also a class at the Working Women's College, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury. We earnestly recommend our London readers to call on Mrs Wilkinson on Friday evenings at St. George's Hall, and get introduced to her system.

DAILY LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY are given at the Phrenological Museum, 389 Broadway, New York, by Mr S. R. Wells, Editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, and other professors. The hour is twelve o'clock. They were inaugurated in June last, and have been a great success. The circular states—"Each lecture will be complete in itself; yet one must relate to another. We begin and we end in anthropology, which includes man's physical, mental, and spiritual state or condition."



ELONGATION OF MR D. D. HOME'S HAND ON THE 10TH JANUARY, 1869.

Human Nature, March 1

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

MARCH, 1869.

CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION.

By H. D. JENCKEN, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.R.I., &c.

"AFTER thirty years of discussion and controversy in the press, in Parliament, in every diocese, in every town, almost in every parish in England and Wales, it seems a bold thing to say that the subject of National Education has never thoroughly possessed itself of the public mind," says the Right Hon. Mr Bruce.* Yes, after thirty years, no real advance has been made, and our Home Secretary may well lament the condition of an educational system—a system so defective, so utterly at fault, that the Abbé Fleury could venture to say, without contradiction, "L'Angleterre proprement dite est le pays d'Europe où l'instruction est le moins répanduè." This stinging rebuke, sad as it may be to bear, is unfortunately only too well merited. Defective educational training marks every stratum of our social system, and even our much-vaunted and exclusive public school and university training, elicited from Signor Matteuci the remark, that the latter was only "Hauts lycées"—not university training, and quite unsuited to bring men up to the level of the scientific standard, our continental neighbours have not considered to be beyond the grasp of the student.

Defective as the university system is, not only in quality, but from its exclusiveness, resulting in a numerical meagreness of attendance—for we have only 3500 students matriculating in England, against double and treble that number in France and in Germany—the defect is increased, if we consider that of this number the great bulk can hardly take rank above the scholars of the "Hauts lycées," or upper preparatory schools of the Continent. We have thus but a thin film left of highly educated men

* National Education, Right Hon. Mr Bruce, M.P. 1866.

to float upon the surface of a sea of a neglected, ill-educated people.

But as the scale is descended, as we reach the great masses of the people, the great middle classes of England, the absence of educational training becomes more apparent; figures grow upon us, until they stand forth in such bold relief that the heart fails and the eye cannot bear the nakedness of reproach which these facts disclose; it wounds our self-pride to think it possible that Germany and France should be able to send 1 in every 2000 against 1 in 5800 in England to their universities, the figures for Germany being really 1 in 1500, or four times the number we can afford to give university education to. Startling as this discovery is, it far from reaches the truth; the difference is doubled, perhaps quadrupled, by adding the element "quality," for there can be no doubt that the university matriculation examination on the Continent compels the student to attain a very much higher degree of knowledge than we demand. Matters grow worse, however, as we descend from the level of the upper classse to the stratum of the great hard-striving middle classes of England. I will give the figures as stated by Mr M. Arnold. We have 16,000 school boys at our public schools; this number includes many endowed schools, which hardly may be said to rank with the ordinary communal schools of the Continent—schools which, in point of actual position, ought only to rank with our ordinary grammar schools, and yet are quite on a level with many of our endowed colleges—nay, superior to them. But accepting the 16,000 as the number of school boys, France gives 66,000 boys at public schools, of whom about 24,000 train for the university (the exact number being by the last reports 23,371);* and Prussia 66,135 boys, out of a population of 18 millions; or, in round figures, for every four educated men Prussia and France furnish us proof of, England can only produce one; whilst if the quality of the educational training be considered, the proportions stand—10 educated men in France and Germany to 1 educated man in England.

But here I have not done. I must descend lower still, to the great bulk of the people—the over-worked, ignorant, labouring population of this vaunted land of wealth, of civilisation. Let us see how figures stand on this folio of our great indebtedness ledger, for as I descend I gain ground, I become materialised to the lowest level the human intellect can bear without becoming extinct.

In Prussia the returns from the army list examination of recruits show 2 per cent. who cannot read and write—that is, have no "Zeugniss"—but in fact do read and write about as

* Matthew Arnold. "Schools and Universities of the Continent.

well as the better class agricultural labourer with us, who can just manage to spell the words of his Bible. In France the proportion is 27, whilst in England 57 per cent. I am aware that the argument will be used—"Our recruits are drawn from the lower ranks, whilst in France and Germany from all alike." This reasoning is only specious, the fact being that the medical certificate required to pass a recruit shifts the selection from the so-called dregs of society to the sons of healthy agricultural labourers and artizans. I cannot do better than quote from the statistical statements given by the Home Secretary in the pamphlet alluded to. The figures speak for themselves. The proportion of children in England and Wales, out of a population of 21 millions, is 4,420,000; of these 3,500,000 belong to the working classes. Making every allowance, and admitting that 800,000 get instruction at really very indifferent schools, the total number receiving instruction being 2,400,000, leaving 1,100,000 unaccounted for, of whom perhaps 281,000 are at work; that is, upwards of a million of children, or *one-fourth* of the population, for children grow up and take our place in a short score of years. Yes, one-fourth of the population of England left in degradation and ignorance. But here my charge does not end. I maintain that these facts only disclose a part of the wrong done.

In England and Wales only 1,250,000 children receive good elementary education, taught by 11,500 certificated teachers (I am still quoting from our excellent Home Secretary's report). The figures stand thus—one-fourth of our people are absolutely without instruction; one-fourth left in a transition state of doubt; one-fourth receiving good elementary instruction; one-fourth, the children of the better-to-do classes, caring for themselves, and really doing their work miserably, of which our secondary schools furnish a lamentable instance.

These few remarks will no doubt jar upon the ears of many; and I shall be met by specious arguments, by a denial of facts, by an appeal to our feelings, to the right inherent in every free-born man to be as useless as circumstances will allow him to be. I will meet these reasonings, as I close my chapters at some future time; for the present I must proceed with the picture I have to draw of the present state of English education, and the direct effect it has had upon our social condition and wealth.

And first, then, those troublesome criminals. Where do they come from? The army of 14,000 accredited criminals of London—who trained them?—who brought them up? Our statistical returns on crime—and to which I shall more fully refer when I deal with this phase of the question—exhibit a sad picture of a large section of the people being left in utter degradation. Of the 120,000 acknowledged criminals, the great bulk

cannot read or write; and if Mr Commissioner Hill is to be believed, nine out of ten of our criminals have been destitute children.

The argument employed on the other side is, that this is a necessary result of our social state—that these must be poor, and of course destitute children. Can it hold for a moment? Is this so?—is this reasoning not utterly untrue? There is wealth enough in this land to sustain the whole of the population; but the wealth is dissipated by ignorance, by neglect. The cost of holding back this army of born wrong-doers from carrying their depredations to an inconvenient length, would suffice to defray the outlay of a complete machinery of national education—raise our forlorn children above the level of chronic crime; but the worthy men in possession of property shut their eyes to the fact that the cost of crime our present system fosters is far in excess of the cost of training, raising, elevating the poorer classes—making them human. An argument I intend using further on—and one the most stolid cannot gainsay—is, that the direct destruction of property by criminals amounts to fabulous figures—must exceed five-fold the cost of complete machinery of national education.

The enormous immediate loss to a community, arising from ignorance, neglected education of its people, is not, unfortunately, confined to the destruction caused by the brain-bewildered, forlorn child of poverty; but in the whole working of its industrial undertakings, *absence of educational training* tells terribly against success. Our railways, it is computed, have cost a third more than they ought to have done, because unscientific engineers blundered. It is true, we were first in the field, and others profited by our experience. This is, however, only partially true, the fact being, that the absence of scientific skill—and which only systematic training can command—utterly failed us; and by rule of thumb, and at an enormous sacrifice of property, we accomplished our road-making. The same reasoning applies to our manufactures. With coal and iron at our doors, blessed with a climate singularly suited for the manufacturing purposes, with ports open to the east and west, we have managed to command a large share of the trade of the world—a trade our continental neighbours once eyed with envy, in utter hopelessness of successful competition. But what have they then done to advance, to make us truly dread their wares in the markets of Europe? They have done this: they have educated their people, and that with the will. Ever since the famous laws of the great Wilhelm von Humboldt (1808 and 1816), Prussia has steadily improved the educational training of her people, and her example has been followed by all Germany and Austria. M. Guizot's (1833) law of primary

instruction gave to France the means of educating her people; and with what results? Why, they are becoming wealthy, immensely wealthy; and French and German and Belgian industry is carrying the day. Of the orders for manufactured iron from Russia, nine-tenths are executed on the Continent, at prices not lower than those we quote, but the wares are better made. These countries command skilled labour we cannot. In a word, our trade is threatened, our pockets touched. At this early stage of my inquiry, I leave untouched all higher ground—I confine my mind to the task of probing the money pocket, that which affects our immediate selfishness; and here I find we are bankrupting ourselves—by neglect, by allowing ignorance—"le stupid Anglais"—to be a reproach our keen-witted neighbours have dared, and justly, to utter.

Italy, by the law of Signor Casani, is following fast in the footsteps of Germany and France, and Spain threatens to do the same; nay, even Russia would teach us a lesson. With these armies of trained merchants, engineers, artizans, threatening us on every side, is it not time that we too should move, should advance, and do what Scotland and Switzerland have done, are doing: educate every child of the land? These barren mountains are being converted into gardens; and the sons of parents whose sparse savings would not suffice to supply the ignorant artisans of England and Wales with beer and tobacco, are being thoroughly educated; and Scotch and Swiss bankers, merchants,and manufacturers, are garnering in vast fortunes from the soil we inhabit, beating us out of the markets.

But I must close my first and introductory chapter. I do not conceal that I feel keenly on this question; for I feel our position is an unjust one. Our race—it may have and has its faults—still may claim to rank with others of the white-faced descendants of the Caucasus. The English race requires but fair-play, and I fear not the result. But this possibility is denied, because we do not train, educate, but leave to a crude system of rule-of-thumb chance what alone thorough scientific and technical education can command, sacrificing to ignorance a mastery over the arts and manufactures of the world. In my subsequent chapters I propose to deal with each branch of this subject separately, and with such detail as space may allow.

HYDROGEN GAS.

Dr Wm. Odling, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, has made hydrogen gas pass through india-rubber, platinum and other dense substances. Hydrogen gas is now supposed to be a metal having a boiling point very greatly below the temperature of the air.

PHRENOLOGY AS AN AID TO THE BIOGRAPHER.

By J. W. Jackson,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

BURNS.

(Continued from page 73.)

We have said that this man had the root of all religions in him as a poet, to whom that insight was vouchsafed, whereto the supernal beauty, the celestial glory, the underlying divinity of the universe, can alone be primarily revealed. But his age did not demand a prophet any more than that of Shakespeare, so the one became a playwright and the other a balladmonger, both immortal, however, even in this strange disguise, under which the *vates* of the eternal remained *in posse*, and the sweet singer of the temporal was alone manifested *in esse*—such being what the wants of their age required, and its inspiration provided. But Robert Burns had also another religious element in his nature, that of love—the love of his fellowmen, of his faithful dog, of his pet ewe, of the soaring laverock chanting his matin anthem in the sky, of the gowans beneath his feet, of the bosky dells, through which he roamed in the leafy summertide, of the running streams, to whose murmuring music his own sweet songs were so often, perhaps almost unconsciously, attuned; and even of the green braes, and the blue mountains, and the azure sea, and the fleecy clouds, that were the hourly companions of his rustic toil. For this man was no foster-child of Nature, but her own beloved son, reared upon her bosom, and so drinking in of all her finer influences, as the very lifebreath of his soul. And have we not here another secret of his seerdom, for is not love the arch-revealer? And this man's love was so grand and expansive, so nearly universal and divine, that no order of being was excluded from his sympathies, and thus nothing seemed altogether beyond the range of his insight or wholly foreign to the intuitive perception of his spirit. Verily, a great man, in the noblest sense of those high terms; nor, we would add, altogether alien in spirit to Him who so beautifully said, "As I have loved you, so love ye one another."

Allied to this, and in a sense transcending it, as its higher phase, was that spirit of self-sacrifice, that possibility of entire and all-absorbing devotion to a great work, as a labour of love, irrespective of earthly guerdon, by which the poet was so nobly characterised. His poesy was ever its own exceeding great reward. He sang, like the lark, because his heart was too full

for longer silence. He burst into harmony as a relief to feeling so intense, to enthusiasm so ardent, as to be no longer susceptible of repression. He poured forth his unequalled lyrics, as the earth gives out her gushing springs or the sun rays forth his cheering light, in the exhaustless plenitude of a richly endowed nature, that grew in the giving, as if boundless beneficence were but the normal and therefore healthful function of its higher life. He loved all things, as we have said, more especially his native land, her romantic traditions, her heroic history, and her homely language; and to illustrate these, to present them to the world and to the ages, transfigured in the light of poesy, he dedicated ungrudgingly to his dying day, all the vast resources of his transcendant genius, counting this costly offering as of nothing worth, not regarding it indeed as a sacrifice at all, so utterly, so unselfishly, absorbed was he in the labour of love, which had fallen to his allotment, amidst the chances and changes of this strange timesphere. He also loved his order, the stalwart sons of rustic toil, of whose heroic band he was ever proud to be accounted a member; and accordingly in their simple loves and friendships, their fears and hopes, their griefs and joys, he found the staple of his best and most enduring poetry. And although in his pages rural life is no doubt depicted in the enchanting hues of imagination, the reader beholding what would otherwise be its vulgar and commonplace incidents through the medium of genius, like some well-known prospect represented on the canvas of a gifted artist, yet despite this encircling halo of the ideal, their intense reality is the most striking characteristic of his works, that which gives them their greatest charm, and will, of all things else, the most effectually conduce to their immortality.

It is, perhaps, no exaggeration to say that through him labour first became distinctly vocal, speaking in a voice so tuneful yet so tragic, that it echoed from the cottage to the palace, letting princes know how peasants think and feel. Nor is it too much to affirm that with such a man between the stilts, no ploughman to the end of time can, as such, be heartily despised. He ennobled his class, who, through him as their representative man, stand forth as worthy rivals and compeers of the grandest types of intellectual vigour that humanity has ever produced. And he accomplished all this, because he loved the children of the soil, not as something afar off, as aliens in lineage, education and fortune, but as veritable brothers, whose toils he had shared and whose sorrows he had experienced.

Phrenology finds no difficulty in explaining these characteristics. His affections, of whose strength and intensity we have already spoken, united to his powerful benevolence, fully account not only for the ardour but the all-embracing expansiveness of his love, while the moderate development of self-esteem

permitted of that disinterested absorption in a great and generous enterprise, whereby men of heroic mould are usually characterised. All thought of self was swallowed up in devotion to his work, his only satisfying reward being its accomplishment.

But it is time we should advance to that which constitutes his especial claim upon our attention, and in virtue of which he became the Robert Burns of literary biography—we mean his intellectual faculties. Here, as throughout his organisation, the predominant characteristic is strength. With all a Scotchman's proverbial vigour and force of thought, he possessed also the lightning intuition of the highest genius. With a power of ratiocination, that properly trained, might have made him one of the first logicians in Europe—he combined that insight which beholds truth at a glance, and sees a conclusion as by direct and instantaneous perception. He could *reason* with others, but for his own necessities, generally found his inspirations sufficient. He was a most accurate observer. Nothing worth notice could have escaped his keen and searching glance. His capacity was practically unbounded. He could and did acquire knowledge by every channel: at first hand, through his own senses; orally, through conversation, and lastly by reading. Happily, perhaps, both for himself and the world, men and things, Nature in her splendour and her power, her glory and her gloom; and humanity in its strength and its weakness, in its culture and its rudeness, its simplicity and its corruption, constituted the principal volumes in his study. For let us remember that the world's great want in his day was a *fresh* man, who could again, as in the primæval generations, spell out the true significance of his environment, and once more interpret that divine symbolism with which the walls of time are so richly garnitured. He saw into the inner heart of things, not with infinite labour, like an experimental philosopher groping painfully in his laboratory, but immediately, as by a divine vouchsafement from the heavens. He had the seer's eye, to which the open secret stands revealed, and from whose penetrating gaze nothing of worth can be effectually hidden. He saw the beauties of Nature fresh and fair as at Creation's dawn, and he felt the responsive beat of woman's gentle heart with all the trembling susceptibility of man's first hour of love in Eden. A *young* soul, to whom this sublime and beautiful universe was the gorgeous temple of the *living* God, to whose service he was consecrated as by a divine ordination.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that although a poet, imagination was not his predominating endowment. It was sufficiently powerful to cast the halo of its glory over the thoughts and feelings of his inner life, but it never took his judgment captive, never interfered with his vigorous grasp of reality, never made him, at any moment or in any inferior sense

a weak or idle day-dreamer. He was not the less a man because he was a bard. He, indeed, like some others whom we might name, composed his immortal anthems, not as the chief business of his life, but rather as a recreation after its severer toils. He was too great, too inherently and essentially *heroic*, to think that the stringing of rhymes should be the end of any man's existence. In his earlier, and perhaps we may add better, days he held the stilts of a plough, and as we know, toiled sternly to the end of every furrow of which he had once turned a sod. A man who was not *afraid* of work, who, in truth, rightfully regarded *toil* as one of the great purposes of his earthly existence. A master-mind beyond question, but not in any sense "a literary gentleman!" Not "an author by profession"—rather than this, even a gauger of ale-casks.

Is there not in all this, gentle reader, apt subject-matter for rather earnest meditation? Have not some of the greatest works ever composed been written by busy men? By the king David, by the soldiers Æschylus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Cæsar, and Camoens; by the podesta Dante, the theatrical manager Shakespeare, the chancellor Bacon, and the secretary Milton, to say nothing of a certain imperial personage, our illustrious cotemporary, dating from his study in the palace of the Tuilleries! And is it not reasonable and natural, nay, is it not inevitable, that this should be so? Was not man born for *work?* Can his innate powers be effectually and harmoniously developed without it? Is not *action* a law of his being? and, devoid of this as a basis, do not his very thoughts tend to vanity and emptiness? Has not labour been providentially appointed as a part of the needful gymnastics of the soul, without which, indeed, our life in time fails in some of its most important purposes, even as a process of psychological development?

The intellectual power of Burns was not due solely or even chiefly to elevation or expansion of the anterior lobe, but rather, as in the case of his countrymen generally, to its great length. The forehead, no doubt, was both broad and high, but the head needed to be seen in profile before its tremendous force was fully revealed. Neither was his mental vigour due simply to intellectual endowment, but to this as reinforced by passion and affection, by emotion and sympathy,—that is, speaking phrenologically—by the reaction of the occipital on the sincipital region. And here we obtain the germ of a truth almost ignored by metaphysicians, and, we may add, but imperfectly appreciated by the older school of phrenologists, namely—the essential oneness of the mind, and the consequent impossibility of practically isolating the intellectual faculties, so as to ensure their acting independently of passional impulse and the inspiration of the sentiments. It is this great oversight, which underlies as a gigantic fallacy, the

entire "Essay on the Human Understanding;" and, we may add, that it is to this we owe those pseudo-scientific absurdities, the "masks," which still encumber the shelves of our museums, telling of a day when even phrenologists thought they could speak of the faculties "abstractedly."

A more striking and remarkable instance of this inter-action is not to be found in the entire circuit of English literature, than that furnished by the subject of the present memoir. The poetry of Burns being especially emotional, was pre-eminently the product of a combination of endowments, in which the passional and affectional elements performed a most important part. There is, indeed, scarcely one of his greater pieces in which they do not come prominently into play; the merely intellectual attributes of the bard, his mastery of language, his descriptive power, his wit, humour, and command of imagery being all employed subordinately, as but minor instrumentalities for the more effective expression and embodiment of his almost overwhelming emotions. In his love poems this of course might be expected; their unequalled vitality and force, which make them live, independently of the press, as a deathless heir-loom of song from generation to generation, being largely due to the fervour and intensity, the stormful earnestness and pleading pathos of his powerful amativeness and adhesiveness, rendered vocal and harmonious through all the commanding attributes of exalted genius. It was this underlying element of strong passional force, combined with the sublimity, ideality, wonder, and veneration of his higher moral and intellectual nature, and reinforced by general weight and volume of brain, that enabled him in a moment of especial inspiration, and under peculiarly favourable circumstances of time and place, to throw off "Scots wha hae," that noblest war-song ever composed, where the slowly accumulating gratitude and patriotism of five centuries at length found befitting and appropriate expression. A battle-hymn, in which are the echoes and the promises of countless victories, the heroic utterance of an unconquerable people, who can never cease to exist as a nation, while they receive such a message from their fathers, and transmit it intact to their sons.

We have already spoken of Burns as being in all respects a man, notwithstanding the feminine warmth and intensity of his affections. Pre-eminently was his intellect distinguished by masculine vigour, by breadth and grasp of thought, and by the all-pervading force and resistless energy with which its various processes were transacted. And yet perhaps even here, too, we may detect a certain element of feminity in the refinement and delicacy of perception, moral and physical, amounting often to intuitive insight, with which he was so rarely gifted. Thus it may be truly said that his feminine attributes, however well

marked, detracted nothing from his strongly-pronounced manhood, being something superadded to his masculine endowments, and thus making him by so much the richer than other men. Rarely, indeed, has there been a finer instance of the duplex sexuality of genius than in the stalwart ploughman bard, who is the subject of the present paper, albeit his corporeal presence to ordinary eyes gave but little promise of so fair an endowment.

One marked speciality of the poet was his command of language, all the more exceptional from the imperfection of his early education. In prose, verse, and conversation, words were his obedient instruments. He moulded them to his will with the ease and mastery of an original gift, exalted by inspiration. They exactly expressed his meaning. They perfectly subserved his purpose, so that he could render them the colourless medium of pure thought, or at will, specially emphasize some particular idea by the mere turn of a phrase or the construction of a sentence. Without even the rudiments of scholastic culture, he possessed that which no training can give to ordinary men, the union of grace, facility, precision and power. As a poet, he could shape the rude Doric of his native tongue into a rhythmic harmony and plaintive sweetness, of which the purest English, save in the hands of great masters, is scarcely susceptible. And he accomplished all this without perceptible effort, as by the royal prerogative of a true mastermind, to whom the gift of language, among other things, came as his rightful inheritance. We suppose that no admirer of Burns will need to be reminded of his eye, large, dark, and radiant, now flashing with all the fire of irrepressible passion, and anon melting into the almost womanly tenderness of the gentlest affection; sometimes sparkling with wit and humour, fun and frolic, and then a-flame with the fervent feeling and rushing thought, only susceptible of due embodiment through his absorbing and well-nigh matchless eloquence.

The development of the perceptive faculties indicates that he must have looked on Nature, not only with a poet's, but also an artist's eye—if indeed this be not a distinction without a difference. No phrenologist will be at any loss to understand his appreciation of beautiful scenery, when he tests the size, form, individuality, and locality indicated by the cast. While the powerful inhabitiveness with which they are combined explains the love that mingled with his admiration of certain familiar scenes, as if they constituted the home of his soul, where the sorrow-tossed spirit of the tried and tempted bard could for a season, take refuge and repose on its earthly pilgrimage.

This strength in the perceptive faculties, accompanied as it was with immense concentrativeness, and reinforced by general

volume of brain, length of anterior lobe, and an eminently nervo-fibrous temperament, amply explains his vigorous grasp of every subject to which he earnestly and persistently devoted his attention. Half knowledge could never satisfy such a mind. An organisation so distinctly pronounced indicates a character proportionately marked. The matured ideas of such an intellect could not fail to be clearly defined. Burns grasped the subject-matter of his thought as he did the stilts of his plough, and as he would have done the hilt of a sword had he been called to its use —with the grasp of a man terribly in earnest, and who feels that his lifework is before him, in which it behoves him to do or die, hero or martyr, as the case may be.

Neither was his mind more distinguished by capacity for acquisition than power of retention. In a sense, it may be said that he forgot nothing. Unusually sensitive and impressionable, his personal experiences were stamped indelibly upon the consciousness. Nor do the results of study appear to have been in any appreciable measure, less enduring. It is doubtful if he ever forgot the facts and conclusions, the spirit and tendency, of any book that he had once thoroughly mastered; or, we may add, the poetic beauty and rhythmic cadence of any song that he had once heard. To him a sight or sound of beauty was indeed "a joy for ever." The unforgotten past of his rustic boyhood followed him, in all its freshness and purity, into his sterner and more sorrowful manhood; a stream of living waters, at which he could slake the feverish and consuming thirst of after years, and through which, in his inner life at least, he may be said to have enjoyed the priceless privilege of perennial youth. But equally did his bereavements and disappointments, his mortifications and his agonies, accompany him like a troop of ever-accumulating spectres on his terrible life-pilgrimage. What we have missed by losing the autumnal harvest, the mellowed fruitage of such a mind, it is impossible to say. We only know that here, as in the instance of Raphael and Pascal, Byron and Mendelsohn, his sun went down while it was yet noon, leaving the world in the sudden gloom of an untimely night.

His powerful individuality and strong eventuality, together with the general vigour of all the intellectual powers, are amply sufficient to account for his unusually retentive memory. He held his acquired knowledge with the grasp of a giant. He retained his personal experiences, more especially the records of the heart, with the force and freshness of a girl, and the undying tenacity of a woman. And all the varied resources of this duplex domain of masculine thought and feminine feeling were thoroughly at his command, he being able, apparently at will, to summon spirits, whether of beauty or of terror, from the vasty deep of recollection, for the more effective illustration of what-

ever might at the time be the subject-matter of his composition; whether the drunken revelries of the "Jolly Beggars," or the purer incidents of domestic affection and family worship, so vividly pourtrayed in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," the inebriate fancies of "Tam O' Shanter," or the sacred reminiscences of his parting scene with "Highland Mary." His scholastic attainments, as admeasured by the usual standard of the man of letters, might not have been either extensive or profound, but no mental monarch ever held the intellectual resources of his inner realm better in hand, than did this untutored ploughman—or shall we not rather say, this glorious child of Nature, this demigod in the disguise of a peasant.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XLVI.

"THIS is strange talk to me from you," I said, sitting erect, but still holding her hand; "and, as if to rebuke it, there is the daylight creeping gently through that east window."

"Nay, Anna, not to silence, but sanction, as I hope your own heart does. Remember, I would rather you should die Miss Warren, than marry without loving. But I believe that might very naturally be an experience of yours yet, if you would free yourself of the past."

"Could I love as you do, and would you ask me to accept less?"

The bright colour mantled her cheek and brow at these words, and a thrill of feeling shook her visibly, as she said:—"Oh, Anna, do not ask so much! Is there one woman in thousands so blest? Even in my reasonable moods, I sometimes think there is none beside. I have at last written him, dear, and you shall see if I have done justice to both. Come up to our old room. Phil is there, and after you have read the letters, you may wake him. He went to bed reluctantly after I told him you were coming, and there will be deep rejoicing in his little heart at sight of you."

The letters were produced—first Col. Anderson's. "Small," I said, "to be of more value than Victoria's new diamond."

"Read and see," she whispered, "how bright it must have been to me."

"I wrote you," he said, "in September, Eleanore, under cover to Miss Warren, who acknowledged the receipt of my letters. I scarcely expected an acknowledgment from you, and yet I found myself for several weeks going to the post, or waiting its arrival with an interest I never felt before.

"You have not written, and I must not question but you are right, though I never knew another whom I would so believe in.

"Dear Eleanore, you will be mine some day, I know. I feel your spirit approaching me. Even your silence does not wholly conceal you: for I have said, If she were altogether indifferent or averse to me, she would not hesitate to write. She is too well-bred a lady and too much a woman of the world not to reply to an earnest letter from any man who was even

"'Level to her hate.'

"So you see, dearest, that while I can hold you to nothing special or narrow, I hold you broadly to all that my heart desires; and if there is some woman's spirit to be first wrought in independence, or some chastisement to be inflicted on me for a past offence, I will wait patiently for the one, and bear the other like a very lamb, for meekness. I only pray that you will not go too far, and that, when my term is ended, I may be apprised of it.

"I have received an application to go to Chili, and as I have very nearly completed what I undertook here, and am inclined to wear out time for a while, with as many helps as I can get to that worthy end, I think I shall make a voyage thither during the autumn.

"Shall I see you on my way?

"J. L. ANDERSON."

Then I took in hand her long-delayed, precious first letter. "Are you sending him your card, madam?" I inquired, ironically, feeling in the humour to tease.

"Look and see."

And with the words there dropped from my hand a minatured head—a pencil-sketch of herself.

"Is it just?" she asked, as, surprised and delighted with its boldness, yet exquisite beauty and faithfulness, I continued looking at it.

"It seems to me your very self," I answered; "but in a mood that is not so common as those I am better acquainted with."

"I was not in a common mood when I did it.

"I see that," I replied, "in the eyes, which always tell the story of the hour with you."

They were wide-opened, thoughtful, steadfast, shining eyes, in which lay the shadow of a depth and tenderness as sweet and assuring as the soft gloom of a summer fountain in a dim wood. The rather severe symmetry of her face was relieved by the play, over one temple, of a single luxuriant fold of hair, which seemed to have slipped from its fastenings and to have been put in the sketch, as I have no doubt it was,

in utter abandonment to the earnestness of purpose wherewith she had wrought it. It was the lofty, serious, yet tender face, I had seen a few times, when no conflicting emotions sent back the deep tides of the heart, of which it was a beautiful and comforting promise.

"It is better than any letter could be," said I, after deliberately examining it. "I could almost thank you for doing yourself so much justice at last. But I am also to read what is written, am I not?"

"It is not a lengthy epistle, and the trouble will not be very great," she replied; "but I have no wish to press it on your attention"—making a feint to take it from me.

"Desist, O rash woman," said I, "and leave me in peace." And I went on reading, as follows:—

"Were I to do deny, true friend, either directly or in your favourite fashion, by inference, that I have suffered in your suffering, and hoped in your hoping, during several months past, I should soil my soul with a dishonest utterance—which I can never do.

"It is harder to suppress love's bounty than to lavish it; and I fear I might have proved unequal to any measure of the heroism required to do it toward you, had I not been aided by

"'Circumstance, that most unspiritual God,'

whose iron tread presses out, not alone sorrow or strength, or joy or feebleness, from the untired depths of the nature, but sometimes blesses us, darkly, in opening secret and divinest fountains of power, which we may not have before suspected, and which flow into the voluntary being like the spirit from above—so richly do they clothe and furnish it for the battle and the sacrifice that life may then demand.

"If it would have pained you never to have spoken those words whose remembrance is so dear to me, think not that I have any more escaped that condition of all conflict. And if now my tardy confession lacks the prodigality with which love makes its gifts, believe not that it is because of poverty or stint in what I offer, but only, that, in giving and receiving, I am the steward of the life-long happiness of two souls.

"Do not misapprehend me, thou unto whom, if dear hope deceive us not, I must, in time, become better known than to myself. My love hath, I trust, a root of greatness befitting its object, and is, therefore, capable of accepting any terms, however hard, by which it may be perfected in measure, and made worthy thy possession. I acknowledge it to thee in pride and joy, but it must be no outward bond to thee or me, till we are further known to each other. The world must not assume the adjustment of our relations, till we see so clearly what we would have them, that it can only second our *wisest* as well as our most earnest desire in decreeing their perpetuity.

"Before this reaches you, I shall have sailed for Chili—the country where we shall meet, not long hence, to prove our fitness for the realisation of the divine dreams and purposes that fill our hearts. I have but one prayer—that we may rise to the high worthiness which alone can enjoy their fruition.

"This head I drew for you this morning. If it has any merit, it is due rather to the inspiration of the purpose than to any skill in treatment, to which I have but slender pretensions. If it renders to you, in any degree, the heart-luxury of the hour I spent over it, I know it will give happiness to your spirit, which I shall be happy in remembering, after all the pain I have caused it.

"Phil must have his word before I close. His eyes dilated to their largest and brightest when I asked if he had any message to 'the Turnel.' He walked quickly across the room from his museum to my knee, and said: 'Tell him I love him, mamma; and I do wish he would come and live with us again—in a ship, or a house.'

"You will not need be told how many loving recollections he entertains of you. If we could either of us lose the early ones, Antonio's daily faithfulness would rebuke us. ELEANORE BROMFIELD."

"Stiff and cold in the announcement and close, is it not, dear?" she asked, after I had folded and replaced it.

"Somewhat so, I confess, in those respects, but otherwise quite reasonable and generous, coming from you."

"Do you think so? Then, I am afraid it may express too much; for you, I believe, exact as much for him as he would for himself."

"Not a word too much," I replied, concealing my satisfaction; "not a word too much, Eleanore. You have only enlarged his ground for inference that you will ever be anything more to him than you now are. And that you certainly will be, or I know nothing of the laws of attraction. It is very well, with your views—perhaps necessary that you should not promise unreservedly; I am willing to think that it may be substantial ground which you have kept under your feet here; but you will as surely be Colonel Anderson's wife as if you had engaged yourself unconditionally in that letter."

"But I will not be, Anna, till all the future is clear before us; till I have opened to him my inmost heart, and shown him every demand of mine that can affect our freedom toward each other. Will you post that letter to him the day after we sail?"

I promised.

"Then I must have one more promise; and that is, that you will join me in Valparaiso, if I find myself justified in writing for you."

"I shall do that without a promise, I fear, at no very distant day. I would go with you now, but that it would seem vacillating and weak—breaking engagements and giving up substantial advantages for what the world would call a poor reason—that I might follow a friend. Dear Eleanore, I shall feel very much alone when I know that you are actually outside the Golden Gate, 'in a big ship,' as Phil will say, heading away to sea. Darling Phil! Let me wake him now, that the daylight may show me to him. Put out the lamp. I want to see him study

me in the dim light." And as this was done, I bent over, and pressing him in my arms, I spoke his name, and said, "Wake up, Phil, and see who has come."

Like a full-swelling rose-bud in purity and beauty, he lay straight upon the level bed; for he was never allowed a pillow, "to distort his back or curve his shoulders," his mother said; and now he threw up his arms, to clasp her neck, as usual, but I drew back, and let them close upon his own little bosom.

"Mamma," he cried, startled by so unusual a fact, "mamma, where are you?"

By the time the last words were uttered, he had opened his eyes, and they were now widening and widening, in a fixed and studious gaze at my face, which drew nearer to him as he looked.

"What's 'at—who's 'at, here, mamma, by me?" But in the same moment he made me out, and with the characteristic gesture of his mother, he dashed the hair back from his face, and reaching up, attached himself to my neck with such a clinging hold—bringing back thereby the recollection of old experiences of this sort—that I was fain to hide a tear or two which fell from my eyes.

"Is Turnel gone?" were his next words, as he sat upright. "I saw him here just now."

"No, my pet; you must have been dreaming."

"I wish it wouldn't be a dream," he said sorrowfully. "Couldn't you bring him, Miss Warren?"

"I haven't been where he is, Phil."

"Well, I wish somebody would bring him. I want him so much."

"I know who could bring him to-morrow, Phil. Shall I tell you?"

"ANNA!" exclaimed Eleanore from the window; and I was obliged to resist Phil's entreaties, and promise him that I would tell the "Turnel," in my next letter how much he wished to see him.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

ON SPIRIT DRAWING.

IT is much to be regretted that Mr Jackson has used "the pen of a ready writer" to prove that he alone takes the right view of spiritual phenomena, and that all those who believe them to be really the work of disembodied spirits are wrong. It is pretty certain that he is in a very small minority, if even he does not stand alone as the representative of his view of the subject. Having read

carefully his very long articles in *Human Nature*, the conclusion I arrived at was that Mr Jackson had never had any personal experience of what he has written so much and so well; that is to say, he has never cultivated the mediumistic power in himself—has never sat down with passive patience and perseverance to ask for some manifestation of spirit influence, with a real and earnest desire to learn the truth of the matter. Of course, I may have come to a wrong conclusion; but I think there is strong evidence to show it is a right one, and that instead of attempting to obtain personal experience, he has framed a hypothesis which he promulgates as a theory of facts, which, however, are in direct opposition to it, according to all those who do obtain *personal experience* of them.

I can easily imagine that Mr Jackson will insist that those who sincerely undertake the personal experience I speak of, voluntarily submit themselves to "the magnetic influence of the circle," and therefore receive the results of this as the influence of spirits external to themselves. But it must be evident that this includes the whole question at issue, and therefore I submit the following account of a portion of my experience to the readers of *Human Nature*, hoping it will carry conviction of the truth of communion with spirits to them, and that they will become, if they are not, true spiritualists, only premising, for Mr Jackson's information, that in this case there has been no "circle," much of what is described having taken place when I have been quite alone, and none of it with more persons present than my wife and myself.

Many years since, being often in the company of Mr Gilbert, who was a symbolical drawing medium, I on one occasion expressed the wish that I also could draw under impression; and at his invitation went to him the next day, prepared with materials to do so with the assistance of his influence. (I should mention here that I am professionally an artist.) As soon as I had placed my pencil on the paper, my hand was moved, and impelled to make a large oval, inclining to the left; and the motion was continued so long that a large oval tint was produced, then two circular tints were made side by side within the oval, and another lower down. It soon became evident that I was about to draw a head, and it proved to be a head of our Lord. When it was finished, which it was in about six hours, I was impressed to write beneath it, "He bore our griefs and carried our sorrows."

After this I made two or three other drawings, but when I drew at home and alone, I became by degrees so uncertain as to whether what I did was, or was not, voluntary, that not liking to risk self-deception, I relinquished it altogether, to my now great regret.

In August, 1867, I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Miss Houghton, and on showing her the head above mentioned, she remarked that having done *that* I ought to have continued to draw; and as she was aware of possessing considerable developing power, desired me to sit down, and placing paper and pencil before me, she mesmerised me for some time; but my pencil made a very slight line and very slowly. She recommended me and my wife to sit every evening, being

sure that we should obtain what we were seeking for, namely, that I should renew the involuntary use of the pencil.

September 27, 1867.—Began to sit, and sat for half an hour without success, as no movement of my hand took place.

October 3.—During the last six days very little movement was perceptible, and on this day very little more than what must be called a scribble of curves and loops.

4th.—Two imperfect spiral lines were made.

5th.—Some indefinite curves.

6th.—A much larger curvilinear figure.

7th.—A very tolerably regular helix in a circle, the end of the line being carried into the commencement of it; and an irregular curved figure in one line, much larger and longer than any yet made.

8th.—I became unwell, and only two curved lines were made.

9th.—There was no movement, nor on the

10th.—And on my expressing some disappointment, my wife said, "I wish *I* could draw." I immediately gave her the pencil, saying, "Try." At once it began to move, and moved rather slowly all over the paper. As there was very little light, we could not see what was done until the hand stopped; but on examining it, found to our great surprise and pleasure, that it was writing purporting to be from my mother, from whom, and many other spirit friends, we have continued to receive most interesting communications. My pencil, however, ceased to be moved until the

28th.—When I began to make rather elaborate spiral lines.

29th.—This evening a comparatively large one was made; and I may here mention that the line, however long, is unbroken, and that this has *twenty-nine* convolutions. I notice this as curiously coinciding with the day of the month on which it was done, and with another 29th of October to be mentioned presently. Having placed the point of the pencil on the paper, it is very interesting to watch patiently for the impulse to be given to it. It is an absolute mechanical force, which I found on trial to be equal to from one to two ounces, suspended over a pulley at the edge of the table, united by a thread to the pencil near the point, the pencil being held upright and very lightly on the paper. Any one experiencing this singular involuntary action, must feel the utter absurdity of the *soi disant* philosophical explanation of the phenomenon—namely, that it arises from "a reflex action of the motor nerves," producing an "unconscious consciousness," which phrase may be paralleled by that of a "pleasure pain," a "blind sight," or any other contradiction in terms. During the evening, at a sitting at which my mother was communicating with us through the writing by my wife, I inquired who it was who moved my hand to make the spiral above mentioned, and the answer was—

"It was Vandyck."

"Did he once write a letter in which I was mentioned?"

"Yes."

"What will he make me able to draw or paint?"

"Heads like angels—you must try to be patient, and not be too anxious."

It is not a little remarkable, that the letter above alluded to, was written through F—— C——, to his sister C—— C——, on the evening of October 29, 1853,—*exactly* fourteen years from the announcement this evening of the name of Vandyck.

I continued to draw curved lines and figures of great variety, and sometimes straight lines, but the latter were made only when my hand was moved by my mother (as she told us) who often mentioned my drawing, and saying, "Vandyck is teaching you slowly but surely."

December 16.—My mother wrote, "Vandyck has something to say to you."

"I shall be most happy to know what"—and then the following was written in a very different hand-writing to what was usual.

"My dear sir,—Do you not be disappointed; I began as you do—I began to make lines very early, and for a long time, I did nothing but curves of all sorts—but the manner of teaching now is not what it was more than two hundred and sixty years ago. In a month you must do a head; if I am not able to come, embody your own ideas to the best of your power—draw curves to the end of the week, but give a little time to thought instead of being impatient over it—Good night, sir."

December 23.—I drew curves to this time, but absence from home prevented me doing anything until

January 9, 1868.—When placing my pencil on paper to make, as I expected, a curve, it made a female profile, but getting no reply to my inquiry as to the presence of Vandyck, I did nothing more.

10th.—(On sitting down to draw this morning, I wrote beneath the profile,)

"Will you be so kind as to say if you guided my hand to make this outline yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Am I to proceed with this head?"

"Yes."

On this occasion, and on a very few others, the writing is by me, but as I am not easily impressed to write, or, only for a short time; it is almost always by my wife.

11th.—"Please to say, sir, if the eye is too large, and if it should be lower?"

"Yes, yes."

After I had been drawing for some time,

"Will you be so kind as to say which feature requires my attention most?"

"Mouth."

(It was too full-lipped and large.)

In the evening I inquired of my mother, if she had seen Vandyck, and if he had said anything about the drawing.

"I have seen Vandyck, and he thinks it very good, but says, 'wants force ma'am, wants force.'"

(This was a very just criticism, for I had been nervously tender in the use of a black lead pencil on white paper.)

"Do you see the drawing?"

"Quite well—I should say it was very sweet-looking, but he knows best."

"Do you know who guided me in drawing the head of our Lord, when with Mr Gilbert?"

"Salvator Rosa helped you to do that head, so solemn and so painful!"

January 13.—I ask if I shall do any more to the profile?

"No."

I then began another drawing.

14th.—I ask (writing myself) "Will you be pleased to give me any directions?"

"You must make haste," and after this my writing became confused. On asking about this in the evening, I am told, "It is want of power arising from great eagerness, which defeats the aim so to speak."

15th.—I ask, "Are you here, dear sir?"

"Tut, tut, man! do without me sometimes! Vandyck."

"I will do as you wish, but be so good as to say if you have any direction to give me."

"Not to-day."

16th.—After the answer to the usual question as to the presence, which is always, "Vandyck," there was written,

"You must accustom yourself to work upright (I had my drawing at only a small angle with the table); the will within you, will make all things easy."

"Thank you, sir; on what part shall I work?"

"You must work and not talk."

17th.—Are you here, sir?"

"Vandyck. I am here. The features require to be softened. A very coarse looking angel, sir! (It was by no means angelic.) I will give further direction to your husband at a future sitting. Good morning, ma'am."

18th.—"Vandyck. Cease to work upon it for a time; you are embodying your ideas according to the flesh, not acccording to the spirit—put it aside, sir, and try another profile, or very nearly so; you are too eager, and do too much at once."

"In drawing a profile, may I ask you to favour me by guiding my hand, as you did in making the curves?"

(My hand was guided as requested, but as I held the pencil very lightly on the paper, and nearly at arm's length, the line was tremulous, and I was obliged to go over it again; there was added)—

"I cannot always be with you, but will help you; as your spirituality increases, so will your ideas of beauty be developed."

"Is the forehead too high, sir?"

"No, sir, you have done well. I have given direction about not doing too much at once; leave off soon."

20th.—"Vandyck. Work an hour and a half, and I will correct the next time I come; there is more force in this outline than in the first."

21st.—Go on, sir, with this as well as you have begun; the next may be prepared for colour, very possibly. You want to be perfect at once;

I beg you not to work until you get worried over it; an hour and a half is enough. I have nothing more to say. Good morning, sir."

22d.—"Be so kind, sir, as to say how I can make the mouth better."

"Let the mouth be quiet just now; you have made veneration deficient, the shadow is too large under the chin, and there is not enough form in the throat; the eye and nose are very good."

"Should the ear be lower and farther back?"

"Not lower certainly; it may perhaps be a little farther back."

"Is the line of the head right now, sir? if not, will you be so good as to guide my hand in correction?"

(This was done, and there was written)—

"It is better, sir. I go. Good morning, ma'am and sir."

23d.—"You must look to the mouth to-day, sir; the shadow in the upper lip is too deep; it gives the appearance of a swollen lip, and the head appears to poke too forward. I must leave you now. I should advise another full face before you attempt colour."

24th.—"Will you be so kind as to tell me if the forehead is too retreating or not?"

"No, I think not, sir; you will not better the forehead. The upper lip wants the least possible touch to give it more form; and in shading the hair give it a little less curve at the throat, which is fine in form, but rather too much alike all the way down from the head. Make the hair more flowing; it is too straight. Good bye, ma'am and sir."

25th.—(I again inquire about colour.)

"You have improved the appearance of the line of the throat and neck. You must take care of the shading of the hair; give it strength, or it will not do justice to the expression of the face, which is so very good. Do not be so eager to go to colour, sir. What did I advise? do another full face first. I conclude you acknowledge you have improved under my direction. Good morning, sir."

"I not only acknowledge that I have *improved* under your direction, sir, but do not think I could have drawn this head at all if you had not so kindly given me your aid."

"Very well, sir; I am very glad I have been of use to you."

"You are very kind, dear sir; and I am very grateful."

"Thank you, sir; now go on. I go."

It was quite out of my practice to draw or paint what are called *ideal heads*, except in the heads mentioned in this paper, and I had never attempted it; my department of the profession demanding a close imitation of nature.

27th.—"Are you here, sir?"

"Vandyck. You are going on very well, sir."

28th.—"Vandyck."

"I wish to ask if I may use white on the background?"

"Sir, I shall not object to that, but on no account touch it until you are quite well. Mind specially what I tell you; try not to let what I say worry you. I have attended very much to you lately, and it has been because you have taken pains; but I must see others for a time. Good-morning, ma'am and sir, for a time."

February 4th.—"Are you here, sir?"

"Vandyck."

"May I work on the drawing to-day, sir?"

"No."

"Can you say when I may?"

"No."

"Then how shall I know when I may finish it?"

"Mother."

"Are you here, dear mother?"

"Yes."

"Is Vandyck gone?"

"Yes."

"Did he really mean that I am not to work on the drawing yet?"

"Yes, I know he thinks you ought not to work on it until Monday."

7th.—While communicating with my mother, I asked, "Do you think I may go to work on the drawing on Monday?"

"Yes, if you are in proper condition to receive your great master."

10th.—Getting no response from Vandyck, I did not work on the drawing; but in the evening I inquired of my mother as to his not coming.

"I supposed he would—sit to ask him to come to-morrow. I suppose he did not think you in condition."

11th.—"Are you here, sir?"

"Vandyck."

"I am not impatient, but beg to know if I shall yet work upon the drawing?"

"I should like you to do a little, if you think you are well enough to keep your mind upon it; I have no direction to give you now. Good-morning. Mind, not for long you must draw." The peculiarity of expression is often very remarkable.

12th.—"Are you here, sir?"

"Yes." (This is, I think, the only instance of the simple affirmative being given to this oft-repeated question.)

"Will you be so kind as to say if I shall put any white on the face or dress; I mean, touch the high lights?"

"Not on the face, sir, it is very lovely The only remark I have to make is, that the head, I should say, is a little too long—from the nose to the farthest part of the head; possibly the shading of the hair may alter that; there is an unnatural shape about it."

Feeling the justness of the remark, I drew two lines, making one of them *a*, and then asked,

"Do you mean, sir, that the line of the head should be more like the line *a*."

"Yes, like the line *a*; good-morning ma'am and sir—very good, sir, very good sir, goodbye."

13th. Are you here, dear sir? (On this occasion there was only written "V——k.)"

"Will you say if I shall put a few touches on the dress, and give me any other direction to finish the drawing?"

"Some white on the dress; the background near the throat not too dark; a little more form in the dress; some indication of the female

bust; it is too straight. You are very earnest in your drawing, which will, as your time on earth may be allotted, have more influence than you may suppose in turning the hearts of disbelievers to the knowledge of good things. Good morning, ma'am and sir."

14th.—"Are you here, sir?"

"Vandyck."

"Shall I do any more to the drawing, sir? and if I am to begin a full face, will you be so kind as to direct my hand?"

"No more to this sweet face: I shall call it Saint Cecilia. I will try to guide your hand. Do not make the eyes looking down. You have been very right in Saint Cecilia's eye. Go on, sir. Good morning."

"Thank you, sir. Shall the face be quite full, and looking at the spectator?"

"I am here to help you. Yes."

"Shall the figure be quite full in front, or the left shoulder be brought forward?"

"Shoulder forward."

"Did you move the crayon at my request, at the bottom of the chin?"

"Yes, I will help you to-day, but you must not keep me to-morrow."

15th.—"Be pleased, sir, to give me some directions for to-day."

"Keep the mouth with the expression it now has, but that of the face generally more cheerful. The last head has dignity, and sweetness also."

"Be so kind, sir, as to tell me if the face and outline of the head are *in drawing*, and if there should be more hair?"

"There might be a little more hair. I think the outline of the head rather large; not very spiritual, but it is a great improvement on the last full face. Go on, sir, steadily; but not more than ninety minutes."

"Will you be so good as to tell me how to make it more spiritual?"

"Make the lower part of the face from the ear smaller. Think of your last and a full face. Good morning."

18th.—"Will you be so good as to direct me in drawing the general lines of the hair?"

"Yes, sir. Do not be downcast, sir; the head is much better than the last full face, but wants force; the upper part of the face must be wider; don't be too much in a hurry to get it done. Have you ought else to ask?"

"Must the eyes be wider apart?"

"The eyes might be a degree wider apart. You have excelled your master in the eye of Saint Cecilia."

"It is very kindly encouraging of you to say so, sir. Is the general outline of the hair as you wish it, especially on the right side?"

"I wish the hair to be a little more wavy; not so straight as Saint Cecilia's. Now, good morning, ma'am and sir."

20th.—"Will you be so good as to say if there is width enough across the shoulders, and if I may relieve this head with white?"

"A little more width across the shoulders. Yes, relieve the head with white; the right side of the face is a little too full. Do a very little this morning, sir; you will come better to it to-morrow."

"Do you mean the right of the *figure*, sir?"

"No, as you look at it."

"Is the head set on the neck properly, sir?"

"The head is right, sir. I must go. Good morning."

21st.—"If you are here, sir, will you give me any directions?"

"Vandyck. I do not see that you require my help to-day, sir. Keep the expression sweet, sir; but a little more force; it is pensive—keep it so. This is to be the head of a prayerful spirit not having attained full development; the other is of a spirit made perfect. The mouth is of a good form—keep it so; work on. Good morning, sir."

22nd.—"Shall I suppose the hair to be golden-coloured, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then will it be dark enough as it is?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me any further directions?"

"No."

"Grateful thanks for all your kindness, sir."

"You are good, sir. Good morning."

24th.—"Will you give me any directions for to-day, sir?"

"The left shoulder should be a *trifle larger*; the head is too large for the body; go on shading, sir; the hair on the right side is very flowing; still more force is required in the features."

"Am I always to consider that right or left is as I look at the drawing?"

"Yes."

"Allow me to ask if you have any objection to my making an experiment in oil colour in the course of the day, sir?"

"I see you are very desirous to go to colour. I have no objection to it, but strongly object to your working on both in one day. Go on well to-day with your present work; not too long; and go on every other day until the head is finished. Mind, sir! Now, goodbye, ma'am and sir."

25th.—"Vandyck. The figure is much better, sir. I should wish you to use your own judgment with regard to the head you are about to begin in oil colours; but drawing, sir—drawing well—is the thing. Goodbye, sir."

27th.—"Will you be so good as to say what colour I shall suppose the vestment to be?"

"I should propose the vestment to be light blue, with a gold band. Possibly I may change my observations: they must depend on the beauty and goodness you express in the face. I shall give you no hints this morning, sir; you do not obey my injunctions as to time. So, good morning, sir."

(I had worked yesterday three hours instead of one and a half.)

28th.—"Please to say if I shall paint from this head when it is finished?"

"Go on, sir, with this head. You have improved the drawing of the hair; the expression is good; give it a little more force, but not too much, or you will destroy the youthful character, which there is much more of in this than in the other head. I should prefer a slight change

in the pose of the head you desire to paint—the eyes looking up, with somewhat of a devotional expression."

"Thank you, sir. Is not the under lip a little too wide in this?"

"Yes, sir; alter the lip a little."

"I have some fear that the alteration you propose in the pose of the head will add largely to my difficulties in painting."

"Try, sir, try; but after your great desire, perhaps you had better use your own judgment. I will be here to help you sometimes."

"Please to say why you so positively object to my working more than ninety minutes at a time?"

"You get excited about your work, and do harm; sit down a few minutes earlier to get composed. I love the glorious melody of these harmonious spheres, where I shall, I hope, welcome you and the wife, who has been your guide, by me. Good morning, sir."

29th.—"Vandyck. I see, sir, you have altered the head a little. The only thing I should have remarked more than I did, was, that the face looked bulky—it is better now; but I thought little of that compared with the sweetness of expression, which to pourtray you must feel the influence of on your own mind. Your desire is in part fulfilled. You began under my directions as a child: I have helped you, in addition to your own desire. It is thus with all things before you can find joy in our spirit land!"

"I do not feel that I have got the transparent liquidity of the eyes which they should have."

"The eyes should be a little darker, sir. Go on, sir; what you require will come. Use your own judgment; I will correct if needful. Good morning, sir."

March 4th.—"Vandyck. Go on, sir, until you can tell me you consider it finished; then I will come and criticise."

5th.—"Vandyck. I thought you were so desirous to go to colour each other day. Make up your mind and do it. Good morning, sir."

March 21.—"Vandyck."

"Shall I do any more to the drawing except relieve the head with white?"

"No; go on, and think of me."

The foregoing is a literal transcript of the memoranda preserved of these communications, which, it is presumed, will not be without interest to the readers of *Human Nature*, as they tend to show those who have not tried what they may expect to do if they try under proper conditions, with earnest desire and steady perseverance.

L. N.

ELONGATION OF MR HOME, WITH MEASUREMENTS.

To the Editor.

THE character of the manifestations I have now to record differs from that described in former letters; and though what I have to say may not possess the elements of the terrible, such as the carrying of Mr

Home through space from one window to the other at Ashley House, nevertheless what I have to relate here is quite as full of interest as the more marked phenomena, and I shall, with your permission, detail the circumstances of the occurrence at some length.

Our circle, consisting in all of seven, met as usual at tea. During the whole of the time we were seated at the tea-table, raps were heard close to the mantelpiece, and the chair behind the friend who was seated next to me trembled and moved. On re-seating ourselves in the drawing-room, a cold current of air was felt to pass over our hands; the floor vibrated, and the table tilted, moved, and finally was raised into the air, remaining suspended in space for nearly a minute, as if balanced, if I may use the comparison, upon a cushion of steam. The semigrand then moved spontaneously from the wall into the room, and raps and a tremulous vibration-movement of the instrument were noticed. Mr Home had by this time taken the accordion, holding the lower end, the keyboard hanging downwards. Gradually the instrument placed itself horizontally, and a very fine piece of music was played. The accordion was then carried underneath the table to Mrs J——, and played, whilst held by her, a few chords. My opposite neighbour, Miss P——, said she was being touched and her dress pulled; then her right hand became stiff and rigid, as the hands of Mr Home usually are when in his trance state. The gentleman to the lady's left, Mr P——, was now touched by a hand on his knee; then Mrs J—— was gently patted on her knee, and her dress pulled and rubbed so strongly that all present could hear the rustling of her dress.

Mr Home now passed into the trance state, and, rising from his seat, his eyes closed, his arms rigid and drawn across his chest, he walked to and fro; opening the door, he beckoned for the unseen friends to enter; then stepping up to Mrs J——, said, "Amelia is here; she says that since she departed and her sufferings ended, it appears only a day, though in true love it is an eternity." Mr Home now took a violet and a few leaves, and, kneeling down at the hearth, stirred the fire with his hand. He then showed us the flower, and, seizing it with the fire-tongs, placed it in the fire. I distinctly saw the leaves burn away, and, on withdrawing the fire-tongs, only the stem was left. Twice he repeated this burning of the flower, then, handing the fire-tongs to Miss ——, he stepped on one side, and we saw the flower being replaced between the nippers of the fire-tongs. I asked whether they had reformed the flower, to which he replied, "No; that the flower had never been burnt, only shielded, protected from the fire; that the freshness of the flower had, however, been destroyed." He then handed me the violet and leaves, which Miss P—— took, and I believe has preserved. Mr Home then showed his hands, which felt harsher, harder than in their normal state.

Mr Home now stepped into the middle of the room, and we noticed the elongation from the hip, such as I have described in my former letters. Mr P——, to make certain that the lengthening was not caused by the levitation of the body, knelt down at his feet, and, placing his hand on Mr Home's hip-joint, satisfied himself that the elongation proceeded from the centre of the body. Mr Home asked

us to measure the length of his outstretched arms; this was done by placing our arms parallel to his. The extreme extension or elongation of each arm was equal to the length of an outstretched hand; the total space from finger-point of left hand to finger-point of the right hand, upwards of seven feet six inches. The right leg of Mr Home was then elongated about six inches, then shortened, the foot literally shrinking into the trouser. I carefully examined the leg from the ankle joint to the hip. The limb felt shrunk and withered, and, gradually elongating, it felt as if it were being expanded by air being inflated. Whilst the leg was so shortened, he walked about the room, proving, that though lessened in size, the function of the limb was unimpaired. The final and most satisfactory test was, however, the lengthening and shortening of the hand. Of this extraordinary phenomenon I have given a sketch or tracing made at the time, and, as the weight of the testimony depends much upon the accuracy of the tracing taken, I will describe my method in making the outline. I caused Mr Home to place his hand firmly on a sheet of paper, and then carefully traced an outline of the hand. At the wrist joint I placed a pencil against the "trapezium," a small bone at the end of phalange of the thumb. The hand gradually widened and elongated about an inch, then contracted and shortened about an inch. At each stage I made a tracing of the hand, causing the pencil point to be firmly kept at the wrist. The fact of the elongating and contracting of the hand I unmistakably established, and, be the cause what it may, the fact remains; and in giving the result of my measurements, and the method adopted to satisfy myself that I had not been self-deceived, I am, I believe, rendering the first positive measurement of the extension and contraction of a human organism. Mr Home now resumed his seat, and awoke from his trance, exhausted and feverish. These phenomena took place in a well-lighted room.

The phenomenon of elongation I am aware has been questioned, and I do not quarrel with those who maintain their doubt, despite all that may be affirmed. In my own experience I have gone through the same phases of doubt, and utter disbelief of what I was seeing. The first time I witnessed an elongation, although I measured the extension at the waist, I would not, could not, credit my senses; but having witnessed this fact some ten or twelve times, and that in the presence of fifty witnesses, from first to last, who have been present at the seances where those elongations occurred, all doubts have been removed; and that the capacity to extend is not confined to Mr Home, was shown some months ago at Mr Hall's, where, at a seance held at his house, both Mr Home and Miss Bertolacci became elongated. The stretching out and contracting of the limbs, hands, fingers, above described, I have only witnessed on this one occasion, and I was much pleased to have a steady Oxonian to aid me in making the measurements above detailed.

You will ask, whence arises my urgency to re-impress the reader with the *modus operandi*, and weary him with reiterations of proof upon proof. I am prompted by a double motive—first, I wish to perpetuate the record of what is occurring, hence I publish; and secondly, I am seriously putting it to the scientific world, ought they to keep aloof,

and not investigate with facts crowding in, facts attested by witnesses whose evidence can hardly be rejected without exposing the recusant to the just reproof of wilful blindness. Whatsoever the cause of these phenomena is, I will not trespass upon your space in giving my theories; but that they do take place is true, absolutely true, as a physical fact; and I repeat that such being the case, the time has come for an earnest, scientific inquiry into the causes that produce them.

H. D. JENCKEN.

Norwood, Feb., 1869.

P.S.—Since writing the above, the spirit form of Mrs Home has appeared to some eight friends at Ashley House, distinctly visible, and sufficiently dense to obscure light. At some future time an account of this manifestation will be published.

NOTE IN FURTHER EXPLANATION OF THE PHENOMENA DESCRIBED IN FEBRUARY LETTER.

The Levitation of Mr Home—It appears he was only raised three feet clear off the ground, not four feet, and that he placed the arm chair, described as being held out at arm's length, next to Lord ————, but it was not carried round.

Voices heard.—These were only understood by one witness; the others did not perfectly understand the words.

At the time Mr Home went out of the drawing-room window, and appeared at the other window, the folding doors of the former were closed. The second time he was shunted out into space all but horizontally, whilst the first time he appeared at the window of the adjoining room, and opened it, and was half shunted and half stepped into the room. The second time he was shunted into the room feet foremost, all but horizontally.

The dove mentioned in my last letter was only seen by one witness; but the other witnesses heard the flap and fluttering of the wings.

I omitted to mention that Mr Home said "the phenomena now witnessed were similar to those mentioned in the Pentacost, and explained that they had been produced with that object." Finally, I have omitted to state that tongues of fire formed in an irregular circle round Mr Home's head, flickering in fits and starts, from one to three inches long.

I have at once rectified any error in my former letter. The phenomena are so extraordinary, that it is quite necessary to give as accurately as possible the narrative of what happened, and rather to err on the side of caution.

H. D. J.

Feb., 1869.

MR AND MRS EVERITT'S CIRCLE.

THE primary qualification for a spiritual medium, or, indeed, for any one who has to fill a responsible position, is candour, honesty, *reliability*. Without these essential qualities, the power of mediumship, or, indeed, any other talent or gift, becomes a snare and a delusion—a negative quality worse than useless, instead of a light to the inquirer, or an advantage to any one.

It is now nearly fourteen years since Mr and Mrs Everitt, of 26 Penton Street, Islington, first entered upon the great mission of spiritual mediumship, and opened their hospitable home to gratify the desires of inquirers for spiritual knowledge. During that time they have given hundreds, nay, thousands, of seances both in their own house and in the houses of others; for they have often been asked to visit inquirers even at a great distance from London. At one time they held seances six nights in the week, and devoted almost half their waking hours to the exhibition of those indisputable facts called "spiritual phenomena." Their circles have been composed of select companies of from six to twelve persons at each sitting. Promiscuous and overcrowded gatherings have thus been avoided, and the medium has been enabled to do an amount of useful work which, under more lax regulations, must have entirely prostrated her health and strength. During these many years, a vast number of sharp investigators have witnessed what has transpired at these seances; some have attended only a few times, others many times, extending over a series of years. Nearly every stage of the phenomena has been produced at Mr and Mrs Everitt's circle. The physical manifestations were in the ascendant at the commencement of Mrs Everitt's mediumship, but latterly more remarkable, even if less demonstrative, manifestations have occurred. We shall not enumerate these manifestations of psychological power on this occasion, as they will be expressed when we come to relate what we ourselves and others have witnessed. But before saying another word on that head, let us give special emphasis to the crowning fact, the fact of facts, namely, that no instances of imposture, extenuation of the phenomena, or unwarranted proceedings of any kind, have ever been proved against Mr and Mrs Everitt. We do not affirm that the crudely-constituted and ignorant mind has not oftentimes thought, whispered, or openly asserted that not only Mrs Everitt's mediumship, but everything else connected with Spiritualism, was a tissue of imposition and delusion; but what of that? the fact remains undisputed that Mrs Everitt is a genuine, honest, and reliable medium, which we can warrant from our own experience and the testimony of others, and accordingly we shall from time to time have much pleasure in laying before our readers narratives of what has occurred at her seances. The first seance we had the pleasure of attending was composed of about eleven ladies and gentlemen, including Mr Childs and his brother, who is also a medium for the "spirit voice." On this occasion the rapping and movements of the table were exceedingly distinct and intelligent. A chapter of St John's gospel was read, during which the table tilted, moved about, and was at times sensibly elevated from the floor, as if following the sentiments expressed by the reader. Raps of various tones occurred on different parts of the table, and on the walls of the room. This phenomenon was very plentiful during the whole evening. The dark circle being formed, a powerful musical box was placed on the table, when it vibrated and tilted in a gentle manner, in time to the

excellent music produced by the box. This movement of the table evinced a thorough appreciation of the music, as the tiltings and vibrations were in exquisite harmony with the spirit and intensity of the instrument. At the end of each tune the table gave a positive jump on the floor, in time with the last note. But most curious of all, the box ceased playing before it was run down, a fact which has been experienced before at these circles.

Mr Childs then had a long communication with the spirit Amos, who speaks without using mortal organism, through the mediumship of Mr Childs' brother. The voice was rather low and indistinct at first, but as it advanced it became loud and articulate. It dictated a poem addressed to a lady, which Mr Childs took down in the dark.

Mrs Everitt was afterwards entranced, when the voice of John Watt was heard speaking in his accustomed tones. The utterances of this spirit are exceeding distinct and powerful, and his sentiments are solid and free from that levity and nonsense which characterise some of these talking spirits. A free conversation ensued between the spirit and the writer of this article, who has the most perfect assurance that the sounds were not produced by Mrs Everitt, who was in a deep trance, nor any mortal organism present. The spirit having retired, a light was struck, which revealed the position which the medium occupied, with her head hanging on one side and her right arm extended at full length over the corner of the piano, holding the tube. At one stage of the seance there was a medley of three spirit voices speaking at one time.

When Mrs Everitt was being put into the trance, a lady present saw a spirit form standing behind the medium, with the hands placed over her head. This lady, and other seers as well, saw beautiful flowers on the walls of various parts of the room during the dark seance. Conversation respecting these flowers was held with the spirit voices.

At a subsequent seance some remarkable phenomena occurred, which we hope to have the pleasure of reporting next month.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

SPIRITUALISM AND SCIENCE.

Mr Atkinson begins his letter (H. N., 1868, p. 604) by complaining that writers in *Human Nature* still raise the old cry, "If it is not spirits, what can it be?" and then almost immediately proceeds to mention me, and me alone, by name. I am sorry he has done this, because it looks as if he intended especially to include me among the writers of whom he complains as raising the old cry. Yet in my letter (*ibid.* p. 553) I expressly stated that I was neither a spiritualist nor yet a

materialist,* and that, therefore, I regarded myself as a perfectly impartial observer, and, as such, better able to weigh the merits of the spiritual and the "emanation" theories than Mr Atkinson, who, in spite of what he says, is evidently committed to the latter theory, or at any rate to some materialistic explanation of the so-called spiritual phenomena. It is abundantly manifest that it is with him, as it was with Sir David Brewster, who declared that spirits were the "last thing he would give in to."

Mr Atkinson does, indeed, declare that I am wrong in attributing a theory to him, and that he has no theory; but no one who reads and impartially weighs his letter (*ibid*, pp. 491-493)—to which my letter was in answer—can, I think, doubt that in that letter he advances or maintains the theory that the so-called spiritual phenomena have their origin in the persons, through whose, it may be unconscious, agency the phenomena are produced. First of all (p. 491), he suggests that the "own internal power" of the friend of Lord Lyttelton may have called up before that friend the vision of the dying Lord Lyttelton. Secondly (p. 492), in speaking of the case of the "Double" given in the *Spiritual Magazine*, he says: "For all that is supposed to come by an extraneous agency, may very well be accomplished by our own 'Doubles,'" where, as is clearly shown by what follows, he uses the word "double" to express that unconsciously exerted inner-power which Perty calls one's "magic self." Thirdly (p. 493), when speaking of the Muchelney manifestations, he says: "But the disturbances are not attributed to spirits, and I think it is most probable that the unconscious agent in the matter is Mrs Hawkes, as the table moved on her passing it, or probably both her *(sic)* and her daughter may be instrumental in the production of these startling phenomena." Now, how can these extracts be understood, if they do not contain the theory (or hypothesis)—which I maintain they do contain—that the so-called spiritual phenomena are due to the (in the majority of cases, perhaps, unconscious) agency of certain persons? And this theory (or hypothesis), moreover, Mr Atkinson continues to uphold in the very letter (pp. 604-607), in which he says he has neither theory nor hypothesis. For, after quoting a sentence from my letter, to the effect that I cannot conceive how "mere emanations," &c., "can produce the phenomena," he asks me if I can conceive how the "wonderful phenomenon" of my writing that sentence was accomplished, and endeavours to show that in principle there is no difference between the human hand holding a pen and writing a sentence, or moving a table, and a table moving at a distance without any visible agency. "In principle there is no difference," he says,—"it is a mere question of distance, of degree, and in the ordinary action of moving a table and in the extraordinary one, the effect is equally produced by an emanation conveying the power

* I am not yet even satisfied of the genuineness of the phenomena, of which I have hitherto seen much less than I should wish. At the same time, I do not disbelieve them. I stand, therefore, upon much more neutral ground than Mr Atkinson, who *(ibid.*, p. 360) says: "But I believe the facts reported are, for the most part, quite true and genuine effects of causes unexplained."

through a distance." Agreed,* but it is just the *enormous* disparity in distance and in degree between the ordinary and the extraordinary cases, which causes the one to be looked upon as natural, the other as super-, or rather, preter-natural.

In the ordinary case, we know that a stimulus (concerning the origin of which we have no precise knowledge) proceeds from the brain and is conveyed through the spinal cord, and along certain nerves to certain muscles; that these in consequence contract, and that the resulting force (however evoked) is conveyed to the pen or to the table which moves in consequence. Mr Atkinson tries to show that the hand does not touch the object, and therefore does not *directly* move it, and so that there is only a *difference of distance* between this case and the extraordinary one in which a table or pen is moved when the medium is at a distance from them. But, in the first place, he has not *proved*, and *cannot prove*, that the hand does not touch the table or the pen—he has only *asserted* that it does not;† and, in the second place, even if the hand does not touch the pen or the table, it is separated from them by such an infinitely thin film of air that the force which passes from the hand must necessarily pass on into them, for the very simple reason that it can go nowhere else.

But, what do we know of the extraordinary case? We know only that the pen or the table is moved, and that some force moves it; but

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* I say, "agreed," as to *principle*, because, according to the spiritual theory also, the primary cause or agent is, in both cases, the same. If I move a pen or a table, it is (according to the spiritual theory) my spirit, which, through the agency of my brain, spinal cord, nerves and muscles, causes the pen or the table to move; and, again, if a pen or a table moves without any visible agency, it is still (according to the spiritual theory) a spirit which causes the motion, though the means by which it does so are not apparent.

† I am aware, of course, that even the ultimate molecules of matter (if there are such things) are supposed to be separated by air or some impalpable ether, and so not to touch one another, but, surely, even if this be so (of which there is no proof), this air or this ether is itself only matter, so that even then matter would absolutely touch matter. But that two objects may be as close one to another as the ultimate atoms of the same substance are, is well shown by what not unfrequently occurs in plate-glass manufactories, where, if two highly-polished plates of glass are carelessly placed one upon the other, it is frequently impossible to force them asunder without leaving large flakes of the one upon the surface of the other into which they have been, as it were, incorporated. If our hands were uniformly and evenly in contact with any object we laid hold of, we should, on the same principle, or the principle of the sucker (that is, in consequence of the absolute exclusion of air), with difficulty be able to pull them away again; but the skin of our hands is fortunately constructed on the ridge and furrow plan, so that, while the one half of the surface of the skin, which is occupied by the innumerable, prominent papillæ composing the ridges, is (no doubt) actually in contact with the object laid hold of or (in common parlance) touched, the other half of the surface of the skin, which is occupied by the equally numerous depressions and furrows that intervene between and separate the individual papillæ and the ridges, is kept from actual contact by the air which remains in the depressions and furrows, and thus the sucker-principle is effectually prevented from coming into operation. Mr Atkinson is, therefore, I believe, wrong in saying the hand does not touch the object, for, if what I say is correct, about half of the under surface of the hand as nearly as possible, or actually, touches the object, whilst about half does not touch the object, and is separated from it by the air (contained in the depressions and furrows), which allows of the ready removal of the hand.

we neither know whence that force comes, nor, even if we suppose it to proceed from the medium, have we the remotest notion how it can be guided to the pen or to the table. Mr Atkinson supposes the force in such cases to proceed from the medium (though he now seems to wish to retract this theory, which he most certainly once maintained), and I naturally asked him to explain how the force was conveyed from the medium to the object moved. If a table is, say, five feet from a medium, and the medium consciously or unconsciously exerts a certain amount of force, why should that force be conveyed to the table, and if it is so conveyed, how is it conveyed? In the case of a person's hand grasping a table, we can understand that the force applied can go nowhere else; but why should force emanating from a medium into surrounding space* be conveyed in its entirety to any one particular object in the neighbourhood? According to the laws of nature, as we at present understand them, this force, acting on the surrounding air, which is elastic, would be equably and equally (or very nearly so) diffused in all directions, and but a very small, almost inappreciable, part of it, would reach a table five feet off. This is why the so-called spiritual phenomena would, even if they were as common as the ordinary phenomena of nature, still excite our astonishment. We do not at all know what electricity is, but we do know that, whatever it is, it will run along a metallic wire, and so we are not surprised if a particular current of electricity generated by a battery in London runs along a wire to New York;† but we should be very much astonished if this current ran over to New York without there being any apparent means for its conduction. Yet this is precisely analagous to what Mr Atkinson supposes. London is the medium; the current of electricity is the "emanation;" New York is the table. Let Mr Atkinson show how the current might reach New York without a wire! The table, indeed, was supposed to be only five feet from the medium, and New York is 3000 miles from London—but what of that? The principle is the same in both cases, "it is a mere question of distance—of degree," and the thickness of the film of air by which Mr Atkinson supposes a man's hand to be separated from the table he is grasping, is most certainly a much smaller part of five feet, than five feet is of 3000 miles!‡

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* Mr Atkinson has no right to *assume* that *force* can emanate from a person's brain into space; he ought to *prove* it. According to the ordinary notion, the force which we apply by means of our muscles, is, I will not say "created" with Mr Atkinson, but excited or evoked in the muscles themselves in obedience to a stimulus (that is, a very much smaller quantity of force) communicated to them from the brain or spinal cord. Mr Atkinson seems to maintain that the whole of the force comes from the brain or spinal cord. If so, then the brain or spinal cord might perhaps, possibly, give forth force-emanations into the surrounding air. But, till I have Mr Atkinson's proof—which he promises us—I must adhere to the ordinary doctrine.

† This corresponds to the hand grasping a table, when the force called forth in the muscles of the shoulder, upper-arm, forearm, and fingers, passes through the fingers into the table.

‡ If we reckon a mile as, in round numbers, 5000 feet, then 5 feet is $\frac{1}{3,000,000}$ (one-three-millionth) of the distance to New York; but the thickness of Mr Atkinson's supposed film of air is much more likely to be one-decillionth of the five feet.

But if, as the spiritualists assert, what is called *spirit* is an intelligent and (according to many of them at least) a *material* entity, then we can understand force being applied by such an intelligent entity to a table. Grant the assumption of the spiritualists, and everything is explained; but grant Mr Atkinson's assumption that the force at work emanates from the brain of the medium (and the assumption that force does emanate from the medium's brain sufficient to move heavy tables which the medium himself is quite unable to move with his muscles, is at least as violent an assumption as the assumption of the spiritualists)—and still we do not understand how the force is conveyed to the table.

As for the rest of Mr Atkinson's letter, it only shows that he has but an imperfect acquaintance with the literature of Spiritualism. It is, I believe, generally allowed by spiritualists, that is, by those who have thought upon the subject that the spirit of man is *material*, for else, as Mr Atkinson says, it would not be a conceivable entity at all.* So far, some spiritualists at least (I will not answer for them all) are in one sense materialists; but even they are not, as Mr Atkinson is, or should be, well aware, materialists in the ordinary meaning of the term, or in the sense that Mr Atkinson himself is a materialist. Is it worthy of Mr Atkinson to raise quibbles on no better foundation than the different meanings which may be given to the word materialism? Materialism is now generally used of the doctrine of those who maintain that at death man loses all consciousness—that his individuality absolutely and irrevocably perishes—that he is, in short, completely and unreservedly resolved into his component elements. Those spiritualists, on the contrary, who believe the spirit of man to be material, believe it, notwithstanding, to be undestroyed by death, and to retain its consciousness and sense of individuality. They are, therefore, not materialists, in the ordinary sense of the term; and if Mr Atkinson had but reflected for a moment, he would have discovered this, and not have exclaimed so angrily, "Then why all this useless talk about materialism, as unphilosophical as it is senseless," as if, forsooth, one who believes in a material spirit must necessarily believe that spirit to be destructible by death!

To show that I do not misrepresent the spiritualists, I will now give extracts from one or two authors of repute among them. Thus, in Allan Kardec's "Livre des Esprits," 12th edition, Paris, 1864, p. 35, I find the following:† "Is it correct to say that spirits are immaterial?" (Answer.) "How can a thing be defined when terms of comparison are wanting, and language is insufficient? Can one who is born blind define light? Immaterial is not the proper word; incorporeal would be more accurate; for you must well understand that, as spirit is a creation, it must be something; it is quintessentialized matter (*une*

* There may, notwithstanding, be entities which we, with our very limited faculties, cannot conceive. Does Mr Atkinson think that man is the highest of all the beings which, doubtless, exist in the countless bodies which stud the heavens? Let him read Mr A. R. Wallace's "Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural,"—pp. 5, 6.

† I translate into English, as some of your readers might be unable to understand the original. The questions were put by M. Kardec himself, or at anyrate by some human being; the answers were, M. Kardec says, given by spirits.

matière quintessenciée), to which you, however, have nothing analagous, and it is so ethereal that it cannot be recognized by your senses." Upon this Kardec himself remarks: "We say that spirits are immaterial, because their essence is different from everything we are acquainted with under the name of matter. A nation of blind people would have no terms wherewith to express light and its effects." Kardec agrees very well with Mr Atkinson, who says (p. 606): "The nature of matter, and of the intervening medium,* is of such an inconceivable subtlety as far to exceed even that of the sense or understanding, and all your conceptions of spiritual bodies are gross in comparison."

Kardec's notion—communicated to him, as he believes, by spirits—is (p. 58), that man is composed of three essential parts: first, the body; secondly, the soul, or incarnated spirit,† whose dwelling-place is the body; thirdly, an intermediate principle, or "perispirit" *(périsprit)*, "a semi-material substance which serves as a first covering to the spirit, and unites the soul to the body." With regard to the "perispirit," he says (p. 38): "The spirit is enclosed in a substance which you would call vaporous, but which to us is very gross; it is, however, sufficiently vaporous to be able to raise itself in the air, and transport itself whithersoever it likes." This perispirit, we are further told, is derived from the "universal fluid" (probably Mr Atkinson's "intervening medium") of each globe, and is more or less subtle, according to the nature of the globe; and, accordingly, when spirits pass from one world to another, they make themselves a new perispirit, so as to accommodate themselves to the globe in which they happen to be.

In Mrs de Morgan's "Matter to Spirit," I find the same trinity in unity, though the terminology is rather different. She speaks of a spirit, a soul or spirit-body (the perispirit of Kardec), and the body. I do not find that Mrs de Morgan anywhere states whether she believes the spirit to be immaterial or material, but the soul or spirit-body she evidently holds to be of a less rare or subtle nature.

So again, in the "Invisibles" (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1867—author's name not given), I find (p. 164) that "man is a triple organization," and that there is an "external body," a "spiritual body, composed of still finer substances," and, inside this spiritual body, the "inmost spirit," the "finest," the "superessential portion of man's nature." Here again, as in Mrs de Morgan's case, the spiritual body is evidently regarded as material, but the "inmost spirit" is apparently conceived to be immaterial, though there is nothing to show that their belief does not agree pretty closely with that of Kardec.

Mr Andrew Jackson Davis speaks more definitely, for (see *Spiritual Magazine* for February, 1869, p. 94) he says: "Mind has been called immaterial,' but it is as much material as anything else. All things

* A mere hypothesis.

† Kardec calls the spirit, *spirit*, when it is freed from the body; but *soul*, when it is embodied, or incarnated.

are really the same thing:* Matter and soul, though said to be so different, actually consist of the same principle, though in different degrees of development. Soul is a more attenuated form of matter. This accounts for the imperceptibility of soul by the physical eye."

Mr A. R. Wallace, also (*Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural*, p. 5), seems to regard the human spirit as consisting of an almost infinitely attenuated matter, and endeavours to show how it might, notwithstanding, produce astonishing effects upon ponderable bodies.

Finally, Mr Atkinson gets into the same quandary that poor George the Third is said by Peter Pindar to have done with the apple-dumpling, when he asked, "But how the devil got the apple in?" I must say I cannot understand how Mr Atkinson can see any difficulty in the spirit, even though it be material, getting into the body, for (H. N. 1868, p. 360) he appears to believe in the "passage of flowers gathered from a distance, through the walls of a house without injury or alteration." Surely, if such grossly material objects as flowers can pass unaltered and uninjured through the walls of a house, matter of such "inconceivable subtlety" as a spirit could readily pass into a body. There is more force in his objection, "Where did the spirit come from?" but here again, we may equally well ask, Where does matter *come* from? for is it not the repugnance, or rather the inability, which the human mind has to conceive matter as having existed from all eternity, that has led to the belief in a God who has created it?

Spiritualists generally, nay, I think almost universally, believe that, as Mr Atkinson puts it, the bird does get into the cage †—that is, that the spirit, which comes from elsewhere, and which, according to Kardec, has been, in most cases already doing duty in some other body, does enter into a body which has been formed for it by the ordinary process of generation. According to this theory, which agrees with the ordinary belief of Christians, a child derives its body alone from its parents, whilst its spirit is entirely independent of them; and Kardec (*ibid.*, p. 89) expressly states that this is so, and thus he explains how it is that stupid parents sometimes have clever children, and *vice versa*. I think, however, I have seen somewhere in the writings of spiritualists the idea that, with the infinitesimally small portions of the bodies of the parents, which form the germ whence is developed the future child, are separated likewise infinitesimally small portions of the spirits also of the parents; and according to this theory, which I think more plausible, the child would be both body and soul the

* This pithy, but somewhat unpolished, sentence seems to me to contain the attractive, pregnant, idea so much put forward of late—*e.g.*, by Mr Charles Bray, by Dr Ulrici (quoted below), in a recent article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and, according to Mr G. H. Lewes, (*History of Philosophy*, 3d edit. vol. ii., p. 650), by Dubois-Reymond, and Moleschott,—viz., that Force and Matter are but different aspects of the same thing; or, as Mr Lewes well expresses it: "Force is the dynamical aspect of Matter, and Matter is the statical aspect of Force."

† This figure is also used by Kardec, for (*ibid.* p. 61) he (or rather one of his spirits) says: "The soul is not shut up in the body, as a bird in a cage; it radiates and manifests itself outwardly, as light does through a globe of glass."

offspring of its parents.* At all events, this idea is put forth in a learned work written by Dr Hermann Ulrici,† who is no spiritualist, and never even mentions spiritualism. He maintains, moreover—and it is, indeed, a necessary consequence of the foregoing view—that the soul, or "soul-substance," as he is fond of calling it, is equably diffused throughout the whole of the body, and that, therefore, there is no portion of the body, however small, which does not contain a portion of the soul. The soul it is also which, according to him, fashions the body into shape. Without the aid of the accompanying, organizing soul, any particles separated from the parent body or bodies would undergo no further development. The soul is the ordering, constructing principle. He begins his argument in almost the same words as Mr Atkinson; for (p. 136) he says: "That the soul passes from without into the new organism whilst it is forming itself, is, physiologically speaking, altogether inconceivable." But then he draws the conclusion, which Mr Atkinson does not, that the soul must consequently be present not only in the brain, but also in every spermatozoon of the male, in every ovum of the female, in every portion of a cut-up polyp.‡

One word more. Mr Atkinson, after speaking of the inconceivable subtlety of matter (p. 606), goes on to say: "and if this wonderful material be endowed with, or in its very nature possessing, under special conditions, the property of thought and feeling, or of the still more astonishing instincts of the lower animals, it is but a question of fact, whether we comprehend it or not. We must accept the nature and correlations of facts as we find them, whether it be agreeable to our pride and foolish fancies or not." Precisely so. And *if* spirits do exist, Mr Atkinson will have to give in to them, whether it is agreeable to his pride and foolish fancies or not. But Mr Atkinson has no right in the present state of physiological science, to speak as if it were a fact that matter (in the ordinary sense of the word) is endowed with the property of thought and feeling; for though at the beginning of the first sentence just quoted, he does introduce a qualifying *if*, he speaks at the end of the first sentence, and in the second, as if he had no doubt that such is the fact. The whole question at issue is, whether matter, such as the human body is made up of, can think and feel; and this question has hitherto never been, and probably never will be, decided. Professor Tyndall, in his recent address at Norwich, says (see *Human Nature*, 1868, p. 473, note): "The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages." And even that

* The soul (or spirit) is thus, from the very beginning, *in* the body; it is the soul (or spirit) that forms the body round it. (See *Human Nature*, 1869, p. 16.)

† Gott und der Mensch (Leipzig, 1866). Dr Ulrici believes the soul to be indestructible by death, but thinks that it is unconscious, except when joined with a body. This is in reality much what is taught in the Bible, according to which the future life does not really begin until the soul has been re-united to its body at the resurrection.

‡ He had just been saying that upon his hypothesis alone we can understand how each piece into which a polyp is cut up may become a new and complete polyp. Perty holds much the same view. (See *Human Nature*, 1868, p. 554, note ‡.)

thorough-paced materialist or positivist, Mr G. H. Lewes, says (History of Philosophy, 3rd edit., vol. 2, pp. 650, 651): "If mind is the collective name for a large group of functions, sensitive, emotive, intellective, and active, biology rejects altogether the exclusive assignment of these functions to the brain, and declares, that to call the brain the organ of the mind is about as legitimate as to call the heart the organ of life. If the brain is regarded simply as one of the factors in mental manifestations, the most important it may be, then biology demands that the mechanism be displayed, and the cerebral processes on which mental actions depend be exhibited in some such orderly connection as that which displays the part played by the intestinal canal in digestion, or the osseous and muscular structure in locomotion. Has any one done this? No one has attempted it." Mr Lewes expresses exactly my own feelings. As soon as any one proves that matter, such as living organisms are composed of, does feel and does think, and shews how it feels and thinks, then I will believe that it feels and thinks. From the spiritualists I also demand proof; but I must say, I think what they offer is much more nearly approaching to proof than anything offered as yet by the other side. Still, till *absolute proof* is offered on one side or the other, I must continue to suspend my opinion.

F. CHANCE.

February 2, 1869.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL PHENOMENA—THE DESIGN ARGUMENT.

By H. G. ATKINSON.

IT seems that Mr Tietkins, as well as the editor of *Human Nature*, desire that I should say something on the old question of design, as evidenced by the order, harmony, and marvellous result in nature, which astonish more and more as we more closely examine them and reflect upon the whole in its infinite beauty and variety—and I think that in the wonder and the mystery is much of the charm; for, as in the chase, so it is in philosophy, that the entertainment is more in the interest and excitement of search and pursuit than in the attainment of the object; and Socrates in the market place questioning the nature of God, 2000 years ago, in a free and noble spirit, remains one of the grandest figures in history, for all his ignorance of modern discovery. But in regard to our entire and absolute ignorance of the active and innate principle of fundamental nature, I thought that I had really said enough in the letters referred to, but from which, to try to make my argument look weak, Mr T. only quoted a single sentence; yet in pages 139, 176-7, 228, and in appendix D, he may find a little more upon this momentous and curious question, and, indeed, in different other parts throughout the work. Now, is it fair to misrepresent by picking out single sentences in this way? On the contrary, we ought always to put our opponent's argument in the strongest light, and that is the right way to come to a just conclusion, and the only honest way. To begin, then, I must say that Mr Burns simply begs the question

when he speaks of "all parts subservient to a fixed purpose," &c. The whole question is, whether the order and correlation of definite formation do necessarily imply or exhibit purpose, as essential to the development and the ends to which the parts subserve—whether, in other words, the final end, form and function, implies a "final cause," intention and design, as when in matters of art—such as a watch, for instance—we infer a watchmaker, from our being familiar with the fact that works of common manufacture are made after a design; but an ignorant savage, whose "untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind"—as Mr T. does—would probably conclude, on finding a watch on the wild heath, that it was something alive, and, after the manner of Topsy, 'spose it growed. Now, Mr Burns tells us emphatically, that "all designs are imitations of nature," and that is just what I have said in my "Letters," page 176. That a design is a mere human action and mental effect and consequence, and simply imitation, or as Bacon designates it, "a memory with an application." Then surely we may not confound opposite things—that is, cause with consequence, the original with the copy, art with nature, natural growth and development with manufacture and imitation. We may as well confound a mental purpose or design with the physical causes that have given it birth; and Berkeley and the idealists do this, not distinguishing between matter and mind. But I am not addressing idealists or sceptics, having learnt how all argument is thrown away upon such individuals, who, I am sorry to say, are increasing in number even amongst our men of science. Well then, if nature is designed, and design is mere imitation, we must demand a cause for one imitator as well as for another. If we are not satisfied to accept the physical cause in nature as final, there is no logical resting-place; and if you account for an action, be it human or not, by a spirit, you surely only put off the difficulty, and have the still more difficult task of accounting for the more obscure and unaccountable nature you term a spirit, and on which supposition I cannot think that I am wrong in saying that the belief in spirit only leaves us in a greater perplexity, and renders pure science, as it is understood, simply an impossibility.

Paley's watch argument utterly breaks down; for the same logical need supposed for a cause of nature and out of nature, must press on, as I have said, and demand a cause of that supposed cause, and so on without end. And as reason fails us in such an argument, only leading to an infinite absurdity, is it not well to accept facts as we find them, and attribute all to that material origin, as Bacon did, from which all effects are observed to come, content to accept that order and reason of things under uniform laws that we are able to appreciate and act upon, though the fundamental principle be not intelligible, or only to be known by its effects.

Bacon's first aphorism is: "Man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature, either with regard to things or the mind, permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more." What we call design is produced from cerebral and unconscious action. "I think, but cannot give myself a thought," says Voltaire, as quoted in the *Spiritual Maga-*

zine, page 486. But if you like to call the law and process of the developing of ideas or physical forms "purpose," you can, of course; or we may speak of "the mind of nature," but only as effects of the unconscious action of the magical and mysterious power or law, be it as it may. And I grant you that, for all I know to the contrary, there may be god and demon and angel without end, and spirits in legions throughout the universe, the active agents employed in all actions and formations, mental or physical, whatsoever; only, that there is not the smallest logical reason for believing in such a state of things, considering the absolute order, uniform sequence, and positive nature and certainty of the rule; so that whatever is clearly understood seems to be as much a necessary truth as any mathematical problem. And hence we regard truth, or the laws of nature, to be eternal and unchangeable as links in what Bacon terms the adamantine chain of necessity, as determined by a fixed and positive nature, or nature of nature, as it is sometimes termed.

Abandon co-relation, and, as Dr Grove says, you have no natural reason for believing in anything beyond what is contained in what you observe, neither as to one God, or a hundred. And if God personify the powers of nature, you at once land yourself in an intellectual as well as in a moral dilemma; for logically, if you demand a cause of nature, be it what it may, you cannot stop, but must demand a cause for that cause, and so on; and all evil must be attributed to the author of good; and here you are in a confusion and contradiction at once, and your only resource is to bad spirits or a devil. But imagination is free; and I repeat, that for aught I know to the contrary, there may be gods and demons and heavens and hells without end, and the reign of bliss hereafter for the blessed, and the eternal horrors of hell-fire for the unfortunate majority. All this may be—I cannot say it is not—and ten thousand other whimsical things may be, though such-like beliefs seem to partake rather of insanity than sober sense and reason. No doubt there is a kind of savage grandeur in the notion of a great presiding judge, though presiding only over his own imperfect work. How fine was the speech of the old Red Indian chief Black Hawk, when he said, "I never take a cup of water from the spring but I think of the great spirit from whom it is derived;" and Emerson was perhaps very right in saying that in each step in civilisation we lose as much as we gain. But all the grandly poetical heathen mythology has passed from belief, and what has been left behind of supernaturalism will pass away too. And truth is holy, not because it was created, but because it is truth; and the more natural our lives, the more elevated and the more holy they must be. And whether truth and the laws of nature were made eternal, or are eternal in themselves, it cannot much signify; but to clear ourselves of false notions and fanciful error signifies much to the welfare of all mankind, as moral and reasonable beings. The Church declares that the Infinite Cause *is incomprehensible*; the philosopher says the same. Then why not leave it there, instead of inconsistently trying to imagine that in an intelligible but fanciful fashion, which you have just declared to be unintelligible. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity and vexation of spirit—all

of it. Vain philosophy and false religion—the embodiment of abstractions and the worship of images in human likeness, ascribing to the "cause of causes, itself without a cause," the passions and mere imitative powers which are the effect and result of the human organisation and the impressions of phenomenal nature, and really not causes at all, but sensible effects of the insensible power. And to suppose the power to be similar to its effect is to reason in a reversed order, taking effect for cause and the ends for the means, and in losing the sense of distinction, and giving ourselves most absurd and ridiculous pretentions in regard to the power and nature of the mind, so prone to worship the very illusions by which it is deceived, and by which our vanity is gratified. For a great thinker has truly said, that "the subtilty of nature is far beyond that of the sense or of the understanding; so that the specious meditations, speculations, and theories of mankind, are but a kind of insanity, only there is no one to stand by and observe it." However, I may be better understood by quoting what I have said in Appendix O to my "Letters," though my name is not to it. But be it understood that I do not intend to continue this discussion when science demands all our attention and best powers. But Mr T. will not, I think, say again that I am afraid—the last person in the world I should think to be charged with fear. Surely the very "Letters" Mr T. is trying so unfairly and maliciously to pick holes in, is some evidence to the contrary.

APPENDIX O, PAGE 340, "LETTERS ON MAN'S NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT."

"What a satire upon theology is the history of all faith, and the ill feeling and confusion arising from the conflicts of opinion going on at this moment! Such disagreements among the professors being proof sufficient of fundamental error and delusion—the badge of false science, as Bacon has it. There are as many shepherds as sheep; and where every one is tinkling his little bell, in what direction should a poor fellow turn, who would willingly give up his conscience and his reason to be saved by the true specific? Truly, in this age, a man may well be puzzled to know where to go to get either his body or his soul healed; and if in this dilemma you venture to think for yourselves, the whole host—sheep, shepherds, and all—come at you like a pack of wolves. And there is no peace for a thinking man or a suffering one, but in silence, or in the common resource—hypocrisy; and, after a trial of thousands of years, where is the evidence of those fruits which the world has been promised, as the sure and only evidence of the true doctrine and inspired faith? Where are we to look for purity, and peace, and good fellowship? Have not the praiseworthy efforts of the peace advocates been ridiculed on all sides? 'More bibles,' and 'More churches,' is the constant and ineffectual cry of the churchmen; whilst the legislator, seeing no chance of improvement by these, or any other means he can devise, looks to his armies, and his ships, and his police force, and Acts of Parliament, as the only means of securing quiet and protection for society. Barbarians all! for how shall we rule nature, except by obedience to the laws of nature? And who, of our legislators or bishops pretend to know these laws, or ever appeal to them, or even acknowledge their existence? Yet, except by the knowledge of nature's laws in the constitution of man, how can we exhibit any certain means of ameliorating his condition? What use the sumptuous ceremonies

of the church and court, the gabbling of creeds, and the bowing of heads, and bending of knees; the standing up for one prayer, the sitting down for another; first in one pulpit, then in another a little lower, then at the altar; now in one dress, now another; with all the hubbub about inessentials, stupid paraphernalia, and lifeless ceremonies, taking much more heed of what clothes shall be put on, than of the truth, which should be naked and without covering at all. In the name of common sense, what is it all worth, if we do not accomplish the wellbeing of mankind? The little that is known of man's nature is not acted upon, or is used against him. We boast of our breeds of cattle and our dogs, of our tulips and our fine geraniums, of our gas-lightings and the steam-engine, and pass ourselves by. 'And the passions which govern all the rest are themselves ungoverned,' and the understanding without law.

The only way to clear the mind of doubt or from confusion, is by drawing closer to the object, and to the material conditions. Men have deserted the substance for the shadow; we must draw them back again from the shadow to the substance. Theologians can hardly tolerate one another, except in the supposition that they may all be wrong. But let no one suppose for a moment that I wish to uproot the faculty of reverence, and love, and true humility, or that I desire to cast a blight upon the pure and even prayerful aspirations towards infinite excellence and wisdom, acknowledging those higher truths beyond our understanding and the reach of our senses; for there is a holy temple in the heart and understanding, where each may worship according as his feelings, his understanding, and his conscience dictates; and in lonely hours, from the promptings of that still small voice, acknowledge cheerfully the divine rule of the God of nature, shall we seek to attain to holier thought and purer aspiraticns. All that I desire is, from the temple of the true God to cast out a trading theology, selfish and false theories, hypocrisy, and the worship of images and idols of all descriptions, whether in the form of man or beast, or other thing existing upon the face of the earth, or in the water under the earth. I would destroy the worship of gold, of power, of life, nor acknowledge any capricious, lawless rule in the 'web of fate.' No; the hard atheistical philosophy of mere sense, reason and 'human wisdom,' is not my philosophy—that 'philosophy which is not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute.' All nature is miraculous—man is a miracle to himself, and his mind a perpetual revelation, on, and on, and on, in the march of time. If Christ could now view the systems which have arisen from his life, he would wish that he had never been born, so strange has the perversion been, and so strange the contradictory interpretations. We must become again as little children, and learn—not from the Bible of man, erroneously supposed divine, but from the Bible of God, which is nature—a language and revelation unchangeable and universal; but whilst men speak irreverently of matter, and slightingly of nature, are they not degraded by falsehood, and to be born again ere they can appreciate high things? It is true, that I see no evidence of a future life, and I desire to see men raised above the want —believing with the pious and excellent Zschokke, that it is a higher moral condition to live without such a hope; but I would not diminish one happy and good impulse when consistent with truth, but let the whole man and *all* his powers be freely and fully developed. Like the little moth at the candle, the child-man is ever fluttering in his hope that he may touch the light of infinity, and fearing lest he be cast back into darkness. Under the influence of damp and darkness, a man desires life and continued existence, a passing from infinite night to infinite day. When under the influence of high and elevating joy, and a bright atmosphere—when in our true, normal, and best condition—we are ready to die, and melt away into the form and nature of the light and beauty with which we are surrounded; but the understanding and 'spiritual' being is clouded by a

depressing theology and vulgar notions. What Englishman will believe you, that the close stove of Russia is more agreeable and healthful than our bright, blazing, open fires? But such is the fact. Nor will men easily loosen from their errors, and enter the temple of nature, which is, that infinite cause in nature, eternal, omnipresent, and without change—the principle of matter, and the properties of matter, motion, and the mind of matter, but neither matter, nor property, nor mind. What it is, is beyond our comprehension, and folly to suppose. The finite cannot grasp the infinite, nor phenomena a cause."

REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING DISCUSSION.

Douglas Jerrold said—"There is no God, and Atkinson is his prophet." To this witticism we add—There is no sane argument against the idea of God and immortality, and Mr Atkinson is its expounder. "If that mind be eminently sane which is eminently scientific, or most sane on that subject which it has most successfully studied; and if science be nothing more than a method of arranging our ideas agreeably to the laws of thought and the idiosyncrasies of our mental nature—all which positions I feel to be tenable and true—then insanity (whether general or partial) must mean that lawless incoherence of thought—whatever may have occasioned it—which is most opposed to the scientific order of our ideas whence sanity comes. . . . On this hypothesis, then, mental derangement is nothing more than a confusion or *derangement* of ideas; a multitude of disconnected facts, which, after two-thirds of a laborious lifetime spent in their collection, the possessor perceives to be valueless; hence they but confound his reason. They have cost him a lifetime, yet amount to nothing! He lacks the first principle by which alone they can be arranged and systematised into soul-satisfying knowledge. The energies of his defrauded soul droop under the disappointment. Memory becomes a burthen, and obliviousness a blessing. This state of mind occurs chiefly to those who have A GREAT OBJECT in their researches. The mass of collectors of old world facts and antiquated philosophy are satisfied by THE LABOUR, and are pleased with being the known repositories of a dead, profitless mass of useless trifles. They look as complacently and solemnly grand (and the grandeur of the look with them is everything) as looks our grand museum—a temple enshrining fragments from which the soul has fled; a monument of absurdity and affectation; and yet, withal, a splendid evidence of what men ought to be, and wish to be, but are not."*

The foregoing portraiture we assume to be extremely applicable to those minds which exist in the production of such disjointed cogitations, of which Mr Atkinson's communications given above, and philosophisings generally, are a choice sample. What interest can such minds have in immortality—the continued succession of a life which would be insupportable were it not for its sensuous pleasures and petty ambitions, a mode of existence devoid of use either to the performer of its wearied rounds or to the world at large? What extended view of

* The Alpha, pp. 192-3.

human duty or happiness has this "school" ever bestowed on mankind? Their central dogma is that man is an ephemeral nothing, and that the goal of his happiness is attained when he dies—becomes oblivious of his organised nothingness. The ethics and religion of such beingless nonenties are easily defined; fill the eyes of the world by keeping up a decent exterior, maintain a cloak of respectable selfishness like the elaborate carvings on the brainless skull of a defunct New Zealander. "High and elevated joy, and a bright atmosphere," which being interpreted means a comfortable house, a well-furnished table, and a soft bed—these are "our true, normal, and best conditions," and the paradisaical antipodes of that "damp and darkness" under which a man is said to "desire life and continued existence," while he is to be content to lose his very consciousness in the sensuous glories of the "physical cause in nature," "the very illusions by which we are deceived." No wonder that such philosophers and poets (Heaven keep us off Parnassus!) sigh for death as a termination of their meaningless ambitions and conflicts, and look forward to the grave as a resting place—for what? not for *them*, for then they will not exist—a mere clod of decomposing organic matter, itself obedient to the ever-active laws of progress in preparing conditions through which may operate the Eternal Cause.

The serious involvements and speculations which Mr A. commits respecting the old and hackneyed subject of "causes," challenges our efforts to throw some little light on that besieged fortress of blank cartridge verbosity, so appropriately commanded by our correspondent. When he first favoured us with his communications, we expected instructive facts, arguments, reason, for Mr A. had given the world a book; but we have had much valuable space occupied with opinions, negations, sharp personalities, and palpable absurdities; and the fact of authorship, instead of being an aid to progressive thought, has proved a stern impediment to it, since few men can afford to get any wiser than the book they have unfortunately been the male-parent of. Mr Atkinson's weakness proceeds not so much from organic causes as from a conventional education leading to stereotyped beliefs, and therefore erroneous convictions. In fact, his organic excellencies, or his abilities, as the world would call them, are his greatest enemy, for they endow him with the power to "spin yarns;" and if he did not thus exhibit himself in print, the world would not know but he was a truly philosophic, scientific, wise man.

With the coolest *nonchalance* possible Mr Atkinson parades before the readers of *Human Nature* as if they were the merest tyros in philosophical thought, what he elsewhere styles very appropriately "the mechanic idea of a God," and other stale platitudes and polemical fragments. The word "cause" is used quite indefinitely, as amidst the many words in which it so often occurs the reader will be at a loss to know how to apply it in accordance with the writer's most approved meaning. But the teachings of the spiritual philosophy are grossly misunderstood, and the introduction of the Paley episode is more like a burlesque on sober argument than serious discussion, when it is remembered to what class of thinkers it is applied.

We believe that the "confusion and derangement of ideas" come largely from the misunderstanding and consequent misuse of words. Words represent thoughts—are thoughts in a visible form, and a proper comprehension of their application must constitute the basis of all correct thinking and expression of thought. We begin them by defining words—terms, and commence with the primary one, *Cause*. Conventionally this word is used to indicate that state of things from which any effect or phenomenon proceeds. It is synonymous with the reason or excuse for doing an act; the motive, source, or occasion. No doubt the meaning and usage of words changes with the advance of knowledge; correct convictions arising from the possession of truth or knowledge lead to the scientific use of words, hence proper terms and correct thinking act and react on each other.

Philosophically, the term "cause" cannot, with any sense of propriety, be applied to motives, reasons, sources, occasions, &c., that give rise to phenomena, acts, or effects. These, denominated causes, are merely conditions, circumstances, effects; cause and effect are the antithesis of each other, but here we have effects as the causes of effects, which is absurd. It therefore becomes apparent that there may be many conditions, circumstances, effects, following each other in endless series, but only one cause. Logically, The Cause, then, is self-existent, uncreated, perpetual, eternal, otherwise it would be an effect, a condition to which the application of the term cause would be absurd, unreasonable, insane. From this reasoning, it also becomes apparent that the phrase, "a first cause," involves a contradiction; for if Cause is uncreated, primary, the source of creation, then there can be neither a first, second, nor subsequent cause, but an eternal, ever-existing Cause, and hence, as an inevitable result, only ONE Cause, the cause of all things that ever were, are, or can exist.

As we before observed, there may be an innumerable succession of intermediate conditions, but these are only means to an end—the medium through which the Cause operates in producing effects.

The question now arises—What is this Cause? And here comes in a consideration of the question of design. We answer—SPIRIT, or, in the collective sense, *a* spirit, not a "mechanic mind," as Mr Atkinson considers the only alternative of the spiritualist. Yes; spirit, pure intelligence, mind-power, not mind—for mind, as exhibited in man, is an effect; but it must have a cause, and that is spirit, mind-power. Mr Atkinson and others blunder egregiously in attributing mind to the organism. That useful machine is merely the condition through which mind is effected, not the cause, for the organism being itself an effect, *cannot be a cause.*

An infinite cause, capable of producing an universe full of effects all in strict harmony, must be an infinite intelligence; hence the terms applicable to man in designing, planning, thinking, must be inappropriate to such a being. Man's mind is an effect—"the soul's recorded knowledge taken in its totality." It is finite and limited, therefore the necessity for thinking, planning, and designing, in extending its operations beyond its usual narrow compass. Such a process with infinite intelligence would be unnecessary, impossible.

The operations of the Infinite Mind are entirely spontaneous, intuitive, existing within itself without cogitative action. When man designs, it is the effort of the mind to follow the modes of action of the infinite mind-power, with the view of imitating them. It is thus clear that the infinite intelligence does not "design," as understood in the case of man. Yet all acts of this intelligence are towards the accomplishment of some great purpose, to comprehend which is the grand task of all human philosophy, and to describe the means used by which is the province of all science. Humanly speaking, then, there is design, purpose, method, in the operations of the infinite intelligence, and not hap-hazard, chance, and blind uncertain fate.

That such a purpose exists in the "Divine Mind" is abundantly evident from the effects produced thereby. We behold an infinite number of planetary and stellar worlds and systems of worlds, with their material, geological conditions, most wisely and necessarily adapted as means to yet higher ends. We then observe the vast array of vegetable life, clothing the sterile rocks with plastic transmutable soil, and representing yet a more complex system of conditions, a higher manifestation of mind-power. In the animal kingdom, we witness another vast stride in the ascent towards intelligent consciousness, a necessary unfoldment of preparatory conditions for the evolution of mind. Nor should we overlook the cosmical forces—these ethereal, odic, electric, magnetic, and no one knows what else messengers of the Cause through the human organism, as well as subordinate forms. Last of all comes Man: and what is He? Intelligence. And what is that? Self-knowledge, without which all other forms of knowledge are impossible. He is, and he knows he is, and what he is, and without these properties he could not BE. He alone partakes fully of the attributes of THE CAUSE, the infinite intelligence. All else in the universe are conditions, circumstances. But MAN in his being, essence, is not a circumstance, not a condition, but an ultimate—of what? of the primate intelligence, and therefore synonymous with it.

The sophistry of Mr A. is now naked for our inspection. It is reasoning backwards, he says, to predicate a cause from an effect. A greater absurdity could not be imagined. Without effect there could not be cause; without cause there could not be effect. They are inseparable, the positive and negative of the one process. It is easier to quote Bacon than to understand common sense.

Mr Atkinson and the unscientific idiocyncratics who rally round the charnel house of "physical phenomena," continually mistake MAN'S circumstances for MAN himself. They find that man's body had a beginning, is a condition, and that it must have an end, pass away; that his mind-phenomena are effects, shaped and acquired by circumstances—the product of organic function, and dependent thereon for manifestation. All this we readily grant. But in the midst of his quiet, harmless negations, Mr A. makes a positive assumption which we challenge him to prove, viz., that the human intelligence has no other phase of conditions than those presented to our physical observation. "Science," the delicate nerves of which Mr A. is so jealous to protect, is beginning to find out that THE CAUSE has occult, intangible

machinery with which to effect its purposes. Indeed, the visible universe is only an external organ in the hands of these unseen appliances, through which intelligence communicates with the external. Having stated so much, it may dawn on the mind of the reader, if not on that of Mr A.,* that since THE INTELLIGENCE is endowed with supersensuous appliances for manifesting itself, MAN may, nay must be, so endowed also. MAN is not the body, the brain, the food (Oh! Mr Bray), the mind product—but the intelligence; the spirit, which alone is immortal, undying, and conditions itself in many ways that Mr A. knows not of.

How do we know that Man's intelligence is immortal? Because all intelligence is immortal. Things may change their form and pass away, but the Being, the intelligence, can never do so. That the Infinite Intelligence has ever failed in the past, or should do so in the future, is a thought too absurd for sane minds to entertain. We therefore feel warranted in concluding that The Intelligence, as a whole, is immortal, and, if so, then all parts of it must be immortal.

A man dies daily, hourly, and yet he is for it may be 100 years the same man. He is also recreated daily, hourly, during the same space of time. His *conditions* are fleeting and transitory, but not so the Man. One set of conditions succeed another, but the Man remains. His physical body was formed, and it must lose its form. He will then take on another class of conditions, which may change perpetually; but his intelligence, *the* Man, was never created and never can be annihilated, because there is no power greater in the universe than intelligence. It is the only Power.†

We have thus established, to our entire satisfaction, the existence of Deity and Human Immortality on scientific and logical grounds that we deem incontrovertible, and are in a position to smile with pity on Mr Atkinson's puerile whimper about "spirits in legions." Yes, Mr A., we have all the evidence of the existence of spirits that we have of the existence of men in the flesh. We do not mean to say that these facts are equally apparent to all, any more than are thousands of other truths with which creation teems; and if Mr A. would take to heart "Bacon's first aphorism," he would not be so garrulous on matters of which he is entirely ignorant.

Starting with wrong premises, Mr A. is, of course, wide of the mark

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* Mr A.'s experience with "vanity" appears to be considerable; has it anything to do with his taciturnity respecting the "scientific" mock investigation of the phenomena of the Brothers Davenport at the rooms of the Anthropological Society? Mr A. was on the committee, and we believe helped to tie the Brothers rather unmercifully. Yet with all his determined tying, *the cabinet-door was at once fastened from the inside*, and the Brothers were very quickly unloosed by the spirits—the tying being too severe to admit of the spirits proceeding with the manifestations. And yet the society had the effrontery to report that nothing took place that could not be quite easily accounted for. If so, Mr A. has an excellent opportunity of displaying his science. Perhaps it is a trifle beneath his notice, like the spirits, his clairvoyant used to see. But he made her see only what he wanted to, and so he would perhaps serve the eyes of others if he had the same control over them.

† Power is not "force." Does our scientific friend know what either means?

in respect to the operations of the mind, and that which constitutes "science." "Accept facts as we find them" is his dogmatic method of studying "man's nature and development." It would be impossible to write a sentence more speciously meaningless. The bullocks, pigs, and geese have been "accepting facts as they found them" since long before man's advent on earth, and they have not become an iota wiser in consequence;—substantial facts, nevertheless, derived from their "material origin." This "acceptance of facts," or being ruled by the sensuous appendages of the mind, has been the bane of intellectual progress in all ages, and the grand bulwark of superstition. Science, knowledge, intelligence, is intuitive. Reason, and the power to think, to understand, and know what is seen and what is also unseen, is the herald of manhood, and the ensign of true sanity. The operations of intelligence can only be understood by intelligence of a corresponding degree—a truth which Bacon's aphorism does not seem to convey to his disciples. Hence the laws of thought and the processes of the mind are as necessary to be studied as the other facts of nature.

Ignorance and intolerance in former times, and in some quarters still, persecuted progress and discovery with the anathema of the theologian. The facts of anatomy, astronomy, chemistry, phrenology, &c., have been denounced because they militated against the prepossessions of hereditary ignorance and traditional belief. The mantle of the Pope and his holy inquisition, in dirt and rags though it be, has of late years fallen on the lazy shoulders of certain conceited bookmakers and pamphlet-scribblers, that dog the steps, and hang on to the skirts of "Science," with all the accumulated arrogance of hoary-headed cant. They croak and denounce every effort of intelligence in the holy name of science. Battened on the fruits of preceding genius, they strut about in peacock's feathers, and affect to sing the song of the discoverer in the harsh notes of the jackdaw in disguise. They lay their sacrilegious hands on the newest nut of human knowledge, and hand it over to the monkey of sophism to crack.

Forsooth, because a recent school of discoverers, called Spiritualists, declare and demonstrate that there is an Infinite, Eternal Intelligence, and that man is immortal, that must be the groundwork of a mythological hell, judgment, &c., &c.! Mr. A., with his hollow sophistry, is the product of such a belief by lineal descent—of an age of ignorance and superstition, the negative reaction of which is expressed in himself. The spiritualists are on another track; their conclusions on these points are derived from the facts of existence, and are the only true antidote to both the positive and negative evils. Mr A.'s school of negation has bellowed and brayed in vain, but is fast on the decline. The science of man's spiritual nature is dissolving it like ice in the summer sun. By scientifically enlarging the boundaries of "nature," they do away with the necessity for a "supernatural;" but there certainly is such as "nature" is defined and hedged in by Mr Atkinson.

Some of our friends have censured us for occupying so much space with the "cerebrations" of positivists; we desire all to be heard. Truth becomes mighty when compared with error. Free speech is the palladium of liberty, but we here take leave to observe that we have

not had one sensible contribution in opposition to the physicists,* so that the disapprobation expressed at free discussion has been a left-handed confession of manifest inability to defend principles when attacked. In this connection Mr A.'s industry, though it amounts to nothing, is to be commended before the inertia and narrow-minded conduct of some of our readers. Andrew Jackson Davis has very truthfully written—"Any theory, hypothesis, philosophy, sect, creed, or institution that fears investigation, openly manifests its own error." Mr A. has endeavoured to enlighten us with the decaying embers of an obsolete form of thought. He has, we suppose, done his best, and a poor best it is. We are astonished at his profound unacquaintance with the subjects he has pretended to grapple with. He wants to see a logical reason for a future life, and mistakes selfish cupidity for the hope of immortality. Is not his own definition of enjoying the present by bettering man's condition quite as passionately selfish as the intellectual conception of the great plan of existence, looking to the future as the necessary sequence of the present, an exceedingly "logical reason for a future life?" "The philosophy of evil" is one of the grand points which Spiritualism has satisfactorily illuminated; also "salvation," "judgment," "punishment," "rewards," and all other theological conceptions. But Mr A. is charmingly innocent of the slightest acquaintance with the beautiful elucidations of these enigmas which the literature of Spiritualism presents. His appendix O is literally what it purports to be, "nothing" but an empty and affected platitude. It decries philosophy, which is simply the ability to think intelligently, and, of course, he ignores philosophy, and "cerebrates" incoherently and without purpose, like "some strong swimmer in his agony." And to the friends of Progress we say—Do not be afraid to look error and folly in the face; learn to think for yourselves. Up and work and be men and women, and not eat the mental bread of idleness, the products of other minds. To aid you in your task read Mr Atkinson's "Letters on Man's Nature and Development;" the works of Andrew J. Davis; and do not forget "The Alpha." This excellent book will help you much, and, having well digested these various volumes, and sifted them analytically, you may be able to walk alone, and observe intelligently.

MIRACLES AT ENMORE PARK, SOUTH NORWOOD.

Opposition on any subject rouses the mind, and the result is often a vividness of thought interesting to readers.

On that of Spiritualism, the article by Mr Jones, published in *Human Nature* in October last, has been reproduced in many of the newspapers throughout the country; opposed, and defended. As he has been answering those published in his immediate neighbourhood, we give two of his letters that appeared in the *Musical Standard;* the

* When this was written Dr Chance's letter had not been received. He is not a spiritualist, yet more defence of spiritualism comes from him than from the legion of "believers," who would gag free discussion if they dared, and fossilise their "Central Truth" into a dogmatic fetter to bind down the Human Mind.

first, because it contains a remarkable incident that shows "a thought" was perceived and answered; and the latter because of the strange questions that are put to and expected to be answered by spiritualists. —Ed. of *Human Nature*.

ANGEL MUSIC.

Mr John Jones, of Enmore Park, South Norwood, desires to state as follows:—I have read your thoughts (as depicted) in the *Musical Standard*, respecting the bad taste of angels playing on accordions instead of the banjo. The fault is mine. I enjoy the accordion when well played, and for the purpose of getting it so played upon at a "sitting," I went to Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside, and bought one for two pounds—on being told by the firm that there were no secret springs inside by which a "knowing one" could make a musical box of it. The arrangement on the 17th of July as to the use of the loo table, and the arrangement as to the chairs, were made by me a few minutes before we sat down, no one knowing them till the six persons came in. One curious incident I think you would like to know. When we sat down, I thought that a hymn would be suitable, and thought of "Wareham," "Old Hundred," and two or three "Ancient and Moderns." While undecided, the knot was cut by clicks on the accordion keys reading off "Hymn of Praise;" and then the voluntary, equal to any of Handel's or Beethoven, was played. I was not only shown that my "unuttered" thoughts were perceived, but that, instead of praising God in the "Ancient and Modern" jog-trots; we should carol like the larks, should imitate the angel singers whose voices were so loud as to be heard by the shepherds in the calm of night (spirits can sing and be heard). The contrast was to me so striking that I have since taken the lesson into practice, and cheerful strains, like Smith's "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," are often used with voices and harmonium by me and family. As air is "unseen," yet a substance, why should it be considered a thing impossible that intellectual beings should exist having bodies as ethereal as air or electricity? One thing I and very many of my friends know, that they do exist; for we have for upwards of thirteen years had ample evidence, and we can understand how so many gems in music, poetry, and science have been given to Europeans under the phrase "Inspiration."

Sir,—Your correspondent "T. Johnstone" fully illustrates the old saying—"It is easier to ask questions than to answer." To prove the foolishness of those questions, let me give this illustration:—A man sees another stab a woman with a knife; the blood gushes out, she falls down and dies. The witness makes a statement; but instead of it being used to convict the stabber, he is questioned—"What is a knife? What is steel? What is blood, and how is it produced? Is it not red paint? Why did she fall down? Explain the principles of gravity. How do you know she died? Did you ever *see* life?"

"T. J.," instead of facing the fact that the accordion without hands was made to produce an exquisite voluntary equal to any of Handel and Beethoven, and other results, runs round the corner, and calls out,

"How did the clicks read off 'Hymn of Praise?'" I say, "Answer me the one, and I will answer you the other."

If I were the recognised emperor of the mental sciences, "T. J." might put the questions he has to me: witness—1st, In what manner do spirits gauge our thoughts? 2d, How do they inspire us? 3rd, Does death give universal power to spirits? 4th, Do particular spirits visit the loo table? 5th, Is there a concourse of spirits? And then follow several half-answered questions.

To answer such a string of questions I would require at least five of your columns. I could then answer them all. But perhaps the powers which produced the miracles might smile at my childish ideas—and rightly so. The natural *cannot fully* comprehend the higher laws that we call supernatural. Let "T. J." tell me what a thought is, and it will help me to tell him how an angel or devil can see it. Tell me how a spirit entered Ezekiel, and when *in* how he heard the spirit speak, and I can tell how spirits inspire some men—poets, musicians, warriors, prophets, &c. Tell me what a spirit is made of; and if it be only as subtle as the electricity that pervades every human body, I can perceive cause and effect.

Does the spirit of man at death (so called) become omnipotent, omniscient, all wise, all pure? If so, that spirit becomes God! If not, then the spirit of man at death merely becomes possessed of more of the qualities he possessed when in the flesh—good or bad; because of its etherealized condition when freed from that flesh and bone body. Milton and others—big spirits, as "T. J." calls them—may come. After thirteen years' experience at hundreds of sittings, no big spirits ever came to any circle I have been at. But as the father of seven children that are lost to sight, and as a husband who for eleven years has been a widower; the tests and tokens of their frequent presence and help at my house to me and my six remaining children have been and are heart joys.

On looking over your correspondent's letter, I perceive I have omitted answering the question, "How does Mr Jones purpose to carry out that portion of the instruction which I gather he has taken to heart, 'to carol like the larks—to imitate the angel singers?'" I answer, "Select joyous words and joyous melodies (not mere harmonies) wherever I can find them." The earth is full of the beauty and uniqueness of God's creations. Surely we can couple them as symbols, as illustrations of the mental processes, by which we find ourselves more pure, more god-like, when our thoughts and voices are vibrating with joy and nearing the Deity.

I am, Sir, yours truly, JNO. JONES.

Enmore Park, South Norwood, January 4, '69.

UBIQUITY.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Your solicitation for facts and arguments in connection with this interesting subject, cause me to give you a sample of my experience.

Having been described by Miss R—— and family as paying them

visits in spirit, and occurrences of this kind being produced so frequently in different parts of the country unwittingly to myself, I arranged to direct my thoughts to them, or picture them in my mind the next evening at 8.30, in order to have an opportunity of comparing notes. I, living four miles from the family, had some correspondence to attend to on the evening in question, and at 8.20 I consulted my watch, and resumed the writing, which, unfortunately, so absorbed my attention that I found, when I again looked at my watch, it was 8.40—which was ten minutes after the appointed time. I considered I had lost the opportunity, but concluded to give them a passing thought, and pictured them in my mind for a few seconds, and then finished my writing.

Upon after investigation I found that I had been seen at 8.40, and described as just calling and leaving almost immediately—from which I presumed that the appearance was accelerated by the will of the projector.

Another case happened when I was at Liverpool, and the medium (not the same) at Birmingham, when I was seen, and wrote through the medium, telling them that I was in the outskirts of Liverpool at a party, correctly describing the company I was in, I having had no previous idea of being there. This, I concluded, must have been produced by an intelligence independent of that occupying my body at the time, as there was no preconcerted thought. I could give a number of cases, but will not trespass any more upon your valuable space this time. In relating the above facts I hope to contribute, if possible, towards the discovery of truth—which is, I believe, pre-eminently the pleasure of some to pursue at the present time—and which will eventually open the eyes of those who would, if they could, annihilate any and every fact that clashes with their preconceived ideas and education, especially when it threatens to overturn a superstructure of such beautiful and perfect finish that to add to or take from would be a mortal sin, to say nothing of the mortification of having to go to school again.

Almondbury, Huddersfield, Feb. 12, 1869. MASON GILL.

WHY BOTHER WITH SPIRITUALISM?

To the Editor.

Sir,—With all due deference to the grand object of your "magazine," I cannot see that we are called upon to bother ourselves about "Spiritualism" at all, seeing that it is principally concerned with another state of existence altogether.

I apprehend that we have obligations clear enough pertaining to this our present passage through time, and that this will hold good of any other we may hereafter arrive at; and it appears wholly gratuitous thus to confound the right use of one's senses.

I cannot understand how any one can expect a future life at all, that shall be any satisfaction to him, who has not made the best use possible of this. And I cannot for the life of me understand what these good or bad spirits have to do with us of the present. Surely, if they do live, they must have their own sphere of operation. And for myself, I should respectfully request them to mind their own business.

But what are these friends of ours driving at in thus recurring to the shadow of the past? Are they dissatisfied with the present existence? If so, let us know the reason why, and thus may we come to some practical mode of helping to a solution of their difficulties. Truly, the harvest is great, but I fear the reapers are a very self-handed lot.

Yours in all sincerity, RICHARD DAVENPORT.

Manchester.

["Spiritualism" is an effort to extend the boundaries of human knowledge, an act of devotion to Truth on the part of the investigator. The phenomena and "states of existence" to which the form of inquiry termed "Spiritualism" directs our attention are realities, and as such press themselves upon our intellect with a force irresistible. The spiritualist is not accountable for the existence of spiritual spheres and phenomena, any more than the chemist is accountable for the existence of oxygen, nitrogen, &c.; the astronomer for planets, satellites, and stars; the geographer for seas, lakes, and islands; the physiologist for functions; or the ornithologist for birds. But Mr Davenport does not like to be "bothered" with certain forms of natural science. In this respect he is a close imitator of many of his bucolic countrymen of an older school, who could not see the need of "book larning" for the man who forked dung, ploughed, and reaped. Now it is universally acknowledged that this despised "larning" introduces better ways of accomplishing the common duties of life; and so does the science of the spiritual in respect to the more rudimental "states of existence." Again, the husbandman is not a mere machine to plough, &c., but an intellectual being, and needful of education for *his* own sake. Nor is our correspondent, and others of his species, a mere instinctive animal, capable of accomplishing the ends of his being by eating, sleeping, and working, though ever so properly done. No, we humans are rational beings, or ought to be, and it is our birthright to know and enter upon each successive age of our life intelligently and with power to command the new circumstances that surround us therein. If Mr Davenport had not prepared himself for manhood while a boy and youth, how could he have assumed the mature state with manly dignity? From the tone of our correspondent's letter, it would appear that he is not exactly satisfied with "the present existence" any more than the spiritualists, nor do we blame him; and we would remind him of the fact that thousands have found the knowledge obtained through spiritualism a most wonderful help to the harvest of good things immediately around them, and in the prospective future which we are ever realising. These humble seekers after goodness and truth have not reached that sublime acme of perfection wherein they can afford to "rest and be thankful;" and without expressing any unseemly dissatisfaction with their present circumstances, which may be admirably adapted to the moment, they may, perhaps, be allowed to have an opinion of their own as to whether they make the "best use possible of the present existence," which is continually eluding their grasp, by preparing for the future, which is the eternal possession of every human soul. Has Mr Davenport ever asked himself why he has an existence at all?—ED. *Human Nature.*]

HEALTH TOPICS.

EDUCATED LADY MIDWIVES.

To the Editor.

As Secretary of the "Hygienic Society of Great Britain and Ireland," I am frequently applied to for advice, which certain active members of the society, as well as myself, gladly furnish. The applications for Midwives, intelligent in their art, and who would be willing to allow their patients to follow the dictates of reason and experience in the matter of abstaining from drugs, alcohol, and unphysiological aliments, have been so numerous and important that I resolved on making application to Dr Edmunds, Hon. Sec. of the "Female Medical Society," for a list of Graduates of the Female Medical College, when the following gratifying response was received. The Doctor's letter very strongly indicates the importance of the operations engaged in, and objects sought to be attained, by our Society. Our friends throughout these kingdoms are both numerous and intelligent, and their distrust of the common medical schools and their practitioners, is indescribably intense. A simple perusal of "Illness: Its Cause and Cure," or "Woman's Work in the Water Cure," is sufficient to make any intelligent lady long for a health adviser instructed in these simple, safe, and efficient means of treatment. Our path then is clear. Let us, as a Society, band ourselves together to discountenance all medical humbug, and supply ourselves with advice and instruction which we can with safety and propriety receive. Dr Edmunds' Lady Graduates are a step in the right direction; but they lack thorough Hygienic training—a desideratum which we must tolerate for as short a time as possible. Nor need we remain long under the dark shade of time-honoured custom, in such important matters. If Hygienics would rally round the "Female Medical Society," they might soon vote out the drugging system entirely, and render this transitionary institution thoroughly and permanently Hygienic. To this Dr Edmunds offers no objection. His words rather invite such a change; and we can well believe that the intellects, as well as the generous sympathies, of medical men have been, long generations ago, weary and tired of the blind empyricism and heartless evils attending the unscientific practice of introducing poison into the organic system. Members and friends of the Hygienic movement, our work is clearly defined; let us prosecute it with vigour, intelligence, and circumspection.

J. BURNS.

My Dear Sir,—In reply to your note I enclose a list of lady midwives, educated by the Female Medical Society, also a prospectus of its teaching arrangements.* Each of those ladies would attend a case of midwifery as skilfully as any ordinary medical man; and, as they abstain from attending to other cases of an infectious nature, they are not liable to convey febrile infection to their patients, as is often done by persons in general practice, who attend fevers, dress foul wounds, make *post mortem* examinations, &c., in turn, with visiting lying-in women.

*We annex the prospectus of the Ladies' Medical College to our present number.—ED. H. N.

The Female Medical Society does not commit itself to anything but providing for its students the best scientific teaching which from time to time its committee may be able to obtain. I trust, however, that its teaching will always represent the van of medical science; and its curriculum has long comprised a course of most valuable lectures on "Hygiene and Preventive Medicine." I believe that its students would be found very ready to fall in with all rational wishes on the part of their patients, and especially to doing without alcoholic beverages, and to adopting only very simple medication. As to hygienic principles, I hope to see the day when they will rule the treatment of disease equally with the preservation of health. I believe that the drugging and alcoholizing system now in vogue, is one of the greatest evils with which humanity is afflicted; and I can see no reason why a man should be poisoned with drugs or alcohol because he has the misfortune to be sick, and wide observation at the bedside convinces me that, as a general rule, the less drugs sick people take the sooner they get well. But on these questions the public is still ignorant, and is therefore superstitious. Sick people and anxious friends all expect the doctor to perform some "hocus-pocus." The doctor often has to meet this expectation by doing things which are as out of place as those which the medicine-man or rain-maker has to perform in order to satisfy the African agriculturist. The administration of drugs is a very subordinate and often very doubtful means of cure; but the medical profession can only exist *as a profession* by being the reflex of public feeling, and it lies with those who use the platform and wield the pen to teach the people to learn physiology and hygiene. With that the character and usefulness of the profession will rise, and the public will find that there is no one more deserving of honour and reward than the disciple of Esculapius.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

JAMES EDMUNDS, M.D.,
Hon. Sec. Female Med. Society.

J. Burns, Esq.

List of Lady Midwives educated by the Female Medical Society, and now settled in practice.

Mrs Thorne, 8 Bedford Square, W.C.
Miss Bauerman, 22 Acre Lane, Brixton.
Miss Fletcher, 1 Woburn Place, Well Street, Hackney.
Mrs Jones, 16 Leicester Street, Leicester Square.
Mrs Miles, 29 Evershall Street, N.
Miss Ash, 7 Helsey Terrace, Cadogan Place, S.W.
Mrs Mills, 6 Grove Terrace, Plaistow Road.
Mrs Stone, 31 Kildare Terrace, Bayswater, W.
Mrs Phillips, Lying-in Hospital, Birmingham.
Mrs Ullathorne, 3 Aragon Terrace, Twickenham.
Miss Reboul, 5 King Edward Terrace, Islington, N.
Miss Forbes, 156 Pentonville Road.

The addresses of others may be obtained from time to time by writing to the Lady Secretary, at 4 Fitzroy Square, W.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS.*

ALL efforts at education must be unavailing in directing the human mind into normal channels of action, while the knowledge of man is not imparted. "Know thyself" has often been quoted, but its immense significance is seldom appreciated. Without self-knowledge, extraneous forms of information often become weapons of unmitigated evil, hence, "a little knowledge"

*In Twenty-seven Easy Lessons. By Mrs Charles Bray. A new and revised edition. Price One Shilling.

is a dangerous thing unless it contain that which relates it to man's well-being. In families, and in society, a great difficulty is experienced in inducing individuals and the masses, to adopt intellectual pursuits and rational modes of action. Caprice, vanity, and vice, are too often the ruling impulses that shape men's lives—aye ! and women's too, all proceeding from a misdirected education. When human beings know themselves even in a limited degree, they will at once see the necessity for attaining knowledge, and living in accordance with its dictates. Hence, this knowledge should form the basis of education, it being the prime incentive to all intellectual expansion and individual development. There is no gateway to this beautiful palace of human progress more easy of access or inviting than the simple, comprehensible, and beautiful facts of physiology, which should be instilled into the infant mind by appropriate nursing and treatment, even before it has the power to be conscious of them. But when it arrives at the period of studying lessons, physiology at once affords both teacher and student an inexhaustible mine of interesting matter, materials for illustrating which are perfectly under their control. The lovers of human progress could not employ their efforts better, than by promoting the study of physiology amongst the young. Give them once an introduction to this science, and they will not be satisfied with that alone, but will ardently desire further enlightenment respecting themselves. We are happy to notice the third edition of an admirable work (perhaps the best in the language, when we consider its compass) for effecting this purpose. Mrs Bray's "lessons" are a *multum in parvo* of physiological science, couched in language so simple and familiar, that the dawning intelligence of childhood or the uncultivated comprehension of adult life, cannot fail to understand it. We are happy, through the kindness of the large-hearted lady-author, in being able to present it for a nominal charge, as a supplement to this number of our magazine, and we trust every purchaser thereof will not fail to accept of Mrs Bray's kindness, as the work cannot fail to be useful either to the purchaser or others. Parents may get this book introduced into the school their children attend. It may be used in "Bands of Hope," infant schools, and classes for mutual instruction. Where it cannot be introduced into schools, parents may study it themselves, and thus convey its useful lessons to the younger branches of the domestic circle. At least, let all do what they see most fit and attainable, and no doubt much more will be accomplished than we feel warranted in predicting.

The gratifying intelligence reaches us that the Hydropathic Establishment at Bridge of Allan is being enlarged at a cost of upwards of £4000. Even at this season of the year the home is crowded, 40 visitors being there at present. Dr Hunter not only heals the sick of their bodily ailments, but diffuses a vast amount of information by means of books and other publications, which does much to diminish the effect of that chronic disease, ignorance of the laws of health, the main cause of most other diseases.

The Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Movement gains ground with each successive act of oppression on the part of the vaccination authorities. At Leicester Mr W. Johnson has been incarcerated because he was too intelligent and independent-minded to have the blood of his child poisoned with the vaccine virus. The poor man had his whiskers and moustache shaved off, and was treated as a felon. An association has been formed in the town to repress this gross injustice, and Mr Gibbs, Hon. Secretary of the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League, is announced to lecture. The storm of opposition rages high in Sheffield. A hand-bill has been published intimating that vaccination is the mark of the beast referred to in the Book of Revelations. Prosecutions, and able correspondence in the papers, have taken place in Glasgow, and letters have appeared in the *Co-Operator*,

Twickenham Observer, and other papers. Readers, inform yourselves on this important question. You may procure Dr Collins' able essay on the subject at our office, for 12 stamps, post free.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

DR FERGUSON IS COMING!

In a letter addressed to Mr Cooper, Dr J. B. Ferguson, writing from Washington, says:—

"Spiritually I feel I will be in London by May or June next, and on my way to France and Italy. Material proof seems converging also to this proposal. If I come, I desire to come to you and others in the fulness of an allied spiritual power—a power of unity and harmonising strength. My health is greatly improved. My condition, for two years, would be called strange by even the lovers of 'wonderful manifestations.' A few have realised it, which has been a strength even in great physical weakness.

"The Davenports are here, and have made a marked impression. They desired me to go with them again, but I declined. Few see beneath the surface of their most marvellous work. They themselves do not. Who does? Nearly all the American Congress witnessed—many fully avowing the truth of what could not be denied.

"I write you in the fulness of a devout faith—laying my feeble offerings of unrecognised labour and experience upon the altar of truth; satisfied that whatever the varieties of human realisation, they are reflections from one Eternal Sun, whose promise is divine, allying itself to all conditions—because of one Universal Spirit, whose throes are co-extensive with every department of life, whether considered high or low."

SPIRITUAL ORDINATION.

The status of Spiritualism in America may be gathered from the following induction certificate:

Office of Secretary of Indiana State Spiritual Association.
Indianopolis, Ind., January 25, 1869.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Be it known that the religious organisation, entitled the Indiana State Spiritual Association, reposing special confidence and trust in our worthy brother, James H. Powell, now a member of this Association, residing in the city of Terre Haute, Vigo County, State of Indiana, have, this 25th day of January, in the year A.D. 1869, conferred upon him the powers and functions of a minister of this religious organisation, and he is therefore duly ordained, according to the forms of said Association, and endowed with all the rights, functions, and powers of ministers of religious organisations, according to the laws of the State of Indiana.

By order of the Executive Board of Indiana State Spiritual Association.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and subscribed our names, this 25th day of January, A.D. 1869.

Approved. — JAMES HOOK, President,
Indiana State Spiritual Association.
Attest.—L. D. WILSON, Secretary, I.S.S.A.

OURSELVES AND OUR READERS.

"You say that you are trying to make *Human Nature* self-supporting; but do you think it it is entitled to the support of spiritualists? Mr Colman seems to consider (according to what he says in the December number of the *Spiritual Magazine*) that three gentlemen who write in your periodical are writing down spiritualism; and it seems to me that Mr Gardner, in his article in this month's number, tries all he can to befog and stupefy his readers. Does he mean to assert that the spiritual communications received at circles are the production of the medium and his own ghost or spirit? He seems to me to say so. If he can throw any light upon the nature of spiritual life, or expose imposition, all good spiritualists will condemn him much for not doing this. As for myself I know nothing and have nothing to say."

[According to our respected friend's definition of his own position, a spiritualist is one who "knows nothing," and his spiritualism must be extremely easy to "write down." It is to put spiritualists in a position above fear of opposition that we court a full and free expression of thought, argument, and facts. Surely the spiritualists cannot quarrel with us for trying to elicit the truth respecting a matter about which they have so many sensitive doubts. If they have the truth, opposition will only make it the stronger and brighter. If they have not the whole truth, then we hope our efforts and those of our correspondents will help them to it. As for Mr Gardner and the others who write, they are entirely responsible for their utterances. Our desire is that our readers may learn to think for themselves.—Ed. *H. N.*]

CURES BY MESMERISM.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Our spirit friends inform us that some mesmerists, in the love of good, engaged in the cure of others, are aided by departed spirits, and, as mesmerists, can obtain considerable influence over others. They recommend persons to be careful to select mesmerists of known good moral qualities.—I am, sir, &c., T. Blackburn.

Feb. 10, 1869.

KNOW THYSELF.

To the Editor.

Sir,—A work logically presenting to us a knowledge of what we are, what our true object in life is, and a certain test and standard of moral truth, illustrated so happily as to engage one's deep interest, is a boon which surely no truthseeker would knowingly lose a chance of possessing.

Such are the main features of the work called "Alpha," which you now so liberally offer with *Human Nature* for 2s; and I most heartily wish you the fullest success in thus circulating that knowledge which seems to me more essential to the general welfare of humanity than any other.—Yours truly, A. C. Swinton.

P.S.—Let us hope that your readers may show their appreciation of your periodical offerings with *Human Nature*, and aid the cause of Spiritualism by doing all they can to extend the circulation of your excellent journal among their friends. A. C. S.

MR HENRY MELVILLE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I have been much interested with the perusal of an Astro-Masonic paper, written by a Mr Henry Melville (3 Chapel Road, Benherim Crescent, Nottinghill),—and, through the kindness of a friend, had the good fortune of spending an evening with Mr Melville, and thoroughly investigating his theories, and satisfying myself of his mediumistic powers, and which are of no ordinary character. The result of many years' thorough study into the mysteries of the celestial atlas, has certainly given Mr Melville a great mastery over this subject; and his inquiry is contained in a full treatise he has written with care and skill, aided, as he affirms, by spiritual agencies; and of which I have but little doubt, if a short two hours' investigation may be taken as sufficient to clear up so difficult a point as this. I am, unfortunately, not far advanced in the path of Masonic knowledge; but those who do take an interest in this subject, will be amply rewarded by a visit to Mr Melville. The more profound question of solar worship he has thrown much light upon, and to which I can only allude in this notice. Possibly, on some occasion I may have to address you, and detail what I have learnt.—Very obediently yours, H. D. JENCKEN.

A well authenticated rumour intimates that a Biography of Mrs Emma Hardinge is in preparation.

OUR correspondent, H. G. Atkinson, Esq., F.A.S.L., will be a member of the committee appointed by the Dialectical Society to investigate the spiritual phenomena.

A new work, by the author of "Primeval Man," "An Angel's Message," and other works written by impression, is in the press. Its title has not transpired, nor are we aware of the special nature of its contents.

From various sources, the information has reached us that Mrs Hardinge's "History of Modern Spiritualism" is rapidly approaching completion, and some positive announcement respecting it may be looked for soon. From all reports, it is a work of great interest.

We have heard that our little sister, *Daybreak*, is coming to live with us on her next birthday. We hope the readers of *Human Nature* will kindly allow her to accompany her big brother to their homes, that they may sustain each other in their mission of usefulness.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.—We are happy to learn that this institution, under the management of Mrs Spear, is still seeking to obtain a suitable building in which lectures can be given, conversations held, and suitable conditions for mediumship furnished. Mrs Spear will answer orders. Spiritual books, and *Human Nature* may be had of her.

REV. GEORGE DAWSON.—Our last number contained a psychometric reading of this gentleman by Mr Spear. We sent him that number, and received in return the following characteristic acknowledgment:—"Dear sir,—I thank you for the number of *Human Nature*. I am quite unable to comprehend how such things are done, and I wait for further light."

SPIRITUALISM AN ATTRACTION.—"One of our young men's societies in this city (says a Glasgow correspondent) recently met to debate on spiritualism. On opening the business, the chairman, in the course of his remarks, expressed his deep regret that so large an audience should assemble to hear a discussion on spiritualism, while on other evenings they could hardly get together above half a dozen to listen to the essay or debate."

A pen and ink polemic, who figured in the late newspaper discussion on Spiritualism in Glasgow, has since published "a review of its philosophy and literature," a production of the most faulty kind. The most cruel treatment that can befal the author, as ample retribution for all his ungracious and false expressions,—and we wish him no worse,—is to let him alone most severely. A copious bath in the oblivion which every thinking mind will cordially afford him, will most certainly cool his fevered nerves and brain.

LAWRENCE OLIPHANT.—The *North Londoner* states that "Lawrence Oliphant, late M.P. for the Stirling burghs, has united himself to the 'Brotherhood of the New Life.' Of the community so called we know little, save that it recognises in T. L. Harris the Vicar of Christ, and that every member thereof submits to his will with unflinching obedience. The Brotherhood are settled on a large estate named Brocton, on the New-York bank of Lake Erie, and occupy themselves in agricultural labour, chiefly vine culture, and, doing everything for themselves, keep no servants. Mr Oliphant's mother, Lady Oliphant, we believe, preceded her son in the community, which includes not a few of the upper classes of English and American society."

MR W. WADDELL, secretary of the Spiritualists, Reading, says:—"We have been long enough under top sawyers, and have had a pretty good dose of sawdust in our eyes, which accounts for the great blindness of the human race. Let us then wash our hands of this great evil of being the first, and adopt the saying of Jesus—'He that is greatest shall be your servant,' the only legitimate excuse for desiring office. For some years I, with a few others, have obeyed the spirits implicitly, and have been guided by the heavenly visitors without for once being led astray. I believe the spirits come by affinity, and there is not so much need of watching and suspecting them as of watching ourselves and abiding in truth and love."

THE PUBLICATION OF A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO SPIRITUALISM and kindred topics has been ably advocated in a long communication by our earnest friend, Mr C. Pittock. He thinks a fund should be raised to sustain it for one year, and that spiritualists should rally together and give material assistance to the work of spreading spiritual literature, and not leave it all on the back of "Brother Burns." He thinks the spiritualists are asleep, like Gulliver when he was tied down by the Lilliputians, and that the host of strength which is latent in them is repressed by a crowd of ephemeral foibles, while the great work is left untouched, or devolves with merciless weight on the shoulders of a few. We know that the spiritualists are waking up, but they are as yet too dormant to spend much money.

LABOUR WITH LEARNING.—Sir John Peter Grant's new idea of combining labour with learning has been commenced in the parish of Trelawny, under the superintendence of Mr Naylor, one of the Model School teachers, who was recently brought out from England by the Government. Mr Naylor has commenced in the Model School at Falmouth the picking of cocoa nut husks, which is used by English carpet makers for the manufacture of cocoa-nut matting, and upholsterers for the stuffing of furniture, beds, and mattresses. It is the intention of the Government, we believe, to erect a workshop in connection with the boys' department, and to supply the same with the necessary tools, and a press for the purpose of extracting oils from the several plants of this country. This is a move in the right direction, and we have no doubt that good results will accrue to the country by the introduction of the industrial system in all other schools.—[We extract the above from the *St Lucian*, a West Indian paper. It refers to practices which are in operation in Jamaica. In these respects those islands set the mother country an example. It would be a good plan for the large parishes in London and other cities to secure extensive tracts of land in Jamaica, and send their poor youths, who are growing up in ignorance and crime, to form industrial schools thereon. How it would lighten the rates, and give easy lives to the police and magistrates!]

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

THE SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES.

BY the omission of the little word "not" in our last report of these important gatherings, our meaning was reversed. We intended to say, that the desire to hear Mrs Hardinge was the influence which drew so many to those meetings; and to that statement we would add, that Mr Home proved an equal attraction, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather on the evening on which he opened and summed-up the subject—What is Spiritualism? Our space will not admit of our giving any lengthened report of that and other interesting evenings. Mr Home gave some of his remarkable experiences as a medium; and, during the course of the discussion, one of the opposite side twitted the spiritualists, that they could bring forward no testimony as to the genuineness of their assertions, but that the witnesses' names were omitted, a long dash being substituted. Mr Home replied by giving the names of some of the noblemen and gentlemen who had taken part in the séances, at which the recent and unprecedented phenomena reported in *Human Nature* had taken place. Amongst others, he named Lord Adare, The Master of Lindsay, Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, and he stated that a full list could be obtained by all candid enquirers. This was amply sustained by Mr Jencken, who has himself witnessed a vast number of the phenomena that have occurred in Mr Home's presence.

On January 25th, Mr Harper of Birmingham opened the subject, the question being "Spiritual Sight." He gave many interesting instances of the power of knowing what is being done at great distances, possessed by himself and friends. Mr Varley gave a little speech containing the very essence of scientific knowledge on psychological matters. We wish this gentleman would favour the public more frequently with his thoughts and experiences.

On February 8th, Mrs Hardinge gave a lecture on the "Science of Spiritualism," supplemented by answers to questions. It was one of the most brilliant intellectual entertainments we ever enjoyed, the whole of which would well bear reproduction in print.

On February 15th the same subject was discussed by the Conference. One speaker demurred to the line of argument used on the occasion, by asserting that the evidences offered as the "Science of Spiritualism," were not such in reality, but merely a catalogue of facts and phenomena, to explain which a science of Spiritualism was required. It was the opinion of this speaker that there was only one science, namely the science of Spiritualism, or that all forms of existence were varieties of spiritual phenomena, manifested through different conditions of matter. He thought that common physical objects had as much a "spiritual" origin as the more extraordinary psychological phenomena. So-called "physical science" was no science at all till it traced phenomena to its spiritual source, but stood in the same relations to true science, as the mere enumeration of spiritual phenomena did. The succeeding speakers, without exception, entirely misunderstood the drift and tendency of these arguments, and either misrepresented or ignored them.

J. C. Luxmore, Esq., presided on each occasion with much impartiality, fairness, and suavity. The rooms have been crowded to suffocation, and the Conferences become more and more popular.

THE LYCEUM MOVEMENT.—We have a very important letter from Mrs Mary F. Davis for publication, which we are sorry to postpone for want of space. The adoption of the important suggestions made by Mrs Davis would be a great stimulus to the Lyceum movement in England.

INVESTIGATION.—It has been proposed to establish, in London, a society or institution for investigating the Spiritual Manifestations and other Biological Phenomena in a scientific manner. The proceedings would consist of experiments with mediums, &c., under all possible circumstances; the reading of papers, and discussion thereon; and other means of bringing thinking minds more thoroughly in contact on these subjects. The fellowship will be limited to ladies and gentlemen having qualifications entitling them to election.

SOUTH NORWOOD.—The ten weeks' discussion in the Norwood newspape on Miracles has culminated in the following announcement:—

SPIRITUALISM AT THE NEW HALL, SOUTH NORWOOD,
Near the Norwood Junction Railway Station.

On Wednesday, the 24th of February, 1869,
D. D. HOME, Esq.,
Will Deliver a Lecture, the subject:
"SPIRITUALISM AND ITS PHENOMENA."

At the close of the Lecture questions may be put by the Audience.

JNO. JONES, Esq., of Enmore Park, has consented to take the chair.

100 Tickets will be issued at 1s, 200 at 6d, and the remainder at 3d. The foregoing charges will, it is expected, clear the expenses incurred for Hall-rent, Advertising, Printing, &c.

The Lecture will commence at Eight o'clock prompt. Doors opened at Half-past Seven o'clock.

And on Wednesday, the 3rd of March, a Second Lecture on "Spiritualism and its Witnesses," at which meeting witnesses will speak; and the Third Lecture will be "Spiritualism: Its Uses." On each occasion Mr Jno. Jones will take the chair.

THE NOTTINGHAM LYCEUM.—The newly-elected Guardian and Secretary, Mr James Ashworth, has given us a very interesting account of the election

of officers of the Lyceum, which recently took place at the expiration of the official year. Nothing more clearly shows the genius and true working of these admirable educational institutions than the mode in which their internal matters of business are conducted. The children are taught regulation and self-government, and have full power to place those they think most fit in the offices necessary for conducting the business of the institution. The children understand the nature of such proceedings perfectly, and enter into them with much zest. Mr Stretton, from the chair, stated that Mr Hopewell desired to retire from the conductorship. Three candidates, Mrs Hitchcock, Mr Morton, and Mr Stretton, were nominated, when the latter was elected Conductor by a large majority. The Guardian was then elected, also Miss Gamble as Musical Director, an important function which has been exercised by her to the great delight of the members and visitors. The Leaders of the different groups were also elected seriatim. Mr Herrod desired to retire from the leadership of Beacon and Banner groups, but the members expressed themselves so decidedly that he at last submitted to re-election. Short addresses followed the election, and a very interesting afternoon was spent. Fortnightly penny readings have been held in aid of the funds, but it has been resolved to hold such entertainments weekly.

GLASGOW.—After a struggle of some three years, the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, finding that it was impracticable to work as they had been doing, perceived that the great evil of their constitution was that their ranks were limited to spiritualists. The first idea of improvement was thrown out on the occasion of the late visit of James Burns, Esq., of London, to Glasgow, who heartily approved of the plans then proposed. These, with some alterations and modifications, have been adopted. The society feeling that it was wrong to be conservative in such matters, have opened wide their doors that every honest inquirer may come in. They do not fear, but court, investigation, and therefore encourage the most stringent inquiries into all phenomena brought before them. They are willing to give heed to every explanation, or to any hypothesis offered by any one of their members, and their great aim is *not* the protection of truth, which is invulnerable, eternal, and needs no protection—error alone requires it; but their aim is the elucidation and exposure of truth, that those things so long hidden in mystery may be brought to light by a course of careful, straightforward, and scientific inquiry. The Association is called the Glasgow Psychological Society, and its first meeting, for the election of office-bearers, was held on the 27th of January. The meeting was both large and respectable. J. W. Jackson, Esq., F.A.S L., was duly elected Preses.; Mr J. Orr, V.-P.; Mr J. Walker, Treasurer; Mr Jones, Librarian; and Andrew Cross, 171 Hospital Street, Secretary. The Secretary will be glad to hear from any gentleman (or lady) wishing to become corresponding members. The opening lecture was delivered by the President on the evening of Tuesday the 23rd February. At present there is every prospect of success.

MANY a man, for love of self,
To stuff his coffers, starves himself;
Labours, accumulates, and spares,
To lay up ruin for his heirs:
Grudges the poor their scanty dole;
Saves everything—except his soul.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

APRIL, 1869.

PHRENOLOGY AS AN AID TO THE BIOGRAPHER.

By J. W. Jackson,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

BURNS.

(Continued from page 125.)

It is questionable if these latter ages have in any other instance, produced so near a resemblance to the ancient bards, in their ability, as by a special gift, to marry appropriate words to fitting music. It seems, indeed, to be now almost forgotten, that the poet was once a singer, and chanted his martial, amatory, or elegiac strains, usually to his own accompaniment on the lyre or harp. The Welsh, Irish, and Gaelic bards retained this usage to a comparatively late period, while the rhythm and metre of all true poetry still afford unmistakable evidence of its former union with melody. Nor, we have reason to believe, can these sister arts ever be long or widely dissociated without serious damage to each. Yet now we have not only "songs without words," but also it is to be feared, in some cases, words without songs. We have operas, on which the composer has lavished all the richest gifts of his genius, with a libretto beneath contempt. And we have poems, abounding in grandeur of thought and beauty of conception, and yet marred by passages so utterly devoid of all the graces of style, that the most skilful reader fails to mould them into the rhythmic cadence, even of good prose, during his recitation. But here was a man who furnished the national airs of his country with words so heart-stirring and appropriate, so perfectly suitable in sound and sentiment, that in popular estimation the songs, implying also the airs, are his; the composer, even if known to antiquaries and professed musicians, being practically ignored, his lesser light being

swallowed up and absorbed in the overwhelming glory of the author—of the libretto!

Phrenologically speaking, Burns accomplished this by the union of a splendid organ of language with good time and tune. It is doubtful, however, whether he would ever have shone as a musician, in the sense of being an original composer. His power in reference to music was rather that of appreciation than composition. Carefully trained, his time would have made him a severe critic, and, combined with his moderate tune and fine temperament, perhaps even a brilliant executant, but nothing more. He was pre-eminently the poet, not the composer, though rarely endowed with intense susceptibility to what we may, by scarcely a figure of speech, term the soul of music.

The reflective faculties, like the other intellectual powers, are considerably above the average. A man so constituted would manifest good sense and sound judgment, when not swayed by passion or labouring under any undue excitement; hence his advice would be superior to his self-guidance. His logic would sometimes prove too subtle for the apprehension of ordinary minds. His reasoning was often assisted by his rhetoric, his power of persuasion not being solely dependent on the force of his arguments, but on these, as reinforced by his wonderful flow of language, his fine social qualities and his commanding strength of mind, indicated by volume of brain and vigour of temperament. He also possessed one attribute not so common, we allude to his analogical power, as indicated by the development of his comparison. To this he was also indebted for a certain portion of that intuitive insight with which he was so largely endowed, and, we may add, that profound sympathy, of which he was so grandly capable. Obviously a clear and vigorous thinker on all practical subjects, by the sole help of his mother-wit, but also one who, under other circumstances, might have attained to the acumen of the professed dialectician—or yet better, to the profundity and grasp of an original mind, using its thoroughly disciplined powers on the accumulated subject-matter of a life of study. Let not the tenor of these remarks be misunderstood. We would no more have had Burns encumbered by learning than Shakespeare. To fulfil his mission, to do his work, it was, as we have said, absolutely necessary that he should be a peasant bard; the product not of art but nature, the outcome not of books and the schools, but of earth in its beauty and heaven in its grandeur; and, we may add, of life in its stern and terrible yet sublime and beneficent reality—the life of those toiling and suffering millions, who find that continuous labour, manful and heroic, is the sole barrier between them and absolute starvation.

We have already spoken of the intellectual faculties as being

very largely, the mere expressional instrumentalities of the affections and sentiments. And if this be true of ordinary men, it was especially so of Robert Burns. Thus he idealized the objects of his affections, and then drew their portrait from this spiritualized reflection of the real—as poets, doubtless, have done and will do, in all ages and countries. In addition to this, however, his ideality gave him an actual perception of the beautiful, denied to men devoid of this high endowment. He looked at the universe through the eyes of his soul as well as his body, and thus beheld not merely its material presentment, but, in moments of especial inspiration, also caught glimpses of those supernal glories whereof the material and the temporal are but the passing and perishing vesture. No true poet is ever wholly devoid of this rare faculty of supersensuous insight, though it is possessed in very different degrees by the various orders of the sublime hierarchy of song. The much-abused and altogether misunderstood organ of wonder, of course, largely conduces to this inspired perception of the underlying divinity of things, being in this the complement of sublimity, for as the latter reveals the overawing grandeur of the universe, so the former, in part, unveils its mysterious spirituality.

We here advance on a province of phrenology, admittedly incomplete. In truth, the entire "Poet's Corner" is still very largely a *terra incognita*, arising possibly from the fact that the great masters of the science hitherto were observers and thinkers, but not bards, and so devoid of those elements in their own consciousness, by which they could have effectually interpreted the endowments and manifestations of those more richly gifted in this particular than themselves. Suffice it here, that we regard ideality and wit as purely intellectual faculties, subject however, more especially the former, to the reaction of sublimity and wonder. It was this combination, together with a certain influence from destructiveness and secretiveness, that enabled the poet to mingle the grotesque and the terrible with so masterly a hand in Tam o' Shanter. As already remarked, it was through his sublimity, wonder, veneration, and ideality, reinforced by his powerful emotions, that he framed these words of thunder and lines of fire that make "Scots wha hae" the battle-hymn of time. It was also this combination, reinforced by his powerful caution, conscientiousness, and concentrativeness, that made his moments of remorse so fearful, and shaped his utterances into an agony of supplication and self-abasement, so eloquent and impressive, that profane literature can furnish us with no parallel, and we must resort to the penitential psalms of Israel's erring king, if we would find anything superior in force and earnestness, to these prayerful outpourings of regret and self-accusation by the great-souled but impulsive and undisciplined peasant bard of

Caledonia. It was also this higher combination, united with his ardent affections, purified by her death from every vestige of earthly passion, which gave to his "Mary in Heaven" that celestial tone, as if here, on the very confines of the spiritland, he had caught the far-reverberated notes of some angel-singer of the skies—or perhaps, in a specially rapt moment, had been permitted to thus prophetically prelude some of his own seraphic strains, in this beautiful echo from the faultless harmonies and stainless anthems of the eternal.

In no man, however, is character determined solely by structure, and least of all in such an one as he of whom we are now speaking. In addition to quantity either as a whole, in reference to general volume of brain, or in particular directions, as affecting the development of special organs or groups, there is the important element of temperament. This, more than either volume or contour, divides the *quality* of the cerebral products, and so very largely determines their essential value. Many a Scottish peasant, has had a head quite as large as Robert Burns, and some have had an anterior lobe more expansively developed, but few, if any, have ever equalled him in susceptibility of feeling, in intensity and ardour of affection, and, above all, none have even approached him in the power to adequately illustrate and embody these emotions, so as to render them duly presentable to others. The delicacy and intensity of his feelings were the result of temperament, while his ability to effectually embody them constituted one of the rarest gifts of his genius.

His temperament, as already remarked, was pre-eminently nervo-fibrous, the former element being however, to at least an ordinary observer, largely overlaid by the latter, for here was no drawing-room exquisite with pallid face, and silken locks, and snowy hands of feminine delicacy, but a stalwart peasant of goodly stature, large in chest and stout of limb, swarthy and sunburnt beyond the most, and with a pair of hands upon him that bore unmistakable traces of long familiarity with flail and spade, plough and mattock. A man of genius no doubt, but a son of the soil notwithstanding—rather shall not we say, who have so reverently gathered up the testimonials of his divinity, the radiant plumes which he so carelessly dropped from his celestial pinions, a veritable Apollo disporting with the nymphs in the disguise of a shepherd, a Creeshna in the glorious exuberance of his heavenly youth, making merry with the Gopalis. Beneath this muscular exterior however, as if placed centrewise, to constitute the very basis of his being, was a highly-developed nervous system, endowing him with all the susceptibility of the very highest poetic temperament. The flashing eye, the powerfully-marked and expressive face, reflecting by turns, every varying shade of thought and emotion, the almost tragic earnest-

ness of manner, the superabounding eloquence, so rich in matter, so inspired in utterance, might have revealed this wealth of nature to any adequately penetrating observer, and convinced him that here, in this hodden grey, was a fresh avahtar of the divine,—a man ennobled without titles, and immortal independently of monuments. While even the rudest and coarsest of his companions at the village ale-house, his neighbours on the next farm, and his acquaintances at the nearest market, all felt that Robert Burns was no ordinary man, and to their dying day spoke of this sublime apparition as the one great experience of their lives, that which relieved the dull monotony of their rustic existence from its conscious insignificance, by a grandly-redeeming ray of celestial glory. The phrenologist has here no difficulty in detecting all the indications of a powerfully-developed nervous system, bursting irresistibly through its encasing envelope of muscle, like volcanic fire breaking through superincumbent yet not restraining strata of rock, and pouring its burning lava down the mountain slopes, so lately vestured in eternal snow.

But this man had more than a powerfully-organised brain and a finely-developed nervous system; in addition to this he had that ecstatic exaltation of the faculties which we commonly speak of as inspiration. This is a subject rather beyond the domain of phrenology proper, as at present understood, and yet until it has been thoroughly investigated, the science will remain incomplete in relation to the noblest province of its appropriate subject matter, we allude to men of genius and their especial manifestations of intellectual power, as prophets, poets, artists, and composers. It is simply absurd to suppose that beings of this order, with their lightning intuitions and supernal illumination, can be fully interpreted by the usual admeasurements and common standards of phrenology. These do very well with ordinary men and even men of talent, in whom the brain works according to its normal condition of activity and power. But there is something beyond this in the man of genius. He has that interior illumination, occurring in him spontaneously, which we occasionally induce in our mesmeric subjects, under the form of clairvoyance, or as, perhaps, it may be more appropriately termed, ecstatic lucidity. It was thus that Raphael painted his Transfiguration, fulfilling the highest laws of artistic composition, without effort and almost unconsciously; and it was thus, doubtless, that Shakespeare threw off some of his finest passages, not by infinite labour, interlineation, and polish, but by simple obedience to promptings from the inner and higher sphere, during some gifted hour when the spirit was upon him. As we purpose however, on some future occasion, writing a special paper on this subject, we will only remark here, that Burns appears to have been a notable instance in point, some of his

finest pieces being produced with a fervour and facility eminently indicative of the ecstatic manner of their composition.

Of course the constitutional susceptibility to this illuminated condition, like other innate gifts, must be born with a man; but as fasting, prayer, solitude, and devotion, appear to have been time-honoured processes for its more effective development among ascetic religionists, so sorrow, and suffering to the verge of unendurable agony, were often its precursors in men of larger mould, the poets and prophets of all time. And to such painful experience he of whom we now write, was no stranger, for, as we know from the sad records of his life, this man, so marvellously endowed with all the priceless gifts of genius, so acutely, nay, we might almost say, so morbidly sensitive, was nevertheless ruthlessly exposed to every form of carking care and heart-wearing anxiety, and this too from so early a period that it may almost be said, he never knew what it was to lay his head on an easy pillow. His father's gradually increasing embarrassments came home to him while yet a child. The overwhelming liabilities of that prudent and industrious, yet hopelessly involved family, entered into the very soul of the prematurely thoughtful boy. While still in the bloom of youth, he succeeded to that dire inheritance, the headship of a falling household. And then his own impulsive follies early laid the foundation for disquietudes and mortifications, from which his father's better-regulated life was happily exempt. Yes, let us confess the truth in this matter; if he inherited misfortune, he also made it. Perhaps in this his case was only the more lamentable, seeing that the pangs of regret and remorse were thus superadded to the agony of wounds, in themselves all but insupportable. Speaking after the manner of men, we may perhaps be disposed to regret this, but when we see how God's chosen instruments have always been passed through the furnace, it becomes at once obvious that their individual suffering is not solely personal, but has a regard to prospective issues, of whose importance, Omniscience can be the alone judge. More especially is this so in the case of a man of commanding genius, destined through his works, to exercise a wide and lasting influence on succeeding generations. The sufferings of such an one, in the terrible initiation preparatory to his exalted office, are as nothing, compared with the weightier consideration of his ultimate efficiency as a teacher of the ages. Moreover, let us remember that the rod is always held by One who can at any time bring omnipotence to the rescue, and who can draw on eternity and celestial beatitude for compensation to the selected agents of his sovereign will. And thus then, perhaps, it chanced that this man, the noblest, grandest, and most gifted of his century, was a storm-sped barque, that never found a sheltering haven, and so at last

went down in mid-voyage, the victim of the tempest; lost to sight in the night of time, and leaving what we call his immortal works, floating wreckwise on the weltering waste of troubled waters.

But it is time we should bring these remarks, which are suggestive rather than exhaustive, to a conclusion, and we cannot perhaps do this better than by a summary of our preceding observations. Fine as a woman in his feelings, Burns was strong as a man in his passions. With impulses ever urging him into error, he had principles that would not be silenced and aspirations that could not be suppressed. A demigod in his soul, he was sometimes anything but heroic in his life. Let us not, however, be too severe in our interpretations, even when we find him, like other immortals, occasionally condescending to something beneath his divine estate. He was not born for parlour proprieties. He did not live in an age of small virtues. He was a Samson that rusted for want of the Philistines. With stupendous powers he had no sphere. A Prometheus bound hopelessly to the rock of circumstance; what we call his works are but the wails of his agony and the outburst of his indignation. Like other angel-presences, he was not known till he had departed. The world remained blind to its greatest man, and continued deaf to its sweetest voice, till the one was removed beyond its flattery, and the other had sunk into a grandly expiring echo. It is the old story of a heavenly messenger despised by an unworthy world, a God-sent prophet starved and stoned by the fathers, whose repentant children, with much ado in after years, build the sepulchre and celebrate the centenary of the seer. It was always so in the past—have we any reason to believe it will be otherwise in the future?

CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION.

CHAPTER II.

PAUPERS AND CRIMINALS.

By H. D. Jencken, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.R.I., &c.

The base of the ladder has been reached. Step by step as I have descended, the wrong, the neglect, increased, until I find my pathway leading me to the haunts of the forlorn, to the poor, the soul-degraded criminal. In dealing with this dark side of our social condition, I have no wish to give vent to sentimental feelings—let them go to the four winds—I have but the practical side to consider. The one million chronic poor, whose presence poisons our atmosphere, what a pity good old friend death cannot clear them off at a blow! how this would relieve the poor rates, and relieve the upper and better-to-do classes of

the constant bitter reproach their presence preaches us, by the fact that a great mass of our population "are chronic poor"—that is, hand down from parent to child the privilege of suffering, of mental, moral degradation. But, unfortunately, for this humane wish of mine, death has evil companions in his wake—plague, fever, and the like—and these rude untutored hands are too apt to seize upon all alike without distinction, enter the cottage door and palace gate, little minding the protestations of the inmates. So it happens that we cannot let paupers perish —What a pity! And as to criminals, no mother is more vigilant, more caring than our authorities; they keep a constant maternal watch over these lost children of poverty. But, at whose cost is this care bestowed? Why, at that of the rate-payers—the man of property; and this brings me to figures, to those dry statistical tables; so tedious to deal with, and yet so wholesome to know.

England and Wales, with a total population of twenty-one millions, have one million paupers on average; that is, men and women supported by the state at a cost of ten millions sterling, according to Mr T. Hughes (Poor Rates to Lady Day, 1865), a cost levied upon the productive classes; for in estimating the actual loss to the country, the non-productiveness of the chronic poor must be taken into account. Poverty starves out the physical strength of a man and paralyses his industry. A large mass of our population who are not on the lists of those relieved by parish rates, suffer equally; and no one who has not visited the denser and poor districts of London, Manchester, and Liverpool, can realize the enormous waste of human energy, contending against hopeless poverty. From out this hot-bed of suffering crops up the criminal class—a wild plant that has struck its roots deep into our social corpus, sapping the very life-blood of the people. The cost of keeping up an army of constabulary, the cost of prisons and maintenance of criminals, is truly enormous for the years 1865-66-67. The average cost has been nearly two and a half millions, and the total number of accredited criminals, that is, on the government lists of convicted prisoners, is nearly 140,000; of these, London furnishes a home for about 14,000—a goodly number.

The cost of about £2,500,000, is, however, only a per-centage of the actual outlay. The criminals destroy ten times what their depredation can yield them: this is a well known fact, admitted by writers on political economy. This loss falls upon the man of property—it is he, and he only who bears the loss. I am afraid to multiply the cost of our criminals by this loss. The figure looks so big, so ugly, it might suggest a source of redeeming our national debt, if we could but manage to utilize and save from destruction the millions upon millions thus wasted.

Pauperism, the parent of our destitute and neglected children, produces crime. Mary Carpenter justly says, "The multitude of destitute children that exists in our country has never yet been numbered; no attempt has yet been made by the government to ascertain how many hundreds of thousands, or even millions of them may exist amongst us." Manchester alone is estimated to have 50,000 out of a population under half a million; and London, though an attempt has been made to deny this by the Conservative side, contains 150,000 destitute, forlorn, *uneducated children.* Bristol, and even wealthy, well-to-do Liverpool, show numbers in excess of this. At a place near to Manchester, I give this only as a specimen, to ear-mark, so to speak, the *crime*, for it is a crime the whole community are guilty of, the earnings of 1000 families, estimated at £781 14s. 7d. a-week, only yielded £4 3s. 6d. for the instruction of 1200 children; whilst the self-same place supported forty-four houses for the sale of intoxicating liquor, including three of bad repute—to so low a level of intellectual, of moral degradation has the mass of the people of this land fallen.

The actual state of suffering of the masses of this land is hardly imaginable. Listen to what Sir Geo. Grey tells us in answer to some remarks made by the advisers of the Crown, in reference to the state of our agricultural labourer:—"Now," he answers, "there is the clearest evidence to show, that the position of the labourer is, in some essential respects, worse than perhaps for centuries has been the case."—*Daily News*, Feb. 1869.

The crowded dwellings, unfit for dumb brutes, the poor take shelter in, in our great towns. "Swinish," to use the words of the medical report made to the privy council, "a mere pig sty" for the human race to perish in—or the wretched hovels of the agricultural labourer—the land-displaced, hard-working, well-meaning, impoverished man, of whom the self-same report says, "his existence implies, for the most part only, a longer or shorter circuit to eventual pauperism." I ask, is this state of things to continue? are wrong and suffering to be the characteristics of this land? the labouring classes, are they for ever to remain degraded paupers, a burden upon the state, from whose hand the choicest fruits are taken by the merciless exactions of the wealthier classes? Are the words of the humane Mr Thos. Hughes to remain uncontradicted by even a feeble effort, an attempt to ameliorate? "In no country on the face of the earth is there such awful poverty and destitution as in England, alongside of greater riches and luxury."

But I am being led off my ground. I take the side of the man of property, and would rather drown in one great deluge all the paupers than have my repose disturbed: it would be such a relief, save so much thought; but, unfortunately, this consum-

mation now cannot come to pass; so our ship has to carry explosive materials for its cargo, for it may just happen that these barrels of nitro-glycerine, of pent-up human suffering, may take to exploding and send us all into space, to care for ourselves as best we may; and that day, I contend, is not so far distant; come it must, unless we bestir ourselves. Is there no remedy, no help? Is this land, so poverty-stricken, that act as best we can, the means still lack us? That this is not the case, Mr Baxter tells us; our revenues are ample; the labouring classes earn on average £30, or a gross total of 300 millions annually; ample enough to support, educate, house, and feed the whole population. What becomes of this vast sum? The answer is soon given: it is dissipated by ignorance, ignorance generating vice, vice producing want, and want leading to a state of suffering that cannot long, cannot for ever endure; must terminate in national disaster, in a great social revolution.

The question is then—Is ignorance really at the bottom of all this terrible suffering and cruel waste of property? Are our criminals, or the majority of them ignorant, neglected children of poverty? To answer these questions, it may be as well to consult the tables of Mr Ranson, the secretary of the Statistical Society of London. He informs us that out of every 100 offenders in England and Wales, 35 per cent. can neither read nor write; 54 per cent. can only do so very imperfectly; 10 could read and write, and only 4 had received fair education. Again, take the Middlesex Sessions, January 1867: out of 105 prisoners committed for trial, all of whom, save 7, were convicted for felony, we find—38 could neither read nor write; 4 could only read; 60 could read and write very imperfectly; 1 could read and write; 2 had got superior education. But take the totals—the average commitments for more serious crimes are 140,000 a-year; of this number, 45,000 can neither read nor write; of the total number, 234 had been moderately well educated.

Do not these figures speak in volumes? Yes, ignorance creating crime; crime, want; want, intense suffering. But I will farther illustrate my case. The Lewisham and Croydon Unions, in the neighbourhood of London, levy a rate, and provide for 1000 destitute children of the twelve parishes that are comprised in the Union; out of this number 970 turn out well, 30 turn out badly; whilst, had they, these self-same children, been left to starve and grow up in vice uneducated, 900 ought, according to Commissioner Hill, to have gone to the criminal class; 100, peradventure, by the mere instinct of their better natures saved. What a lesson to learn! and yet, in face of these facts, with a cargo of nitro-glycerine, warmly bedded, beneath the planks of our quarter-deck, men and women dream on, until their day-dreams close in, in a perpetual night, and which catas-

trophe must come, sooner or later. The well-coopered casks will one day pour forth in flames their pent-up contents, and with a shriek, utter the protest of centuries against suffering of cruel wrong.

The next step for me to take, would be to render a comparative statement of crime in Prussia, United States, and the countries where the superior intelligence of the people has enabled them to grasp this question, and forestall crime by educating the poor. This I reserve however until I deal with the primary educational systems of the Continent. Suffice that the proportion of crime steadily decreases as ignorance is combated; this, the American thoroughly understands; and in the State of Pennsylvania, the State expends nearly one and a-half million sterling on the education of its people; to use the language of the leaders of the movement, "it pays; we have comparatively no criminals." In Switzerland, in Prussia, the same result. In the latter country, despite all the rigidity of their police codes, and aided by the presence of a public prosecutor, crime bears only in the inverse proportion to the superior state of the educational advance of the people, a proportion it angers me to compare with the terrible history presented by our criminal courts. In Ireland, where the education is far better attended to than in England, crime has diminished notably, and hopes are entertained that the jail deliveries may still farther decrease.

It is computed that 70 millions sterling are annually expended in fermented liquors and tobacco in England and Wales, the bulk being consumed by our labouring classes. With such a fund spent in luxuries, it is ridiculous to shrug the shoulders and plead the "want of means." The land abounds in means, but we want education, thorough systematic education, to utilize these. The great Elizabethan statute gives to each man and woman the right of asking for food and shelter; but that very privilege ought to be enjoyed only conditionally, that no man or woman should rear a child likely to become a burden to the State. The only safeguard against this ultimate pauperism is, that of raising the whole population to a higher intellectual level by education—state education—made compulsory. In how far this compulsory education may be possible in England, what can be advanced in its defence, or in opposition to the measure, I will endeavour to point out in my next chapter, in which I propose to treat on "Primary Education of the People."

NOTE.—The poor-rates average 6s per head on the total population; 6½ millions paid for actual relief; 3½ millions for administration. Total commitments, 335,000, including summary cases. Criminals committed for graver offences in England and Wales in 1868, 18,849—convicted, 14,254. For statistical data reference is made to the Government Reports and to the Annual Register.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

VESTA.

THE PURITY AND PRIESTHOOD OF WOMAN.

MONOTHEISM is especially masculine. It is so because it is unitary. Hence Judaism and the faith of Islam know nothing of female deities. They recognise only God the Father; and in perfect correspondence with this, exclude women from the sacerdotal functions. In direct opposition to this we have the Classic and Scandinavian polytheisms, with their goddesses in heaven and their priestesses upon earth. Now Christianity, although the product of a union between Hebraic and Hellenic elements —or, if the larger terms be preferred, of Semitic and Aryan influences—yet, as more especially an offshoot from the former, still excludes women from the priesthood. It does so in accordance with its Judaic traditions. There were no priestesses in the Temple, therefore there are none in the Church. Such has been the practical corollary evolved by the stern logic of events. But there are indications that this conclusion is not final. The Aryan woman feels that her exclusion is unjust. She is beginning to regard man's sole claim to the pastorate as a usurpation. And as Christianity now exists almost wholly on an Aryan area, there is no doubt that its doctrines will ultimately be modified by the spirit and its institutions conformed to the usages of this intellectual and chivalrous type of man.

To some extent this was effected in the middle ages under the Church of Rome. With a "Mother of God" and "Queen of Heaven" the Papal hierarchy indeed could scarcely exclude woman from every ecclesiastical position of trust and honour, so they encouraged her to become a nun, and even permitted her to exercise the functions of a Lady Abbess. But she could neither administer the Sacraments nor grant absolution. Thus her recognition was partial and formal, and she still remained in degrading exclusion from all the essential prerogatives of the priesthood. Protestantism, which involved among other things the denial of tradition and a return to the letter of Biblical authority, has confirmed and aggravated this exclusion of women from the discharge of all sacred functions—the cessation of the worship of the Virgin being very appropriately accompanied by the abrogation of enforced celibacy among the religious orders, and the consequent disappearance of monks and nuns, with their appropriate organisation, from the entire area of the Reformed churches. But a very grave question here arises, whether such a departure from the time-honoured usages of our race, involving as it does a violation both in form and spirit of all their profounder proclivities, and, we may add, most of their nobler aspirations,

can be permanent. The Aryans, let us remember, are by mental constitution worshippers of Nature, of whom woman is the organic symbol. This ineradicable tendency is as apparent in the Vedic hymns as in Grecian art or modern science, or, we may add, in the Vestal fires of Heathen or the Mariolatry of Papal Rome.

These matters go down to great depths, whereof ordinary writers on theology and ecclesiastics know nothing. We sometimes boast that in this age of science men are governed by facts in opposition to their preconceived ideas. But this is an affirmation that can only be accepted with considerable limitations. Whether in religion or philosophy, our leading minds are still for the most part *a priori* in their profounder habitudes of thought; that is, they reason with logical precision from premises which are often little better than baseless assumptions, and on the strength of what they consider first principles often manage to very conveniently ignore "derogatory instances." Thus it is that in learned prelections on doctrine or church government, we often find that the aptitude or inaptitude of the people who are to receive the one or be ruled by the other, is altogether omitted, as of no consequence in the estimation of the reverend speaker, who would doubtless regard any suggestion as to racial specialities as an impertinence. It is the same here. Whether women should or should not discharge sacerdotal duties under the Christian scheme, if debated at all, would doubtless be argued without the slightest reference to the particular requirements of a European population, and would in all probability be decided, not on its merits, but on the textual authority of a Semitic document, applied without the slightest misgiving to regulate the institutional development of an Aryan people!

We have been rather severe in the foregoing paragraph on theologians and ecclesiastical writers generally, but we would not be understood as expressing any exceptional disapproval of their usual procedure in settling this or any other disputed question. They are not in this one whit more irrational than most of our statesmen, legislators, and writers on Political Economy, who seem to think that humanity is in very truth but as clay in the hands of the potter, to be moulded at will to any pattern, by simply an adequate application of time and circumstance. And as to the special exclusion of woman from the priesthood, is it at all more unreasonable or more opposed to the testimony of the ages, than her exclusion from the practice of medicine? And yet have we not most of us heard some respectable practitioner clearly prove to his own satisfaction, if not to that of his auditors, that woman, from want of nerve, want of strength, and the utter absence of every other necessary prerequisite for the undertaking, was hopelessly disqualified even

for the medical specialities of her own sex, and must therefore in connection with the sick-room be permanently relegated, as at present, to the subordinate and almost servile position of nurse —the stubborn FACT that she was competent to these duties in earlier ages, and that she is still competent to them, in all extra Christian lands, being conveniently ignored by the self-deluded votary of masculine usurpation in matters essentially feminine!

But the worship of Vesta not only demanded the special ministration of priestesses, but also insisted very emphatically on their *purity*. And it is worthy of observation that Papal, doubtless as a spiritual continuation of Heathen, Rome, also insisted on the stainless purity of her *Regina Cœli*, and has, even during *the* present generation, promulgated the stupendous dogma of "the immaculate conception"—a doctrine, however, involved from the first in her position as "the mother of God." These matters also go down to far-reaching depths, whereof Protestant recusants, with their superficial and matter-of-fact profanities, never dream. Vesta was more immediately the Earth; more remotely, Nature; but, primarily, God, as the *Zeu Mater*, the divine or universal MOTHER, whereof we affirm in good Christian phraseology, "God is LOVE." Now, then, perhaps we may begin to understand the necessity for purity in the selected ministrants at the altar of this, if we may without irreverence or impropriety so term it, the supreme attribute. And we may, perhaps, also understand why it was regarded as so all-important that the sacred fire should never die out, for it was the symbol of that love, which is the life of the universe.

We are now beginning to obtain a glimpse of the place of woman in the scale of being, what she is, and what she symbolises. Perhaps the reader also now begins to understand something of the humanitarian inspiration underlying the worship of the Virgin; she is adored as the impersonation and representative of the divine element in nature, while even our modern devotion to science is only another phase of the same worship, maintained without the intervention of a mediatorial incarnation. How the ages repeat themselves! With what pertinacity humanity clings to its traditions, and holds fast by its inspirations! Here is the Aryan, true to his Pantheistic proclivities, now, as of old, affirming the divinity of Nature, whom he regards not as the material instrument, but the celestial bride of her Creator, pervaded by whose spirit and suffused by whose glory she renews her youth and beauty with every spring, and shines refulgent in the matin splendour of each returning morn. And is not this, too, a phase of universal truth, deniable only under penalties? Look at the desolate area of the faith of Islam, whose rigidly monotheistic followers, without science, devoid of art, and incapable of progress, present a striking instance of the evil effects of a restricted worship of only the

masculine attributes. They are blasted as with the lightning, withered as with the breath of the simoom. They ignore the divinity of Nature, and so are very appropriately smitten with irremediable barrenness. While Christendom, which despite its powerful Hebraic inoculation, still remains faithful to its cardinal doctrine of the divine human, is the garden of the world and the hope of the nations.

But we must carry out the worship of Vesta to nobler issues and grander purposes than the men of old. Woman is not yet adequately sanctified and set apart as "the divine mother," the immaculate queen of heaven. On the contrary, she is but too often scandalously and impiously profaned, and so, alas! converted from a holy presence into a thing of infamy—and this, too, not without penalties to the perpetrators of such terrible sacrilege. But this must be amended. Every domestic hearth, whatever the rank of its possessor, from the prince to the peasant, is an altar to Vesta, whose gentle ministrants should be pure as those who tended the sacred fire in the holiest of the fanes of old.

And why should we regard this as a Utopian ideal? Is not Nature, as by a divine inspiration, ever striving after the pure and the beautiful? Look at the stainless stars that from age to age begem the ebon brow of night in their unwaning splendour. Can aught that is of the earth, earthy, dim their peerless brightness, or cast an unworthy shadow upon their heavenly glory? And look at their gentle counterparts, their fair yet evanescent reflection upon the sea of time, the many-tinted, sweet-scented flowers of spring. What vestal aspiration may be read in the lily and the rosebud, what maiden modesty in the daisy and the primrose. Who that has seen this sweet sisterhood glistening in the morning dew, and drank in their grateful perfume, the fragrant incense of Creation's matin sacrifice, mingled with the breezy breath of the blushing dawn, could doubt Nature's holy purpose to have her children PURE as well as *beautiful?* And what is the lesson of the newly fallen snow, whose dazzling whiteness, descending like a heavenly mantle upon our wintry fields, almost blinds us dwellers upon this dingy earth? And what says the rainbow, arching the blackness of the stormcloud with its resplendent hues of light and glory, stainlessly pure yet transcendently beautiful, prismatic tints direct from the palette of the divine artist? And such is woman, an "express image," that is, organic symbol of the goodness, meaning also beauty of the Creator. She is so on the same terms that man is an incarnation of the truth, meaning also the power of God. And shall we not then religiously revere her vestal purity, while worshipfully admiring her angelic beauty, as becomes those who believe in the divinity of her spiritual origin and the splendour of her eternal destiny?

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The day of sailing was set for Wednesday or Thursday of the following week—"which is more likely," said Eleanore, "remembering our old disappointments of this kind, to be at the least a whole week later." I went on board with her and the Marsdens, to see her room, which was small, certainly, and very plainly furnished, but well ventilated—the chief comfort one can expect in sea quarters. She had had to supply her berth and toilet furniture, linen, towels, &c., and the expense of these, beside replacing her wardrobe after the fire, and paying her passage, had reduced her slender funds materially. I proposed, while discussing these points, to lend her some money; but she would not hear of it, and almost grew indignant when I urged it.

"Am I not going to leave you alone here?" she asked, "and you are no more insured against calamity of loss or sickness than I am."

And when I, in turn, urged the possibility that she might need before she could get a position, she still refused, but so kindly and tenderly that I was compelled to abandon the argument—but not the purpose. I asked Mr Marsden to procure for me a fifty dollar coin, which I folded in a note and left in his wife's hands, to be put into one of her trunks on the last day.

Those two days with her were at once busy and idle—sad and happy. We could not see when or how we were to meet again; yet both, I think, held a sound faith in that event. I had to leave at four o'clock on Sunday evening, and we sent Phil to church with our host and hostess, and sat alone all that glorious autumn morning, talking and filling our souls with the tranquil beauty that steeped the city, the bay, and the country opposite.

"It is scarcely five months since we landed here," said I, "and yet how immense the visible change since that day. It makes us feel older to look back upon so crowded a record of past time; does it not?"

"Older in thought and experience," replied Eleanore; "but in all that regards the physical life I feel more youth in me than I have for years before. This peerless climate has such wealth for the needs of the body, I think one must continue for awhile to grow young in it."

"Yes, I believe that myself, for all that I see and hear of the experiences of others besides ourselves; yet I cannot say that I wish to live

here. I have lost with the years and their hopes, the relish of adventure; the recklessness and haste of this busy life jar upon me painfully, and when I am separated from you, I feel the lack of sustaining aid to rise above these frets."

"You will recover from this in a measure," she said, "after you become more accustomed to others, and turn more according to your old wont upon yourself. You have been a very self-sustaining woman, I think, Anna."

"Yes; but now I feel sometimes that I have *only* sustained myself, and that is, at best, but a negative work. You have opened my interior and perceptions to the charm and beauty of growth, and for that I seem to need help—such help as you have given me."

"In small and poor measure, I feel, dear friend. I have been scarcely conscious of any such relation to you during our acquaintance, and if it is not an affectionate imagination of yours, I ought to be happy in the thought. But for yourself, believe me and take courage, you do not need the help you crave. With all your health of soul and body, with a clear perception of the 'main purport and significance of life,' you will not miss it. And then, too, a soul that is thoroughly known to us is ours, whether near or distant. It is riches, help, and strength; and this wealth, if we aspire to true aims, goes on accumulating for us through all the years of our toil. If we have found any inmost need of ours answered in another spirit, there is an inalienable treasure added to us, and I think it even matters little to our best life, in this high relation, whether death has come between us or not. If I were going to the kingdom of the departed next week, instead of another country here should I be lost to you? If in this life I have been helpful, I could never be otherwise in another. I believe it is an eternal law of true relations, such as ours. The dead live to all spiritual natures when their names are forgotten—for, as Carlyle grandly says, 'It is a high, solemn, and almost awful thought to every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a beginning, shall never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.' If I live hearafter, and I can only live by being wholly and entirely myself, with all my affections, hopes, and interests, however they may be modified by a change of sphere, I should certainly be in some possible relation to you or any other friend whom I love. I cannot conceive of launching off into the future world, and severing myself, from all the interests and persons I have cherished and known here. It would be impossible to do this and preserve my identity. But if I lose that I lose my immortality. It must be another being, and not I, who does not love those whom I have loved. So the divine trusts, purposes, and affections I have

entertained here, must go with me and constitute a part of myself there, or the immortality would be a beggarly, naked gift, unworthy of God to bestow, or any developed human soul to receive."

"But what then," I asked, "of the undeveloped and depraved, who could carry no such divine consciousness with them?"

"What of them, dear? The same sad mournful case that we see here—aggravated by the loss of all that they have called pleasure or happiness on earth. Conceive the sensualist, the miser, the man of external ambition, the pleasure-seeker in any direction, the being of any sort whose highest good has been material, turned adrift from the body through whose senses he has enjoyed this good, cut off from passion, from the power of external achievement, from the animal appetites, whose gratification he has lived to cultivate: no more lust, no more conquest, no more gain, no more idle pomp or display possible to him, and unfitted for anything but these. Can you imagine a keener hell than such a spirit must find itself in until it is developed and educated to a better condition? The inexorable fact of identity is, I believe, the most fearful penalty of such a life—a penalty which God himself cannot avert from it, unless he would break the law of cause and consequence, which is the central and pervading truth of the universe."

"Then bad or subversive relations between this life and the future, may and must be perpetuated as well as good and helpful ones."

"Undoubtedly they may and are. Only bear in mind that everywhere in the dear Father's creation, the dominant tendencies are to good. Good expands and wars with evil all over the earth; first to contract and imprison, and finally to destroy it. Among the humane peoples this is the battle of every day and year; and the victory, in the long run, is never doubtful. We know in the morning what banner shall wave over the field finally—if not on the first night, then on some other that will come after. And if this be the law of this sphere—the lowest that we know—can we conceive of its being reversed in the higher ones? Good and bad men strive together here to accomplish their opposing purposes, and I have no doubt the same conditions pass over to the spirit life; but in the end the good unquestionably triumph there as here."

"If this comfortable view be the true one," said I, "it would help many millions of unhappy souls to receive it. What light it would throw on hidden and unacountable tendencies which we find in the hearts of men!"

"You can scarcely, I think, over-estimate its value to our human life," replied Eleanore; "and its clear and unmistakable coming in these years, proves another sublime and uplifting truth—the fitness of progressed souls to receive it. We are justly proud of our discoveries

up to this time, of our inventions and the emancipation they are effecting; of our active humanities, which are reaching to embrace all nations; of of our expansive energies, which are searching out and reclaiming the uttermost lands; of our fearless analysis and keen inquiry, which are levelling the barriers that bigotry, prejudice, and even science herself has reared in the ages that are gone, and making one the hitherto divided territories of our thought and knowledge; but all these seem to me only the fitting and beautiful foundation on which this crowning truth shall plant itself between the earth and heaven. Do you find anything herein," she asked, "which your faith and reason reject?"

"I am in conflict, Eleanore, with respect to these very things. There is a strong conservative vein in me, with a passable capacity for progress too, I believe. The new appeals to my interest, but I do not readily turn away from the old, wherein my hopes and trusts have been garnered."

"Nor need you, dear, in this case. Here is no dogma which conflicts with one you have before received. Here is no arbitrary assertion, contradicting another arbitrary assertion which you have before trusted. It is philosophy and religion wedded, which have before been blindly and bitterly divorced. It is love translated by wisdom—light falling from higher and purer eyes than ours, upon the clouded fields of life—bloom and radiance descending into dark and rugged vales of fruitless belief, faith stealing noiselessly into the infidel soul. O Anna, I feel inspired at times with all sorts of courage to carry this light to the souls of men and women. I suppose I should once, with this zeal, have made a missionary, and gone off to some remote, benighted people, to teach them the little I knew; but now I long more earnestly to bring to developed minds the truth they are prepared to receive. You do not think me straying, I hope, from the quiet paths wherein I have won your confidence."

"No, dear Eleanore, for you have said much of this before, and by your expressed thought, sent me a long way toward these conclusions myself. But am I to infer that you accept in their length and breadth the views of which these seem to be a part? Would you be willing to be called a Spiritualist?"

"I should be willing to be called by any name that would truly express my belief, and by none more willingly than one which should convey to myself and others the assurance that I had sought and received the highest and clearest light that has come to us on the grand question of the Future. I accept the alleged phenomena, so far as I am acquainted with them, as altogether in harmony with what I believe of human capacity and spiritual power. But if I rightly apprehend their

bearing, the most they can do for me, is to confirm and clear foregone conclusions."

"Then you do not think them of such vast importance as most persons do who give any heed to them?"

"I believe they may import much to our religious life. What could fail to do so that should be *proved* to be absolute truth, bearing upon it so directly and powerfully? But I think also that in a few years their occurrence or non-occurrence will be matter of far less consideration than it is at present. For there will then have been developed the truths of which they are, at most, but the sign or vehicle, and having brought us those, they will sink into comparative insignificance. It is the fate of the phenomenal portions of all mixed subjects of our investigation. The history of one is that of all; for material phenomena, however they may differ in other bearings, have always the common office of developing laws to man. There is always a period of war before the laws are fully demonstrated; but when that is done, the facts which before centred all attention and provoked all bitterness, are quite lost sight of by advanced minds. If you want an instance, think of the excitement which attended Spurzheim's progress in this country, and Gall and Mesmer's in Europe. Yet now all intelligent persons accept the laws of phrenology and of animal magnetism, and you could scarcely detain an enlightened audience while you should demonstrate the one or the other by the most startling facts. And so be sure, dear Anna, all these wonders that we hear of, and which now fill the broad foreground of this subject, will retire as the thought they appeal to is more and more developed, and after a time we shall scarcely hear mention of them among intelligent persons, while the ideas which are their flower and fruit, will carry sweetness and nurture to all quick and hungering souls. And as more exalted souls among us place themselves in harmony with conditions which we shall understand better with the lapse of years, higher teachings will come. The ascending planes of reason and feeling will widen and brighten before our vision, and we shall receive of those uplifting and refining influences, what our imaginations scarcely shadow forth now. Oh, I behold majestic continents and blooming islands in that Future to which I look for humanity; fresh kingdoms of thought; mountain chains of rugged purpose; and aspirations which shall rise above our present conceptions as those pure white clouds yonder float above the reek and impurities engendered by the change and decay that are going on below them. Do not tell me, dear friend, that I am fanatical or extravagant. I feel this as clearly as I feel a Future beyond to-day. It has been the hope and the faith of souls rising heavenward, ever since Ideas and Facts accumulated into the aggregate Learning, whose mys-

terious touch unlocked and expanded the inner life of Magi and Seer, and warmed the far-reaching ambition of the early man of science. The atheistic Savan is the product of our late day of material investigation. His period will be short—for materialism will be more readily displaced from the mind instructed in the works of God, than from one chained by the dogmas of Theology. But I see I am tiring you, and our talk has outrun the preacher's—for there come the people from church."

At that moment Phil, who had been picked up below by Antonio, came rushing into the room with a boisterous joy, and so ended our last serious and elevated conversation, till we should meet again.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THERE was yet dinner, and about three hours' time before I had to make ready for starting; but the one was over, with pleasant chat, cordial invitations, and some awkward attempts at joking on the desolation to which I was about to be left; and at last the hours were also gone, and, satchel in hand, I went, with heavy steps and a heavier heart, down stairs, where Mr Marsden stood awaiting me.

As we turned into Kearney Street, I caught her parting signal. "And that," I said, sadly, "is the last I shall see of her—forever, perhaps."

But my faith and the remembrance of hers rebuked my doubting heart. I put a few dollars into Mr Marsden's hand, with special instructions how to spend it in presents for Phil and comforts for their voyage; and when we reached the boat, I went by myself, and sat down to indulge my feelings. My utmost faith did not promise me another such soul. I had lived forty years to find one, and I could not hope that the future would be richer than the past. On the contrary, I saw its poverty more plainly, as the bitterest fast is that which follows feasting.

How weary and dull was the passage home—the sleepless night—the arrival and the opening of school next morning. I seemed then to be working merely to live. All through the day I could not raise a hope that overleapt the visible and near boundaries of my being. I had parted with so much, that there seemed nothing worth considering left. The people about me, at other times tolerable or even pleasing for an hour, were now intolerable. I was like a despairing lover, and I thought at night, as I walked about my small room, how much strong life must be required in the soul of man or woman, to come out of such a conflict victor. I thought of Col. Anderson, and this thought gave me a feeling of relief, for I could sit down and write to him, and pour myself freely out, without dread of being thought absurd or foolish.

I told him all that had passed; how Phil inquired for him, and in what an awful tone I had been prohibited from naming the person who could bring "Turnel" to him; how Eleanore had commanded me to send him the letter I inclosed; and last, how I lamented the loss of such a guiding, luminous soul, and felt in my heart I must follow her when reason and duty would suffer me.

Though, according to my promise, I could not send this letter for several days, the writing was good for me. I slept better for it, and woke in the morning to find in myself more resistance and courage than the evening had promised. I began to think of her letters, though it would be long before one could come, and even—so elastic is the struggling soul—to turn at moments to that hope of meeting we had both talked so confidently of realising.

But I shall not hinder you with myself and my petty affairs, for the two and a-half months that intervened till I heard from her. When the great, generous letter came, I felt *almost* as if she were herself there, speaking to me—it was so like her. She began with:—

"Dates are my abhorrence, you know, Anna, and you are not to expect another through this whole journey, unless I should be happily inspired with one some day on sitting down to write. This is our fifth day out. It was very rough the first two, and poor Phil and I suffered. We missed our old shipmates and attendants sadly. There is no Ching or Antonio here. By the way, I must tell you that poor Antonio, when we came away, actually broke down to tears, and drew some from me, too. He has been so unfailing in his kindness and service, and so entirely modest—claiming nothing but the privilege of being useful—that I was moved at parting from him, and at his distress in separating from Phil. He declared he would have come with us, if only he had known it early enough to have asked the Colonel! What did this mean? I was very glad, then, that I had avoided saying anything to him, or in his presence, about going, till the day before we sailed. When he left the ship, he told Phil he would come to Valparaiso and see him, by-and-by; and I should not at all wonder at his finding us there some day—sailors wander about so, you know. There are but two persons on this side of the continent whom I should be more grateful to see in a land of strangers.

"But I was telling you the first days were very rough. And how miserable we all were! Next to my room, on the same side, are a merchant and his wife from Valparaiso, Mr and Mrs Rowe; Maine people, but long residents of Chili. Mr Rowe is a silent, dignified man, with a touch of pomposity in his manners, and a refined and most vigilant courtesy. He is fifty, I should say, and at least fifteen years older than his wife, whom he loves and watches as I do Phil. She is a woman with a naturally noble heart, I am sure. It is declared in her countenance and bearing. She is bright and clever, as Yankee women are apt to be, but much above the *smart* level they are so proud

of. She has the repose and polish of a well-bred woman, with something more than average culture in certain directions. On her bookshelves, of which she offered me the freedom yesterday, I found a few volumes of choice old and modern literature; books in which style goes before purpose, and elegance is perhaps a little more earnestly courted than truth: but not one of the characterising books of this generation, except Currer Bell's novels—none of the progressive poets —no new philosophy of life or nature—none of the master-thinkers.

"But she was reading 'Jane Eyre,' and her husband, she said, was trying to interest himself (think of that) in Shirley! You will see now how stately and courteous we shall be—how we shall discuss books and men, much, I fancy, as people inspect anatomical museums: admiring the polish, order, and arrangement, but finding no *heart*.

"There is one other lady, but I have only had a passing sight of her, going, with the help of a gentleman, to her room. From the finical, elaborate external I then beheld—fluttering head-gear, ornate dressing-gown and wide laces—I do not look for much internal life. But I may be disappointed. Sensible and genuine women do sometimes go fearfully in debt to such accessories—I wonder with what result, on the whole, to themselves and beholders.

"There are but two other passengers—both Spanish gentlemen—Senor Pedrillo and Don Rafael, I hear them called. I have scarcely seen them, except to distinguish the portly, middle-aged Senor, from the handsome, melancholy young Don. You shall have them another day. Phil wishes he could see Miss Warren to-night; so do I.

"——— That mark, Anna, indicates that this writing is on another day—next days, as Phil says; all days after any certain one that he remembers, are next days, you know, to him. Well, this next day is rainy and windy, so you must patiently decipher what follows, and distribute the extra strokes of the w's, m's, n's, and u's, as best you can. The ship and sea are both in such an unfriendly mood, that I do not know if I should write at all, but that I love a victory, and there being no larger one possible, I accept this.

"Our Don Rafael is a Troubadour, misplaced by about four centuries. Oh, that you could hear his guitar, when the evenings are still, and his tender voice—it is really a very sweet, though rather a wailing tenor—singing of love and heroism! He has abundant raven curls, a clear olive colour, an exquisite moustache, and a most patrician foot and hand. Don Rafael, I think, must take high rank among Castilian beaux, but as he speaks very little English, and I no Spanish, we are not likely, I fear, to furnish each other very correct data for nice judgment in these matters. He is punctilious in all manner of politeness to Mrs Brent—her, to wit, of the elaborate toilet, whose husband's partner he is. He elevates courtesy toward her into an art, and devotes himself heroically to its cultivation. At table, on deck, in the cabin, at the door of her state-room, with solemn face and grave gesture, he informs her, 'Madam, I am your servant; honour me with your commands.' And you will see the courage with which this is done, when I tell you that she sits down in the cabin, arrayed in

brocade and diamonds, awaiting dinner, and actually horrifies our little convention there, by cleaning her nails! You think now it is sweetly done with a little gem of a knife, which she twirls so deftly in her jewelled fingers, that we have to guess at what she is really doing; and you are, perhaps, impatient with me for noting so trifling and pardonable an impropriety. No such thing, dear Anna. She draws from her pocket a bowie-knife, with a spring in the back; presses it till the blade flies open, and then she has in her hand a weapon, at the very least six inches long. With this elegant instrument she proceeds to the duties in which Lord Chesterfield instructed his son so carefully, and generally prolongs their performance till dinner is placed on the table. But Don Rafael would go overboard, I think, before he would let those thunderous eyes of his (did you ever hear of such eyes?) emit a ray of surprise or wonder. Don Rafael faces the bowie-knife, when seats are to be taken, and solemnly offers his arm for the step between her and her place, with a true air which says, 'I suffer no thought, still less comment.' I admire this in him very much.

"You may say it is suggestive of that old story of Cervantes', who put heroism and gallantry on horseback, and carried them to the wars, to prove themselves against the world; but I like it. One so seldom sees among us this sort of social courage. What young American exquisite could bring himself to such thorough and sustained politeness to a vulgar woman? If he were constrained to it by her fortune or position, he would protest by looks, shrugs, or gestures, to all beholders, that he understood and scorned it as much as they could. Be sure Don Quixotte was a representative man.

GRIEF-WEALTH.

I'LL take no exchange for my sorrow—
Not if Fortune should empty her horn;
Although our bright bud of to-morrow,
Withering, hath left us forlorn
Of the mystical beauty of gloaming, the glamour and music of morn.

Though the storm that hath scattered the vision—
The hopes that are holy and sweet—
Still hurls it with howls of derision
Into hideous forms at our feet, [meet:
Like the surf of a storm-driven sea where the rocks and the vext waters

Learn, fool, by thy gladness to measure
The rage of the tempest that lowers!
Oh, what a summer of pleasure
Was that brief summer of ours!
Must ever the foot of the slayer trample the fairest of flowers?

Whence this wild yearning spirit?
This wringing of hands and loud prayer?

Something the soul must inherit
To fill the dark void that is there!
Something! Infinite, yield us, better than pain and despair!

Because of the thirst and the fever,
Because of the famine and dearth,
And the dreary shortcomings, forever
Cheating the soul from its birth—
One sorrow undying is dearer than aught we have found upon earth.

Cling, ye who have loved, to your sorrow,
Though shadowing all things with woe!
'Tis the light of the past and the morrow:
By the gloom of the present we know
The joy of the season of breaking of ice and of melting of snow.

Sydney, Australia. J. Le Gay Brereton.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

FACTS IN CLAIRVOYANCE.

By W. Anderson.

That "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," no one ever thinks of denying as an abstract proposition; but nothing is more common than to disbelieve it in practice. How often do we as mesmerists or spiritualists hear the word "impossible" pronounced! If Young's couplet be correct—

"Impossible is nowhere to be found,
Except, perhaps, in the fool's calendar"—

then assuredly the number which may be classed under this head is somewhat discouraging.

Clairvoyance has been a great bugbear to the scientific world, more especially the medical section. Who has not laughed at the conclave of philosophers trying to solve the problem of their facetious sovereign—Why a globe full of water did not run over when a live fish was put in it? They argued a long time before it seemed to strike them to try the experiment, or ascertain accurately if it was a fact. Much in the same way have our modern *savans* dealt with the subject of clairvoyance, and psychological phenomena generally. They have spent as much time proving the thing to be impossible, writing the most bitter invective and the keenest sarcasm they could command, as would have amply sufficed to put the subject to the test. They do not appear to be philosophical enough to know that *ex cathedra* denunciation proves nothing—except, perhaps, their own ignorance. They would do well to ponder the following words of Chalmers—"It is a very obvious principle, although often forgotten in the pride of prejudice and of controversy, that what has been seen by one pair of human eyes, is of force to countervail all that

has been reasoned or guessed at by a thousand human understandings." There can be no excuse for omitting personal investigation on the subject of clairvoyance. The materials are always at hand. It certainly requires in many cases some patience and care, but nothing to deter any one with the pretensions to a philosopher or man of science. For medical men especially there can be no excuse, as they have opportunities for experiments of this kind possessed by no other class. I shall now proceed to give an account of several cases of clairvoyance that have come under my observation while experimenting in mesmerism.

My first experiment in clairvoyance, though now some years ago, is as vividly before my mind as if it had been yesterday. I had mesmerised a young girl, eleven or twelve years of age, on account of a slight cold, when she very soon went asleep. She had frequently been mesmerised before that time, and given some evidence of being clairvoyant. Seeing her asleep, I thought it was a good opportunity of personally testing the truth of clairvoyance. Among various questions, I asked if she could see a lady friend of mine who lived about three miles away, and whom I had been mesmerising for what I thought was dyspepsia. She said she would try; so I took her hand in mine, and went mentally to the residence of my friend. I then asked if she saw her, and she replied she did, and described her to me. Telling her to make a close examination, and inform me if she saw anything wrong, I allowed her to sit quietly for a few minutes. She now commenced and gave a description of the symptoms under which the lady laboured, and went on to describe an internal tumour, which had been the principal cause of the symptoms. By questioning, I found that the tumour was intra-uterine. Her language, though not technical, was sufficiently clear for any one slightly acquainted with the anatomy of the body. So far as the symptoms were concerned, I knew she was correct, but I had no knowledge as to the tumour. The next time I saw the lady examined, I mentioned the experiment I had been trying, and the result, omitting any reference to the tumour. Asking earnestly if what I said was all that the clairvoyant had told me, she perceived I had some hesitation in answering, and divining the reason, I suppose, she asked pointedly if nothing had been said about a tumour, or anything of that sort. I then told her as gently as I could what the clairvoyant had said on that point, when she owned that it was quite correct, and that several eminent medical men who had examined the case came to the same conclusion.

At the same sitting, still further to test the matter, I asked her if she could see the lady to whom I had been writing that afternoon. She said she would try.—I may explain, that I did not know the locality where the lady lived, further than the name of the village, which was about six miles away; and as I had only posted the letter that afternoon, it could not, from the nature of the place, have reached her when I was experimenting.—Being unable to go mentally to the residence of the lady, I was afraid I should not succeed; but in a minute or so, she said she had found her out. I asked her to describe her, which she did accurately, and that she was then suffering from a cold. She also de-

scribed an old lady in the same house, mentioning particulars about her manner of which I had no distinct recollection, but which I afterwards found were correct. A call from my friend about a week afterwards confirmed what had been said as to her health at the examination.

I also asked various questions as to my own health, and got satisfactory answers. Having in my pocket a small metallic box containing printers' type, I inquired if she could see what was in the box, but she could not make out what they were, having never seen a type before. Had she been reading my thoughts, or influenced by my mind, she would have known, I think, as I was perfectly well acquainted with the contents of the box. I have used the same girl many times since then as a medical clairvoyant, and generally with the greatest satisfaction.

I had some very interesting experiments with another young girl, about sixteen, but who was not so reliable as the above, her lucidity varying considerably at different times. She was exceedingly vivacious while asleep, and it was with difficulty we could get her to settle down to any serious investigations. She was a beautiful phreno-mesmeric subject. She could tell everything that was going on in the different rooms of the house, with the greatest precision. I bandaged her eyes with several plies of a handkerchief, and opening a book at random, asked her to read, which she did with about as much facility as in her waking state. This I repeated several times, with the same result. I was greatly perplexed one night, in connection with these reading experiments. I had mentioned to her that a gentleman was willing to give a five-pound note if she could tell the number of it in an envelope; but I declined the offer, as I had done offers of the same kind on previous occasions. A few nights afterwards, for my own satisfaction, I placed a bank-note, of which I did not know the number, in a large envelope, so that the note was not folded. After putting her asleep, and getting her to read from an ordinary book, with her eyes bandaged, I produced the envelope, and requested to be told the number and name of the bank, at the same time informing her, that she might not get agitated, that she would not get the money whether she read it correctly or not, as it was a personal experiment. However, she went altogether wrong. The name she could not make out at all, and the figures she gave were incorrect. On telling her that she was mistaken, she tried again, but was still as far from the truth. I then took it out of the envelope, and put it in her hand, but with no better result.

The best instance of her clairvoyant power was given one night that a mutual acquaintance mesmerised her, who seemed to have more power over her than I had. He had foolishly made a bet with a friend during the day, that he would inform him next day what he was doing at a certain hour that night. He asked the gentleman to write his name and put it in an envelope, which he might give her as a clue. On putting her asleep, and giving her the envelope, she soon found the gentleman out, although he lived about half-a-mile away. He had remembered the challenge, and at the appointed time was doing all sorts of unlikely things, such as partly undressing and hopping about his room on one leg, putting a photograph beneath the table-cover, smoking, and such like. His mother coming into his room, he said to

her that "he would dodge Moffat and his clairvoyant." All these things were carefully noted down by my friend as the clairvoyant mentioned them; and calling on the gentleman next day, he astonished him by detailing his antics, and the very words he had uttered to his mother, all of which were found exactly to tally.

An elderly lady whom I mesmerised several times, having shown signs of being clairvoyant, I tried to get her to read a book while it was closed, her eyelids being firmly compressed, but she said she would not do it at that time. I opened the book and asked her to read the title, but she said she was too tired, and could not do it then. As I would not have an opportunity for some time again, I persisted, but she firmly refused. Opening up the volume at the frontispiece, I asked her to tell me the subject of it. With an air of reluctance, she stretched out her arm, and passed her fingers over the surface of the print, her eyes being firmly closed, and her head turned away from the book. After examining the plate as a blind person would have done an embossed surface, she described it accurately. I next turned to a plate in the centre of the book, which she also described by merely passing her fingers over it. She had never seen the book while awake, and the plates were entirely new to her.

These must suffice for the present. They are among the simplest forms of clairvoyance, and in a future number I shall probably relate a few extraordinary cases. It is a subject full of practical interest, but in the meantime I refrain from making any comments, or advancing any theories, and close with the following somewhat appropriate quotation from Sir William Hamilton's "Discussions on Philosophy":—"As Hobbes has well observed: were it for the profit of a governing body, that the three angles of a triangle should not be equal to two right angles, the doctrine that they were would, by that body, inevitably be denounced as false and pernicious. The most curious examples of this truth are to be found in the history of medicine. For this, on the one hand, is nothing less than a *history of variations;* and on the other, only a still more marvellous history of how every successive variation has, by medical bodies, been first furiously denounced and then bigotedly adopted."

THE SPIRIT VOICES.

It is with much pleasure that I testify as to the phenomenon of the spiri voice, experienced through the mediumship of Mrs Everitt at their circle at 26 Penton Street, Islington. On the occasion to which I refer, I was accompanied by Mrs Burns, and about nine ladies and gentlemen composed the circle. During the dark seance the fire is obscured by a sheet of zinc which fits the fire-place, with the exception of some slits at the bottom for the admission of air. Mrs Everitt sat close up to the table with her back to the fire. Mrs Burns sat on her right, and I on her left. I was appointed to hold the tube, which I at first did horizontally at right angles to the line between the medium and myself. Mrs Everitt was not entranced. The spirit voices of "John Watt" and "Tom" were then heard, and a conversation ensued between the two. I then moved the tube in other directions, which of course no

one knew, but this did not interfere with the manifestation of the voices. I then put the palms of my hands over the ends of the tube and held it in all positions I could think of, yet the voice continued, notwithstanding the changes in respect to the tube. While Mrs Everitt would be leaning quite near to Mrs Burns's face, "John Watt" would be speaking close to mine, so that I might almost fancy the breath of the speaker was felt. Mrs Burns was conscious of the presence of another spirit standing between herself and Mrs Everitt. She looked in the direction of the fire-place and could see the spirit form moving between her and the slits in the sheet of zinc through which some light shone. We had a long conversation with the voices, not only in one tone, or from one direction, but in quite a variety of positions and pitches as regards nearness to the medium. The relative position of Mrs Everitt to Mrs Burns and myself, rendered it impossible that she could thus use her voice or move her body without our being aware. On both my visits to this circle, I have seen in broad light a chair move towards the table without any one touching it. On the evening I refer to above, the chair stood in an angle opposite the corner of the table which projected slightly between Mrs Everitt and myself. The chair suddenly moved with considerable velocity and force, the distance of about two feet, and was intercepted by my leg. The motion of the chair then was neither towards the medium, nor from her, but rather from behind and forward. Nor was she aware that the phenomenon was about to occur, till she was nervously startled by the sudden jerk it gave. J. BURNS.

A SINGULAR CASE OF FASTING.

BY J. BURNS.

SOON after my arrival in Wales, I became aware of the "Strange story from Carmarthenshire," from a paragraph in the *Cambria Daily Leader*, of Feb. 24, 1869; and I resolved on making an investigation of the case as soon as my engagements would permit. Accordingly, when I reached Carmarthen, I first put myself in communication with the Rev. E. Jones, Vicar of Llanfihangel-ar-Arth, in whose parish the farm of Lletherneuadd is situated, and where the girl, Sarah Jacobs, lives with her parents, who are farmers. To my request to be permitted to examine the case in company with him, I received a very courteous reply, stating that he would meet me at the farm, on the morning of Wednesday, March 10. I took the rail to Pencader, and reached the farm after a walk of two miles farther. I found the girl, Sarah Jacobs, lying on her back in bed, in the bed-room which her parents occupy. The bed was covered over with books and pamphlets. I was much struck with the intelligent and pleasing aspect of her countenance. The face is round, the features small, sharp, and regular; the eyes are particularly brilliant and intelligent looking, and of a dark brown colour. The brow is smooth and rounded, indicating large form, individuality, eventuality, and comparison; but the side organs are also full, which gives the forehead more of a broad than sharp appearance. After a few preliminary questions, I proceeded to make an

examination of her head. As near as I could measure, it is twenty and a half inches in circumference, it is remarkably harmonious in all regions, with few exceptions. These are the organs of self-esteem and firmness. The organs are sharp in development, indicating much mental susceptibility and cerebral activity. The social and domestic propensities are full and harmonious; she is energetic and courageous in disposition; frank and candid, yet manifesting considerable discretion and reserve. Cautiousness is large, as also approbativeness; and the moral group is quite full, with the exception of veneration, which is a degree smaller than the others. Tune, constructiveness, and ideality are all large; and the type of head belongs to the literary and artistic class. Imitation is also large, especially where it joins with ideality, hence she has an intuitional tendency of mind, and is capable of being impressed with poetical ideas, spiritual thoughts, and premonitions. The organs in the forehead are all full or large, with the exception of those at the corner of the brow, from weight outwards.

In length she measures about 4 feet 8 inches. She has not the power of moving her body. The left side is quite paralysed, but she can use the right hand a little, the skin of which is red, as if the blood were congested in the capillaries, as one's hand is when exposed to the cold. It felt cold and clammy, but readily increased in temperature by being held in my warm hands. Though the muscles are much shrunk and flaccid to the touch, yet she does not present an emaciated appearance. I could perceive no arterial action in the wrists, with the exception of a slight nervous flutter; but, in the temples, there was more to be perceived. On a subsequent visit the pulse was distinct and regular, but not strong; more vital heat was also apparent. Her face looks full and even healthy, and there is occasionally considerable flush on her cheeks. The skin of the face feels rather hard and flinty to the touch. Her temples are warm, as well as the other parts of her head. The brain seems to be quite active and under her control. She has fits several times a day, each lasting from three to four minutes. I saw her in one, she was apparently unconscious; her eyes were nearly shut, a slight nervous tremor was visible in the head, and she breathed heavily. The eyes gradually opened and she looked up suddenly and stretched the muscles of her face as if waking from sleep. When in her normal state again her cheeks were more flushed than before.

I had heard some rumours of the history of the case—namely, that she had existed without food or drink for a great length of time; but, after examining her, I made a series of inquiries, which Mr Jones kindly repeated to the parents in Welsh, as the family do not speak English. She will be 12 years old in a few weeks. About the middle of February 1867, she was seized with violent fits, from which she partially recovered. About six weeks later she had a continuous fit, during which she did not eat anything, but lay in a dozing unconscious state. About the end of April she called for milk and took food for about two months, when she began to eat less and less, and only took a little cooked apple for a month or two. During the last seventeen months her parents declare she has not eaten anything at all. She does not even desire drink; her lips had been wetted with a drop of water that

morning, the first time since the previous Monday week. No evacuations from the body are noticed; but it becomes a question whether a little water is not perceptible sometimes. Contrary to expectation the abdomen is not in a collapsed state, it is quite full, and has the appearance of that of a person in health; sometimes it is distended beyond normal proportions. There seems to be a continual action of gases in the bowels and much flatus is voided during sleep. I was informed she was rather improved in health during the last few days; she sleeps better, and sometimes is even moved a little on one side in the morning, and her helpless limbs are slightly altered in position during sleep. She generally sleeps from about twelve at midnight until about four in the morning. Since she was taken ill, she has improved her mind very much; she reads a great deal, and enjoys the company of those who come to entertain her mentally. She has composed some verses of which she repeated a specimen, but as they were in Welsh, I can give no opinion of their merits. Her voice is rather high-keyed, sharp, and hurried. The question now arises—Does she positively live without food, and if so, by what means is the life sustained? I can neither affirm nor deny the statement that she has not taken food during the last eighteen months. I only have the testimony of the parents which I can neither support nor deny. The father, however, declares that he is quite ready to allow any person or persons to live in the family and watch the case continually for any length of time. This is a matter which should not be neglected; it would afford great satisfaction to the public, as well as to the parents, that is, supposing their statement to be true. Such a committee watched Elizabeth Squirrel, whose case, in some respects, was even more remarkable than the one under notice. If it be proved that she does live without food—How is life maintained? It is evident that the nutritive forces of her system are almost at a minimum, the physical functions are almost nil, but she manifests considerable mental activity. She has acquired the accomplishment of reading English, though she does not understand the language; and she reads Welsh considerably, and talks, and composes verses in it. Yet any powerful excitement, such as the sudden barking of a dog, will at once throw her into a fit. Such a case powerfully impresses the mind that the phenomena of life, the *modus operandi* of existence, are not at all comprehended or explained by the science of the day. It may be that the atmosphere plays an important part in sustaining life in her case as it does in that of every living creature, and that in a way not at present thought of. The atmospheric air contains in solution, or in another form, nearly all the elements of organic bodies, and it is through the correlations established by vegetable growth that mankind already feed upon air and light in a solid state. May it not be possible that the human organism derives much more nutrition from the air than has been supposed, and that under certain negative states of the body these atmospheric elements are assimilated or correlated more readily by the physical system? Another probability respecting her sustenance, is, that she draws or derives vitality from those around her. I learn that during the earlier part of her illness she was more specially attracted to some, while others were repelled by her, and I feel sure

that her magnetic predelictions are greater than has been observed by those around her. I feel convinced, that she has the power of imbibing vital magnetism from the various organisms that come in contact with her. I have seen this effected repeatedly, both by accident and by design, on the part of nurses and relatives, who wished to sustain the low vitality of their patients. One fact tends to confirm this supposition. I was informed that a younger sister, a fair haired, warm-blooded, full bodied, little girl, had been sleeping with Sarah recently, who had improved in health of late. This leads us to the means whereby she may be restored to health, viz.: vital magnetism supplied by the laying on of hands and making passes down the body. I would recommend that a person of suitable bodily condition and temperament place his hands lightly on her chest, shoulders, hips, knees, and feet at different times, concentrating his will in the act, so as to bring himself in sympathy with her state, and entertain the desire that he might be able to infuse benefit into her system. Then she might be subjected to mesmeric passes which would circulate the vital principle throughout the body, and bring into harmonious action that flow of nerve aura which at present is almost entirely suspended in all parts of the body excepting the brain. These operations, however, should be conducted carefully, and under the superintendence of some responsible person. Nothing would do her greater injury than to be subjected to any influence or magnetic operations unsuitable to her case. As she progresses towards recovery, she might be exercised by gently manipulating and rubbing the muscular surfaces of the body. In fact, such treatment might be instituted at once, as by it, vital magnetism could be infused into the body.

Some newspaper writers have been very unkind in their expressions towards the Rev. E. Jones, Vicar of the parish, charging him with credulity and mental imbecility. This is entirely gratuitous: he is a man of the opposite type entirely. I had the pleasure of examining his head. He is a man of facts, and had great difficulty in accepting phrenology, till he saw it put into operation in his own case. His head is about 23½ inches in circumference. The intellect is very fully represented, especially the perceptive. The side organs are rather weak, so that he is devoid of extravagant imagination and wild enthusiasm. Veneration, firmness, and benevolence are very full, as also the domestic feelings. He is, therefore, a sincere, straightforward, solid, practical man. He takes a parental interest in the afflicted child, which she very warmly reciprocates. She was quite gratified to think that Mr Jones' head had also been examined. The Vicar looks on the case as a mere matter of fact, and his intellectual and moral feelings prompt him to inquire unceasingly—How can such things be? Can the afflicted girl be restored?

[We shall be glad if our readers in all countries where our magazine is circulated, will make investigation, and try to hunt up any similar cases that may have occurred in their experience. We especially expect to hear from our American and Continental friends. This is rather a rare case, and it is worth investigating. We should be glad

to know that some of our friends skilled in mesmeric healing tried this case. We hear that a committee has been appointed to watch the case.—Ed. *H. N.*]

REVIEWS.

A Stellar Key to the Summer Land. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Illustrated with Engravings of Celestial Scenery, price 5s; to the readers of *Human Nature*, 2s 6d; or free by post, 3s. Boston and New York: *Banner of Light* office; London; James Burns, office of *Human Nature*, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell.

It would serve no useful purpose for us to give an exhaustive and critical review of this highly interesting and instructive work. In the first place a great proportion of our readers have already subscribed for it at half-price as a supplement to our present number, and in the second place it ought to be read by every thinking mind, as no fragmentary extracts or remarks of ours can substitute that necessary process. We may observe, however, that this work is very different in kind from the others published by Mr Davis. He does not in this case follow the light of the superior condition, and instruct his readers in those occult and spiritual matters which are beyond ordinary mortal view, but like an erudite, experienced man of science, he commences by laying a basis of acknowledged physical facts, indicating the probability, possibility, nay, actual existence, of a spiritual sphere or zone in the astronomical heavens, to which the disembodied spirit gravitates on leaving the earth. In the progress of the work the evidence of mediums and seers is given, and as the author's task approaches completion it becomes very strikingly evident that the investigations of the scientific spiritualist must ultimately throw a very powerful light on what is called *physical science*, and revolutionise to a great extent the now-prevailing notions of existence. This is one of the most engrossing and attractive of Mr Davis' works, which is saying a great deal. It leads the reader on like the gentle harmonies of musical numbers, and it is impossible to lay the work down till it is finished; and yet, it may be taken up again and again with fresh delight. The reader is not only supplied with facts, but taught to think and distinguish truth for himself, which is one of the crowning traits of Mr Davis' valuable productions.

We have intimated that a great number have been already subscribed for by our readers, these will be supplied in the order in which they stand on our books with as little delay as possible.

Our most grateful acknowledgments, as well as those of our readers, are due to Messrs White & Co., the publishers, for the facilities they have kindly afforded, enabling us to distribute the work at such a low price. We hope it may not be the last transaction of the kind which we shall have the pleasure of negotiating.

TREATISE ON LIGHT AND COLOUR; ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM. By JOHANN FERDINAND JENCKEN, M.D. Translated and prefaced with an Historical and Critical Essay, by H. D. Jencken, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.R.I., F.R.G.S. London: Trübner, 5s., may be had at the Progressive Library.

THE unscientific reader will be astonished on opening this book, to discover what an amount of thought and investigation the every-day phenomenon of light has occasioned; and yet, how opposite the conclusions of philosophers have been, and are to this day respecting it. Mr Jencken's historical sketch of the progress of the knowledge of the laws of light, from the earliest periods, to the date of his father's treatises, is certainly a monument of learning and industry, to appreciate which, no small amount of technical knowledge and scientific experience is necessary. Such a work as this exercises the intellect in a most severe and muscular fashion; but to master its principles and become so familiar with its teachings as to appreciate them critically, is at once an index of great native mental power and high culture. The concluding chapters of the editor's introductory essay on light and colour, and his historical sketch on electricity and magnetism, are lucid and powerfully conceived productions, indicating the high position the writer might attain in the literature of philosophy, with experience and other favourable circumstances. But what shall we say of the treatises of Dr Jencken, which are ostensibly the main features of the work, though occupying little more than half of the space? For the last thirty years of his life, the learned and studious doctor was deprived of his sight; and through the patient devotion of Mrs Hennings (who, by education and natural predeliction was enabled to act as his amanuensis), many of his works were committed to paper, for the most part, in the German language. A list of them occupies about two pages of the work before us, and these are promised in a series of volumes, of which, the one now under notice, is the first. It is a psychological study in itself, to picture the blind philosopher, shut out from the objective world by loss of sight, sitting from year to year dictating the most profound thoughts, and instancing the most accurate experiments connected with such scientific matters as the functions of the eye—the phenomena of light, shade, colour, heat, magnetism, electricity, and other "imponderables." His style of thinking is so condensed, and his mode of illustration so scientific and technical; whilst, at the same time, the matter is in many respects so purely subjective, that it is difficult to present in a small space his leading thoughts and conclusions. We gather, however, that he was of opinion, that there is an introether-world or universe which is continually supplying a never failing stream of power or force to the objective external world, something after the same fashion as the arterial system constantly nourishes the body. The sun is the vortex or heart, which collects the stream from cosmical sources and directs it again into space; where, under certain conditions, it manifests itself as light, colour, heat, oxygen, electricity, galvanism, od force, magnetism, motion, and so on. The doctor's views on these and other cosmical questions, are conceived and expressed with great logical consistency and power of thought. He leads the mind intui-

tively to understand much more than is generally conceived respecting the nature of matter and its attributes,—gravitation, cohesion, vital phenomena, the rotation and revolution of planets, and in fact, every form of natural phenomena which the mind of man has been capable of observing and enumerating. It is suggested that this never failing current of power, passing through the Sun to Earth, and in combination with the telluric ether, performs all these results, positive and negative, heat and cold, light and darkness, as well as stimulates to all action—planetary, chemical, vital, and mental. Here, surely, is a field of thought which challenges our highest respect and most earnest investigation. Viewed in connection with the experiments of Professor Denton in his "Soul of Things" and the "Harmonial Philosophy," as enunciated in the writings of A. J. Davis, this work claims for itself a superior place amongst the pioneers of a new scientific age, in which the nature of man as spirit, mind, and body, will be more clearly unfolded, and his relations to the universe around him, more reliably determined on. We heartily recommend this work to the readers of the "Stellar Key," and other books on spiritual science. It will help them much to a conception of the *modus operandi* of those unseen forces and essences which are in themselves motion and life, and of which all things are necessarily constituted.

Father Fernie, the Botanist. By James Nicholson, author of "Willie Waugh," "Kilwuddie," and other Poems. London: J. Burns, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell. Cloth, 2s 6d.

Here is a book for the opening season, containing the life-story of the botanist, a pleasant narrative of rambles amongst nature's beauties, gems of poetry, and spiritual sentiment. What an inexhaustible fund of purest pleasure may be derived from an acquaintance with nature, especially the bright family of flowers that everywhere greet us with their sweet smile. Reader, have you ever given any attention to Botany? If not, your unkindness to yourself is quite inexcusable. Rectify the neglect at once, take counsel of "Father Fernie," allow him to lead you gently through the opening months, and he will make you fully acquainted with our native floral treasures as they come into season. Father Fernie is not a sermonising bore—quite the opposite. His youthful spirit is full of glee, love, poetry, and warm human sympathy. Young man, young woman, aged sire, or little child, he is the companion for you all. A more suitable gift book, or birth-day present for the season of flowers, could not be selected than Father Fernie, the Botanist.

"Divinum Humanum" in Creation is the title of the new work by the author of "An Angel's Message," "Ecce Homo," "Primeval Man," &c., which is expected in May, price 5s.

It would oblige many of the readers of A. J. Davis' works in this country, if he would kindly favour them with a description of the construction of the magnetic chair referred to in the first volume of "The Great Harmonia."

A GEM FOR THE ALBUM of the spiritualist and thinker is the beautiful vignette of the author of "The Alpha," by the London Stereoscopic Company. It is not only got up in the first style of the photographic art, but the look of the bust is noble and pleasing. A lady, who is a psychometric and seeing medium, thus expresses herself—"I like the look of Mr Dennys much. I feel such a nice influence creep over me when I look at his carte. I am sure his soul must have been alive to glorious truths." The large number who have been perusing "The Alpha" during the last few weeks, will be glad to know that they can have this agreeable acquisition to their art treasures for 1s, post free, on applying at our office.

HEALTH TOPICS.

DOMESTIC TURKISH BATHS.

(To the Editor.)

Permit me through your excellent magazine to give utterance to a couple of practical hygienic suggestions.

First,—Every one is privately convinced of the necessity of a reform in female costume, and that the present fashion is neither the most healthful nor convenient; but, as usual, few people act up to their conviction.

If, however, parents would carry out in their children's attire the more healthful style, the little girls would grow up to their *teens* wearing it, the novel appearance would become familiarised, and public opinion, which is the terror of so many of us, be won over.

Second,—In reference to the further adoption of the Turkish bath, analysis has satisfactorily proved that perspiration contains in itself the component parts of the excretions of *both* the kidneys and lungs. How great, then, must be the remedial power of the bath in derangements of these organs. Then, like all true remedies, it is good for the healthy as well as the sick—both preventative and remedial.

A small bath, good and not costly, may be fitted up thus—a chamber 6 feet square, with a small brick furnace fixed from the outside, the fire-hole projecting into it, and, if possible, on a level with the floor, covered with cast iron plates ½-inch thick, and over these *one* malleable iron plate, 6 feet 8 inches × 2 feet × ¼ in., which will not break like cast iron with the heat; the malleable plate to be flanged down each side with angle iron, say 3 inches deep, which will be sunk into the brick work, while the ends will go 4 inches into the walls of the chamber. You will thus get a heating surface of 6 feet × 2 feet, which, with no great expense of fuel, will give you a heat of from 150 to 160 degrees. Ventilators and a good-sized window are also wanted. There, at a low temperature, you can sit and read or write, with the advantage of the sun light playing on your body, the beneficial effects of which

have been acknowledged since the time that the Greeks planted their holly sun walks.—Yours truly, N. K.

February 15, 1869.

P.S.—My own bath resembles the above in all respects, saving that it is 12 feet long, and is divided by a curtain hung midway; this both imparts an air of comfort to the place and gives you the advantage of different temperatures.

There are two reasons which ought to induce people to abstain from the employment of drugs as medicines—one is that, personally, medical men, with few exceptions, do not take them; the other, that they secretly laugh at those of their patients who place faith in their efficacy. Any one who is in the confidence of the *profession* is aware that drugs are given, not so much because the doctors believe in them, as that the poor, wearied patient, in his physiological darkness, insists on their being administered.

The Anti-vaccination war rages with increased vigour in various parts of the country. R. B. Gibbs, Esq., honorary secretary of the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League, 1 South Place, Finsbury, has lately lectured in Brighton and other places. A cheap edition of Dr Pearce's essay has been published, of which the Countess de Noailles has subscribed for 200 copies. Previous to legislating on the question, the Russian Government have issued the conditions for a prize essay on the subject, in which questions of the most searching character must be answered. This policy contrasts very widely with that of our own Government, who, at the bidding of a handful of legalised quacks, ordered the compulsory poisoning of the people's blood without the least inquiry into the merits of the operation.

Electric Baths.—"You will see by my motto (Nature alone is my Guide) that we are sailing in the same boat, and drifting in the same current of ideas. I read in No. 20 a valuable and powerful article on "Air and Water" in Health and Disease. I am myself engaged in this line of practice, with this difference, that I employ the same means for introducing within the body the therapeutic power of electricity, the only agent in existence for decomposing in the body every substance which is foreign to the composition of the organism, such as mercury, leads, arsenic, substances of a metallic character, and any other organic materials, which cannot make blood nor be assimilated to the living tissues. When these abnormal products are reduced to their atomic condition, they are taken out through the pores of the skin, in the current of the electric fluid, and are electro-plated on the copper of the bath. Besides, electricity is acknowledged to be the vital principle, and as such it promotes all the vital functions, and is thereby the greatest tonic. It is in this respect that it possesses a greater field of action than water alone."—*Extract of a letter from J. Caplin, Esq., M.D., F.A.S.L., 9 York Place, Portman Square, London, W.*

Some correspondents recommend that a subscription be instituted for the purpose of securing a visit of the Zouave Jacob to London.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

"THE UNKNOWN AND UNKNOWABLE."

"Is our faith on the sand or on a rock? Is it too brittle to bear touching?"—*Archbishop of Dublin.* 1850.

Not having, as usual, received a proof for correction, some unfortunate mistakes occurred in my late communication on the design argument, which I must beg to correct. Page 153, for co-relation and Dr Grove, read—revelation and Dr Irons, and the passage would read thus:—Abandon revelation, and, as the Rev. Dr Irons says, you have no natural grounds or reason for believing in any thing beyond what is contained in what you observe, neither as to one God or a hundred; and if you personify the powers of nature, you at once land yourself in an intellectual as well as in a moral dilemma, &c. (See Hume.) And it seems very clear that a supernatural power could only be revealed to us through some supernatural agency; and as to attributing intention to the formative cause and law in nature it can be no more than a guess, consequently my uncourteous opponent is simply begging the very question at issue from first to last, however self-satisfied he may express himself to be with the result of his own assumptions, which he takes to be logical reasoning. Now the spiritualists, for the most part, do not believe in revelation—that is to say, that the Bible is, in the ordinary and Christian sense, the Word of God, and are, therefore, as it appears to me, in the position supposed by my good friend Dr Irons. On page 156, the sentence, "and of the God of nature," is omitted. The passage should have been this: "Nor will men easily loosen from their errors, and enter the temple of nature, *and of the God of Nature*—which is that infinite cause in nature," &c. Now, had the above sentence been inserted, my dear old friend Jerrold's joke so closely following would have lost all its point and humour; and as for my opponent's nonsense about my "conventional education leading to stereotyped beliefs," and my not believing in cause and effect, the remarks are too absurd to require comment. Then we are told that mind is an effect, but cannot be the effect of the organism, because that is itself an effect; so that our writer may abuse and vilify his opponent in want of conclusive arguments, and yet he is not to be held accountable, because, forsooth, he is not a cause at all—his body, as well as mind, being only effects, and yet effects are but links in the chain of causes. Charming reasoning of our anonymous logician, but it really is a little too foolish. He had better keep to abuse, and his "must be's" in place of what he fancies "must" otherwise be "hap-hazard, chance, and blind uncertain fate;" but not a word about the eternal cause in the undying matter itself, created or uncreated, with its undeviating laws—the fundamental cause and source of all phenomena whatsoever, so far as we know, or can know.

But, I think I may have done with my discourteous, very self-satisfied, and opinionative opponent, who has tried to give a seeming value to very shallow talk by an attempt to detract from the authority

of his opponent—a very low practice, as all know, but a very common one when matters grow desperate. And now, let me hope that Mr Burns will insert my comments which he received some time back on the very important case of "Mary Carrick," reported in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and I shall be most happy to reply to Mr Chance, if I am permitted to do so. It is hardly yet the time to pronounce on the value of what I may have to say, nor is it fair to judge by what was written before the particular phenomena in question occurred. As for the charge in regard to the Davenport Brothers, I was at all times only a spectator, and never heard them complain of ill treatment. My suggestion was, that they should be bound by thinnest thread, and bands of silver paper about the wrists, sealed, so that the least attempt to escape and the material must give way. The ropes will always be regarded with suspicion. I saw much of the Brothers in private as well as in public, and treated them on all occasions with perfect respect.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

[Our correspondent's effort to teach the Spiritualists is simply impertinent. His first duty should be to get rid of his conceit and go to the school of newer and higher experiences. In "desperate" cases, it is our supreme delight to be magnanimous, and we leave our readers to judge on which side is the argument, and on which the "abuse" and "low practice."]

In reply to the remarks of Mr Atkinson, Mr Tietkins says he only quoted definite assertions from the "Letters on Man," and could not find any modifying explanation in the passages referred to by the author. Mr Tietkins says "Mr Atkinson forgets that our intuition is a part of our nature, and that by lending to it a deaf ear, we do, to that extent, escape from our nature—become, as it were, unnatural."

EXTRACTS FROM MR WILLIAM HOWITT.

ESHER, March 3, 1869.

My Dear Sir,—I see it stated in your present number that Mr H. G. Atkinson is to be on the committee of the "Dialectical Society" for investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism. The honorary secretary, Mr Bennett, wrote to me, amongst others, to ask what I had to advise in the matter, and to name books which are authorities on the subject. I was glad to comply with his wishes in both cases, but my principal and almost exclusive advice was to attempt what, at the same time, I regarded as an impossibility—namely, to get rid of their prejudices before entering on their inquiries, without which they would only end as some scores of inquiring societies and committees have done during the last twenty years, that is, in total failure; and then inferring from their own disqualifications for the office that there was nothing in Spiritualism itself, though all the while many millions of individuals, also inquiring, were convincing themselves.

The fact that Mr H. G. Atkinson is to be one of this committee of investigation is decisive of the result. What phenomena can be obtained under the influence of a man—whatever may be the character of the rest of the committee—whose whole life has been a denial of

everything spiritual? What *can* a committee do which includes amongst its members the incurably halt and blind? An astronomic or microscopic committee might as well call in the blind, or an acoustic one the deaf, to decide on facts belonging to those sciences, as a committee on spiritual phenomena select as members men, the whole of whose public opinions show that their minds are radically and utterly destitute of the perceptive faculties necessary for the research which they propose.

After twenty years of spiritual and most demonstrative manifestations all over the world; after twenty millions of people are said to have convinced themselves of these phenomena by experiment; after the fire and other phenomena through Mr Home in the heart of London, and before men of sound mind and senses, of trained intellects, and large experience of the world; after such men declare day after day that they see, hear, and touch spirits—the idea of our English Rip Van Winkles just looking up to inquire is very amusing; but, as I said to Mr Wheatley Bennet, better late than never.—I remain, my dear sir, yours faithfully, WILLIAM HOWITT.

J. Burns, Esq.

P.S.—Let me express my great satisfaction in going further in *Human Nature*, at the complete manner in which, with one good blast of common sense, you have whisked away the empty Atkinson fog.

In another letter, Mr Howitt thus characterises our anti-spiritual correspondents:—

"They are in an intellectual cleftstick, and, like Sterne's starling, they are always shouting, 'I can't get out,' till they are a nuisance to all who hear their incessant cries. My feeling has always been when reading their non-spiritual lucubrations—'Well, poor devil, if you can't see, be content to sit in the sunshine, like other blind men, and enjoy the warmth at least. We can see as well as feel, and if we can't make you see, thank God! you can't make us blind!' Mr Jackson is the best of them. He writes eloquently, and what he does see he demonstrates ably.

"Mr Jencken's accounts of the manifestations of Home are invaluable. I am glad to find that Lord Adare is printing his personal knowledge of these phenomena with his name. I only regret that it is merely for private circulation. Why not for general circulation? When a person testifies to the truth, the more extensively he does it the better."

A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST.

MR BURNS, Sir,—I beg leave to introduce myself to your acquaintance; our mutual interest in progressive and liberal literature is the principal reason why I desire it, as well as an acquaintance with friends of yours, James Boyd, in California, and David Gregorson, in Scotland, to whom I refer you as parties who know me well.

James Boyd first drew my attention to your very excellent magazine,

Human Nature. I am highly pleased with the free independent spirit it has manifested, and the high, noble, and just position it has assumed. I am pleased that such a magazine can be supported in Great Britain, for it proves that there are minds there who have risen high enough to see beyond the narrow limits, creeds stereotyped by church authority and bigoted custom. It is encouraging to know that Spiritualism, as well as all other branches of positive truth, can have fair play; can stand upon their own merits without paying tribute to the dogmas forged in the past, or bending the knee to a collection of pamphlets pronounced sacred by interested parties, and held as holy by indigent souls, who have neither the courage nor power to earn their own spiritual living. I am pleased that you can thus boldly stand on ground, at once assailed by the ultra materialist, who denies the possibility of spiritual organisation; and by the creedist and bibliolater, who being encased in shells of conservative blindness, deny that there is anything seen which *they* do not see; that you can stand there as a friend to help them, or as an assailant as the case may demand. Spiritualism, whether true or false, comes in season to correct a narrow-minded bigotry as pernicious as any that ever emanated from the nurseries of the Christian church; I refer to scientific bigotry. Science can only flourish when it has the utmost freedom, and is truth itself; as such, Spiritualism, in its efforts to represent truth, can have nothing to fear from science *per se*. But, in scientific men, pride and arrogant assumptions have often passed current as science by those dependent upon them for information. It is necessary, even in this boasted enlightened age, for the many to live by faith, to receive the *ipse dixits* of the learned as infallible truths; this begets arrogance in the scientific priest, as surely as it has done so in the spiritual priest.

I bid your periodical a hearty welcome as a friend, here away so far from my native land, in the land of the sun-set, where the orient and occident mutually embrace each other, it is pleasant to greet a fellow-traveller from one's own native land, and the more so that your magazine comes as a friend ministering to the demands of my mental and spiritual nature—my "human nature."

In California, philosophical liberalism has better opportunities for development than countries nearer the "head centre" of Christianity. Travelling liberalises the mind, and Californians are all travellers. Every one here worships, or does not worship according to the dictates of their conscience. Even the Chinese have two temples dedicated to the worship of Josh, to whom they can say *chin chin* unmolested, and are protected also in their right to do so.

Spiritualism flourishes in California, but from the peculiar nature of this philosophy, all efforts to organise either for business or religious purposes, have been failures. Spiritualism in California is indebted to Mrs Hardinge, and to Mrs Ada Hoit Foye, who came here after Mrs Hardinge's departure. Mrs Foye informed me a short time ago, that she intended to visit England this year; if she does so, you and all the friends of Spiritualism will be benefited by one who is a sterling woman and an excellent medium.

Spiritualism is thriving here, but presents a very chaotic appearance;

but we have faith in its development as a power of discipline and order and progressive improvement.

Excuse me in thus thrusting an uncalled for homily upon you, and occupying your valuable time; but my well wishes for yourself, and the cause of truth is my only excuse. Hoping to be better acquainted. I am, yours sincerely, J. W. MACKIE.

San Francisco, Jan. 26, 1869.

THE GNAT AND THE CAMEL.

UNDER the title of "The Gnat and the Camel," the *Eastern Express* reports at length a lecture delivered in Norwich on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, by the Rev. E. Mellor, of Halifax.

It is one of the "weaknesses" of the rev. gentleman to "ably sketch a number of the weaknesses, follies, and foibles of mankind." Amongst these aberrations, he catalogues Spiritualism, Theological Investigation, and Anthropology, not the real article in any case, but a stuffed man of straw, the demolition of which by the lecturer "alternately moved his large audience to laughter and applause." To the "tyranny of social usage," "respectable fraud," and other vulgar sins, should be added the loose assertions, or, as Mr Mellor would call them, the "thundering camels" which Christian ministers and other sectarians give birth to when their craft is in danger. Such exhibitions of "humour, eloquence, and sarcasm," do not in any respect cure the evils they profess to expose, but merely amuse a clique of pretentious pharisees with an evening's oratorical mountebankism. It is idle for the clergy to ridicule and damn mankind by turns, whose "foibles" may be traced to the ignorance and darkness in which their spiritual "lights" keep them. Nothing will mend these evils except to teach the people the science of human nature, and how to form their lives in accordance with its Divine purposes. This is the sieve which must strain out that pestilent gnat—an unscientific clergy, who leave men in ignorance and folly, and then have the effrontery to laugh at and misrepresent them.

A spirited controversy in the *Eastern Express* has followed the lecture referred to above. A correspondent, in defending Spiritualism, gives the following item of Mr Varley's experience. Mr Varley told the same narrative at one of the London Conferences:—

"At one period during the construction of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, it had to be subjected to some very delicate tests, and I had become so wearied from the incessant attention given, that sleep at night was of the first importance to me. One day I was more wearied than usual, and to insure sleep made my room totally dark before retiring. After I had been in bed some time, Mrs Varley awoke me, telling me she had been much disturbed by a noise as if some one were in the room. I at once rose and lit the gas, but found no one. At Mrs Varley's request, I left the gas faintly burning, and, returning to bed, was soon again asleep; but my sleep was short, for Mrs Varley again awoke me, and said, 'There is some one in the room, you must turn the gas full on.' I did so, and searched the room, but found no one. I returned to bed somewhat anxious, but soon slept again from

sheer exhaustion, this time to be awakened myself by the noise. I jumped up, and, looking between the curtains at the foot of the bed, I there saw a man, who held up his hand as if to assure me. I then noticed that the man was not opaque, for I could see the wall through him. I turned to my wife and said, 'Can you not see that figure at the bottom of the bed?' She said, 'No! where?' I replied, 'It is between the foot curtains.' She made no answer, and I, looking at her, saw her to be going into a trance, so I waited to see what next. Soon she spoke, being in a trance; but I found it was not her voice, nor herself that was speaking, and I was addressed nearly as follows: —'Mr Varley, I am very glad I am able to make myself visible to you. I was afraid at one time I could not have done so, and I am much more pleased that I can communicate to you. I am ——, brother of *your friend*, who is now at *Birmingham*. *He* is very anxious about a matter in which he fears he will fail (this brother was prosecuting some tests many miles away from where I was at that time). Tell him he will not fail in it; he is going the right way to work in it, and all will be as he wishes. You may also tell him, for his identification of me, that I am he who made myself visible to him last night, but could not communicate. Tell him also, in order that he may have confidence in my statement, that I am his brother C——, who went to school at ——, in France, and was killed there (stabbed in the breast) by a schoolfellow. Then my body was brought over to England to be buried, and my mother, who went for it, placed some blotting-paper over the wound, and between it and the shirt in which my body was wrapped, in order that the blood which might ooze out should not stain the shirt, and thus call attention to the manner of my death.' He also gave me his age, place of interment, and many other details, that I might have certain proof of his identity. He then left, and we slept the remainder of the night without further interruption. In the morning I wrote to my friend, telling him of the appearance and communication of the night; and in course of post had a reply confirming all the particulars, and adding that his brother had twice appeared to him—the second time the night before he wrote the letter I was then reading —at which second appearance he was able to communicate to him personally, and he then told him he had appeared to me, and also the communication he had given me; so that before he received my letter, telling him of the occurrences before mentioned, he himself knew of them from the mouth of his brother. It is necessary to add that I did not know my friend had a brother who had met his death in such a manner, nor did I know any of the family matters connected with it, until I had the communication from his brother's spirit."

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

[M. ALLAN KARDEC has for eleven years been editor of the *Revue Spirite*. He occupies a central position among the spiritualists of Paris, and, we might even say, of Europe; and therefore our readers may be glad to know what is his estimate of the number, position, and future prospects of spiritualists in France. We subjoin some extracts

from an interesting paper on this subject in the January number of the *Revue Spirite*, entitled, STATISQUE DU SPIRITISME.]

It may be asserted, without exaggeration, that the number of acknowledged spiritualists—by which we mean believers in the spiritual origin of the phenomena—has multiplied a hundredfold during the last ten years; and this in the face of all the manœuvres employed to stifle the belief, and all the predictions of those who flattered themselves that they had seen the last of it. Every day a considerable accession of converts swells the ranks of the spiritualists, while opposition sensibly diminishes—a strong proof of the widespread sympathy which this movement commands. Hostility, where it does exist, arises for the most part from false notions of Spiritualism derived from absurd misrepresentations of ill-natured critics, who have served their own ends in decrying it. The absence of any general organisation among spiritualists renders an accurate estimate of their number impossible; but there is another kind of statistics that our peculiar position and very large correspondence enables us to make, which may prove still more instructive. Taking an average from more than ten thousand observations, we have drawn up the following table, which exhibits the relative proportions of spiritualists as regards Nationality, Profession, Social Position, Religious Belief, &c.:—

As regards nationality, spiritualists are most numerous in the United States, where their number is computed by some at four millions, by others at ten. This last figure is evidently too high, as it would embrace more than one-third of the population. In Europe, the number of adherents to the spiritualist faith, may be reckoned at one million; France, alone, containing about six hundred thousand.

History offers no example of a religious belief which, in less than fifteen years, has attracted so large a body of disciples.

With regard to the diffusion of spiritualist ideas, and the facility with which they are accepted, the principal States of Europe may be classed as follows:—1. France; 2. Italy; 3. Spain; 4. Russia; 5. Germany; 6. Belgium; 7. England; 8. Sweden and Denmark; 9. Greece; 10. Switzerland.

The proportion of sexes among followers of the faith may be stated as 70 per cent. of men, 30 per cent. women.

The bearing of religious creed is shown, in the fact, that a percentage of 50 are free-thinking Catholics, of 10 orthodox Catholics, of 10 liberal Protestants, of 3 orthodox Protestants, of 10 Jews, of 2 Mussulmans.

As regards social position, it is well known that Spiritualism counts amongst its adherents several sovereigns and reigning princes, members of royal families, and a host of titled nobility. While, in Russia, the faith is confined almost entirely to the aristocracy; in France, it has made most way among the shop-keeping and working-classes.

The liberal arts and professions may be grouped in categories according to the respective proportion of followers which they have furnished to the spiritual ranks.

1. Homœpathic Practitioners, Magnetists.
2. Engineers, Schoolmasters and Mistresses, and Professors.

3. Consuls, Catholic Priests.
4. Musicians, Members of the Theatrical Profession.
5. Police.
6. Allopaths, Literary Men, Students.
7. Magistrates, Government Functionaries, Protestant Ministers.
8. Journalists, Artists, Architects, Surgeons.
9. Lawyers.
10. Bankers, Stockbrokers.

Industrial callings may be arranged somewhat as follows :—

1. Tailors, Sempstresses.
2. Mechanicians, Railway Officials.
3. Small Shopkeepers.
4. Chemists, Photographers, Watchmakers.
5. Shoemakers, Labourers.
6. Butchers, Bakers.
7. Librarians, Printers.
8. House Painters, Masons, Locksmiths, Grocers, Domestic Servants.

From our inquiries, as a whole, we conclude—

1. That there are spiritualists belonging to every grade of the social scale.

2. That a belief in Spiritualism is more common among men than women. This fact disproves a prevalent opinion that the doctrine finds most favour among women, because of their fondness for the marvellous. It is, on the contrary, just this very love of marvels and mystery which make them adopt a blind faith, that dispenses with all examination of evidence, while they are repelled by a faith which requires reason and reflection before it can be thoroughly received.

3. We gather that the majority of spiritualists consists, not of ignorant, but of educated and intelligent persons. Everywhere it has spread from the higher to the lower ranks of society, and has never taken an opposite direction.

4. That Spiritualism is more readily adopted by sceptics in religion than by those possessing a rigid creed.

5. Finally, that after fanatics and bigots, the most opposed to spiritualistic ideas, are sensualists, and those people whose thoughts are engrossed by material wealth and enjoyment, to whatever class they may belong, or whatever may be the amount of their education.

Albert Brisbane, the well-known Fourierite, has bought a large tract of land in Kansas for a colony of Frenchmen, who will cultivate the land on the co-operative principle, and also manufacture silk goods. This has been a favourite scheme of Mr Brisbane for many years.

THINK OF IT.—"She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow." "The cold ground?" said the child, shuddering again. "No, the warm ground," returned Polly, "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and fly away to heaven."—*Dickens.*

H. C. thinks the truths of Spiritualism can be best propagated without discussion. He would like to see a place of meeting open in London on Sundays, where the truths of Spiritualism could be enforced with love and power, accompanied by musical and devotional exercises. There is a sad lack of zeal and industry amongst the spiritualists. They are yet bound up in the fetters of officialism.

"UNDER A CURSE."—A man named Thomas Martin pleaded "guilty" at the Exeter Assizes on Wednesday to setting fire to a corn-stack. On being called on to receive judgment, he said :—"All I have to say is this—I am a man under a curse, the worst curse that can happen to man. I am possessed of the devil, and that is the cause of my committing the crime for which I stand here. I knew I should have to do it three years before it happened. I know, also, that I have got to commit a murder, and I call on every person present to witness, when at a future day I am brought up for murder, that I gave all the warning that I could. I have only done this now to put off committing murder for a while." He was sentenced to penal servitude for seven years.

MRS EMMA HARDINGE is a native of Manchester, and an adopted child of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer. In 1855, Mrs Hardinge accompanied her husband to America, where she became attached to Spiritualism, and in 1857 she appeared as a "medium." After becoming a lecturer, she was at a seance, where (so we are informed) the "spirits" asked her whether she would comply with their requests in two or three particulars. She replied that she would, whereupon the requests were named, viz., that she should not "puff" herself in the papers; and that "she should never write to any one for an engagement." On this understanding, at every engagement to which she should be appointed, they (the "spirits") would support her. If she obeyed these rules, the "spirits" guaranteed to place her "at the top of the tree of oratory," and from that day (says our informant) she has been as successful as was predicted.—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has made the discovery that all forms of life are composed of an identical substance, which he calls "protoplasm," and that this substance is a combination of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. This announcement of the professor contains nothing new, at least to those acquainted with the spiritual philosophy. The first volume of *Human Nature*, even from the very first article, contained allusions to this view of organisation. Twenty-two years ago, Andrew Jackson Davis, in a state of clairvoyance, or, more correctly, "the superior condition," declared that the first forms of life originated in deep sea bottoms, and that a peculiar gelatinous mud nurtured the first germs of organisation. The exploration of the Atlantic ocean bottom, previous to the submersion of the Atlantic cable, brought to the surface from depths of from 5000 to 15,000 feet a slimy mud, which, after much examination by Professor Huxley and others, was found identical with the description of the primary substance as given by Andrew Jackson Davis. Many other important facts have been an-

nounced to the world by the same psychological process; but the world will not recognise them till it gets its eyes opened, which operation is being accomplished daily. If Professor Huxley looks deeper he will find some even more homogeneous elements underlying the "protoplasm," and under that again something more primary and simple, yet infinitely more creative and potential.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

MRS HARDINGE AT MANCHESTER.

THE most satisfactory results have attended Mrs Hardinge's visit to Manchester. Her audiences were large and intelligent. Her matter and manner were in her best style. The local press gave lengthy, critical, yet, on the whole, appreciative notices. Respecting the Sunday lecture and the concluding week-day addresses, the secretary writes:—

22 Pimblett Street, Lord Street, Cheetham,
Manchester, March 2, 1869.

Dear Sir,—Respecting the lectures, Mrs E. Hardinge gave an extempore lecture on Sunday, February 21st, admission free. The hall was densely crowded. A committee of five was chosen from the audience, who selected the following for her to discourse upon—"A Logical Proof of the Personal Identity in Immortality," which she elucidated in a masterly manner. After the lecture, Professor Greenbank, the leader of the committee, passed a pleasing eulogium upon Mrs E. Hardinge, and said the question had been answered in such a manner that not one woman in ten thousand and very few men could have done, and that the committee deserved great praise for providing such a lecturer, and hoped the people would support them to their utmost. The next two lectures were well attended by an intelligent class of people. The lectures, on the whole, have been a success.

The under current of Spiritualism in Manchester has been brought to the surface, stimulating the people to investigation and inquiry. The seed is sown, and there is not the least doubt it will ripen and bring forth an hundredfold. I have many inquiries respecting Spiritualism and Spiritual literature, and will do my best to add to the subscribers of *Human Nature*. Will you please send me one of your catalogues, now while the subject is warm, if you think proper. I will act as agent, and open a branch depot for progressive literature, and advertise in the Manchester papers.

We find there are hundreds of spiritualists in Manchester, and we are taking steps to bring them together in one grand organisation.

Believers or inquirers are requested to apply to, yours fraternally,

JAMES THOMASSON, Secretary.

[We shall be glad to see leading spiritualists in other places adopt the resolution of the intelligent and devoted secretary of the Manchester association.]

The Glasgow Psychological Society promises fair to be very successful. Donations flow in. Mr G. C. Clark is corresponding secretary, and watches the position of the newspaper press in connection with the science. The society has permanently settled down at the Wellington Rooms, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. One hundred attended the first meeting, and a dozen or so came forward and joined the society.

SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW—RE-ORGANISATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—A correspondent writes as follows:—The paragraph which appeared in *Human Nature* for March is calculated to lead to misconception regarding the present position of spiritualists in Glasgow. In the change of name and basis of union recently effected, by which the Spiritual Association became the Psychological Society, a goodly number of the oldest members took no part. All along there has been a difference of opinion amongst the spiritualists here as to the best mode of forwarding the cause—the one party contending for public lectures and discussions; the other for meetings confined to members and friends. To this may be traced the want of that harmony and interest which latterly prevailed. Now, however, that our friends have got rid (as they say) of "the great evil of their (late) constitution"—that is, "the limitation of their ranks to spiritualists"—and rid also of the name itself; prepared, too, as they allege, to unfold the great mystery by "a course of careful, straightforward, and scientific inquiry," it was left for those who still bear the name of Spiritualists to form a new association. Accordingly, a meeting was held on the evening of the 15th March, in Whyte's Temperance Hotel, when resolutions were adopted to the effect—That an association be formed (under the designation of *The Associated Spiritualists of Glasgow*), having for its basis, belief, not only in the reality of the phenomena, but that such phenomena are manifestations of departed spirits; that admission be by ballot; that the meetings be held every alternate Wednesday and Sabbath evening; that while admitting the value of public efforts in certain circumstances, they avoid, as far as possible, any appearance of ostentation in the advocacy of the cause, endeavouring to use the means in their power for the development of mediums, without whom, little in the extension of the movement can be effected; and that the meetings be so conducted that they may become sources of mutual instruction in the great and elevating truths of Spiritualism. It was also agreed, in accordance with the policy and aim of the association, that the rules be few and of the simplest nature, and that the only office-bearers be a chairman and a secretary, the latter to act as treasurer. Reference was made, in course of conversation, to the small library of the late Spiritual Association, now in the hands of the Psychological Society; but it was considered that, though not under our management, it was still doing the work for which it was instituted. During the proceedings, a letter of advice and encouragement was read from Mr Marshall, the late respected president, who is slowly recovering from illness, which has confined him to the house for three months. The brethren present took the deepest interest in the work of re-organisation. At a subsequent meeting on the evening of the 24th, office-bearers were appointed, and arrangements completed for the opening meeting on Sunday the 28th.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.—In the *Revue Spirite*, by Allan Kardec, for July 1868, we notice that, at a sitting of the French Senate, M. Genteur referred to the Spiritualists as a *very powerful party*. The teachings of Spiritualism are taking a much deeper hold on the continent than can be detected from external indications.

Spiritualism has taken a start in Spain. Through the counsel of the spirit of Fenelon, whose medium is Francisco Perez Blanca, a spirit journal is about to be published in that country. The Jesuits there are trying hard for a counter-revolution. It will be most glorious should the Spaniards establish a popular constitutional Government on the principles of republican liberty and free worship.—*Extract from a Continental Letter.*

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

MAY, 1869.

THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.*

THERE is a fundamental idea in religions, which should be ever present to the mind in considering the facts demonstrated by archæology and the science of language, for it is this idea which gives the interpretation of the facts. And this idea is no longer a mystery. It may be read in the Veda, expressed a hundred times in simple terms devoid of any symbolism. When it has once been apprehended, it may be recognised everywhere in the religions of after times. It is the life of religious ceremonial, veils itself in symbolical representations, and gives to dogmatic expressions their meaning, scope, and unity. This idea is, moreover, developed in moral doctrines, practices, and consequences without end, the diversity of which is sufficiently explained by differences of race and circumstance.

Three phenomena have arrested the attention of Aryas—or the progenitors of Indo-European nations—from the time when they inhabited only the valleys of the Oxus—namely, movement, life, and thought. These three things taken in their full extent include every natural phenomenon without exception; so that, if a principle were discovered which gave an explanation of them, it would afford an explanation of all things. It should be observed that this principle should be a *real* force, and not an abstraction, because the facts to be explained belong all to reality.

Looking around them, the men of that time perceived that all the movements of inanimate objects which take place on the surface of the earth proceed from *heat*, which manifests its presence sometimes by actual fire, sometimes by lightning, and sometimes by the wind; for lightning is fire concealed in a cloud, and wind is caused by the air being set in motion by heat, either

* Abstract of an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for April, 1868, by Emile Burnouf, one of the most celebrated Oriental scholars in Europe.

by its rarifying action or its producing condensation on its departure. Again, the air is warmed by the rays of the sun; and these same rays draw up water from the earth as invisible vapours, which afterwards form clouds. The clouds pour down rain, make rivers, and supply the seas which are troubled by the agitated winds. Thus all that motion which gives life to nature around us is the work of heat, and heat proceeds from the sun, who is himself both a celestial traveller and also the source of universal motion. It should be remarked, however, that the Aryas did not at first employ the word *heat*, which is an abstract term, but fire (agni), that real principle to which they referred all the movements of inanimate bodies.

Life also appeared to them to be closely connected with fire. The great periodical changes which the seasons produce in vegetation indicate the intimate relation between fire and life. When heat arrives with the spring, all the young plants begin to grow, put forth leaves and flowers, bear fruit, and at the end of the year have increased in size and strength. In proportion as the heat diminishes, vegetation languishes, until it seems as if the forests and plains were stricken with death. The great fact of the accumulation of the sun's heat in plants—a phenomenon on which science has of late thrown considerable light—was observed at a very early period by the ancients, and is several times distinctly referred to in the Veda. When they kindled wood upon the hearth, they knew that they only compelled it to give up the fire which it had received from the sun. In observing animals, the close relationship between heat and life appeared in all its force. They met with no living beings in which life existed apart from heat; they saw, on the other hand, that vital energy was manifested in the same degree as heat, and also diminished with it. Cold produces at first a benumbing of life, and at last death; all that remains is the materials which vital heat had collected together and moulded into shape, which, from that moment, return to their original elements, and re-enter the vast body of inanimate matter. Fire, then, which is the cause of movement in organic bodies, is the prime agent also in that particular form of movement denominated life.

The idea becomes more complex as the order of facts observed rises in dignity. Fire enters animals and maintains their life in several ways. In passing from the sun it affects them directly; indirectly it enters their bodies with the food they eat, and which already contained it; and, lastly, in the air they breathe. When deprived of either food or air, animals grow cold and die. The same is the case with vegetables. Life cannot exist on the earth, except on three conditions:—that fire should penetrate bodies under its three forms; in the rays of the sun, in fire-containing food, and in the fire-sustaining element, air, imbibed in

respiration. The sun (surya), the celestial fire, is then the universal source of motion and the father of life; his first begotten is the terrestrial fire (agni), born of his rays; and his second eternal co-operator is the air set in motion, called also wind (vaya), *le vent* or *l'esprit*.

The matters of which we have spoken are extremely simple and level with the understanding of children; and that which is to follow, requires no profound knowledge to be comprehended. Once upon a time, men were satisfied with a general view of nature.

Nowhere does thought appear without life. Moreover, it is never seen except in beings where life attains a high degree of energy, or among animals. Now, when an animal dies, its limbs relax, it falls to the earth, is motionless, loses respiration and heat, and with its life, its thought disappears. If man be the victim, all his senses being annihilated, it is no longer possible to elicit any word from his pale, rigid lips, or any sound expressive of joy or suffering from his sunken chest; his hand can press no more the hand held out to him by father, friend, or child; every sign of feeling and intelligence has ceased. Very soon decomposition begins. The body falls to pieces, and there remains upon the ground only black dust and whitened bones. But the thought—where is it? If experience shows it to be indissolubly attached to life in such a way, that where thought ceases, life becomes extinct; we can believe that thought has the same destiny as life, or, rather, that the thinking principle is identical with the living principle, and is never distinct from it. But life is heat, and heat is derived from the sun. Fire, then, is at once the source of motion, cause of life, and origin of the thinking principle. Its action is twofold, for it is at the same time heat and light. If the heavenly Father, *Pere celeste*, should withdraw his light, and the world were immersed in darkness—supposing that life could still endure—intelligence would, at least, be reduced to almost nothing; for thinking beings derive from sight almost all their ideas, especially the grandest of all, the idea of universal order. In this way were men of old time led to think that the first principle of things is one and universal, and that it may be called—fire.

One of the most primitive forms of worship consisted in kindling a fire upon a mound of earth, thus presenting to the bystanders an image of the universal agent of life and thought. Everything in the ceremony—described and explained so fully in the Vedic hymns—had a symbolical character, that is to say, a meaning hidden from the profane, but clear to the initiated. The fire was obtained by rubbing together two pieces of wood which contained it; this was its "nativity." The feeble but living spark is often called in the Veda, "the infant child," and

was placed on a handful of dry grass which it immediately ignited, and the fire spread to the branches piled upon the altar. On arriving at the higher branches, it ran the risk of being extinguished, and the priest then poured upon it clarified butter, this was followed by the libation; and from that moment the fire was said to be anointed (ankta agni); it exhibited sovereign power, and shed its light over the world. All living creatures were invoked to witness this spectacle of life, concentrated, as it were, in the smallest space, and developing all its energies within a few square feet.

It should not escape notice that the sacrificial butter represented on this occasion, the whole of animated nature; for among the Aryas of Central Asia, the cow was regarded as the type and representative of animals; her milk was the type of food, cream was looked upon as the best of the milk, butter was the *crême de la crême*, which, when clarified, became the very essence of butter. Poured upon the flaming altar it was entirely consumed, and left no residue behind it. It is then the most *combustible* of animal matter, that which can best serve as food to fire, and manifest its energy. It is the fire itself assuming a body and feeding upon its own substance. The libation—in the west consisting of wine, and in the north of beer—played the same part in representing the vegetable world. It was a fluid containing alcohol, which, after three days' fermentation, changed into a spirituous liquid, that, poured upon the fire, made it throw out a bright flame. When drunk by men, it imparted to them that internal heat, which increases energy and enlivens courage. The libation was then easily adopted as the vegetable type of liquid *food* and combustible *matter;* in other words, as the perfect receptacle of *fire*, and a most significant symbol of life.

From a very remote period fire has been lighted upon altars, and there presented a visible image of life and thought; but in the very earliest age, and even in many of the Vedic hymns, fire had not always a symbolical signification. It was only as religion became more spiritual that it acquired this inner meaning. Amongst ourselves, the fire that burns upon the altars, and which is renewed each year at Easter, the wax-tapers, and the wine and oil of certain ceremonies, are symbols, the profound metaphysical import of which is for the most part entirely ignored. Only here and there some earnest student of antiquity, essays with more or less of success, to interpret the invariable formula in which the old rituals prescribe their preparation.

After the lapse of so many ages, we have learned to characterise fire by three different epithets, answering to its three functions. In its first aspect we call it physical, in its second psychological or vital, in its third metaphysical or divine. Having arrived at this last conception the Aryas of India and

Persia, but especially the former, accomplished an orderly analysis of mental phenomena far surpassing in depth anything achieved by European philosophy. We shall not speak of it here, because the larger portion of it, though made by the priests, did not enter into the domain of religion, but occupied an independent province. We need only observe, that the efficient cause of thought, having been identified with that of life and movement, it was found necessary to distinguish elements of diverse nature and grade in thought itself. There are a very large number of ideas on which men are not agreed, because they arise from the different points of view occupied by individuals and their peculiar circumstances. On the other hand, there are some ideas upon which all men are agreed, because they concern matters of a universal nature, and can only be regarded in one way. These last conceptions form what the moderns call the domain of reason. They give distinctiveness to our thoughts during the whole of life, and suffer neither increase nor decline. All the rest of thought is subject to birth and death. Among these *eternal ideas*, there is one which is the centre of all the others, and of which these are only different forms; it is the idea of the absolute, the unconditioned. This idea is the first principle of knowledge (*vêda, la science*) for all those who apprehend it aright. The *word* which expresses it is the most sublime and most comprehensive of all words. It is THE WORD *par excellence*, and the utterance which proclaims it becomes a sacred song. This song, this voice, this word, this knowledge, this reason (*Logos*), this idea, is then the eternal element of all existence. And this element is, at the same time, the efficient cause of life and source of motion. All these attributes united, belong to one and the same being, who possesses no abstract quality, neither anything of *individual* nature as existent in man. Every department of knowledge, every form of worship, every language, has its own name for this Being, but his *real* name is Dieu (Deva the shining one), the all-father and author of life, Ahura, Brahma.

From the brief explanation which we have given of the fundamental doctrine common to the great religions of the world, it is clear that fire, regarded first of all as a physical agent, is invested with life when an explanation is required of vital phenomena, and becomes a metaphysical being, when considered as supreme and absolute thought.

Religions have not all attributed the same importance to each of the three parts played by the igneous principle. The less elevated have given prominence to the first, or at any rate, to he second; such as the Greek, Latin, and German religions, tommonly spoken of as pagan. The Mazdeism of the Persians, cnd Brahminism, resigned a considerable sphere of action to the a

first two functions of fire in their interpretation of nature; but, depending still more on the third, they have taken rank among the most spiritual of religions. Christianity, without entirely ignoring the first two functions of the divine principle, yet gave an almost exclusive importance to the third. Thus the metaphysical nature of the Deity has almost absorbed the entire idea, and by dint of contemplating him in his definite attributes, philosophers and the majority of Christian doctors have separated him from the world, and invested him with an excess of personality. Amongst Mussulmans, all physical or psychological action of the divine principle was set aside; and the deity was reduced to a metaphysical conception, an abstraction from which fatalism was a logical deduction.

In conclusion, we will only call attention to the fact, that in the threefold idea of the divine functions, each of these could be taken as the symbol of that immediately above it. And this in fact happened. Physical fire became the symbol of life, vital fire became the symbol or figure of the metaphysical being, or of God. This symbolism was the most obvious part of the doctrine, and constituted that portion of religion called the worship.

S. E. B.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. Jackson, F.A.S.L.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

MERCURY.

COMMERCE—INVENTION—THE POST—THE TELEGRAPH.

It is doubtful if the higher functions of commerce are even yet fully appreciated. The public enjoy its products, and the merchant appropriates its profits, without either of them duly pondering the nature of the wondrous instrumentality to which the former owe their comforts, and to which the latter is indebted for his fortune. Cogs in the wheel, they help to work the machinery of supply and demand, like bees in a hive, rather by a divinely implanted instinct, than by true rational insight into processes and results. Gradually, however, the truth is dawning on this matter, and men are beginning to see that the true missionary and real pioneer of civilisation is not the priest with his Bible, but the merchant with his ledger; that the real ambassador is not the polite diplomatist with his statecraft, but the practical trader with his knowledge of business.

A strange history is this of commerce. Eventful enough, too, aye, even romantic and heroic, when contemplated at adequate distance and in due perspective. How grandly old Tyre, whose

merchants were as princes, looms out in the sublimely poetic pages of Isaiah! Only think of those daring old Phœnician mariners threading their way in those remote ages to the far off and stormy Cassiterides, on the one hand, and to intertropical and spicy Taprobane on the other, the ivory of India being thus, even at that early age, exchanged for the tin of Britain and the amber of the Baltic. What strange news these primitive navigators must have sometimes brought our comparatively rude and isolated forefathers. Thunderpeals of war slowly reverberating round the shores of the Mediterranean, from the great Egyptian and Assyrian Monarchies—strangely interesting to our princes and military chieftains. Echoes, perchance from India, of mysterious theocratic revolutions, wherein subtle Brahmins played gallant Rajahs like pawns upon a chessboard—not without weird interest to whitestoled and listening Druids. Only think of the greyhaired Syrian captain and his swarthy crew, familiar with all the wealth and splendour of the East, accustomed from childhood to the vine and the fig tree, the myrtle and the palm, landing on these cold and desolate shores, as we now go to Archangel—all, let us remember, in pursuit of commerce.

And in a somewhat later day, behold queenly Carthage, sitting in sovereign state on her Mauritanian throne, supreme at once upon the desert and the sea, and while, no doubt, competent enough upon the wharf and in the counting-house, yet able, upon due occasion also, to produce her Amilcar, her Asdrubal, and, above all, her Hannibal, through whom she stoutly contested the empire of the world with her ultimately successful rival on the Tiber. We who only know modern Barbary with her corsairs, can scarcely conceive of the civilised and populous condition of Northern Africa under Punic sway. Truly, it were well that we should somewhat moderate our pæans of triumph on "the progress of the species" and other allied topics, seeing that to build us up, Asia has been reduced to desolation, and Africa has become little other than a desert; albeit we have reason to believe that the morn of their resurrection has already dawned. But it is in mediæval Italy that we are first made fully conscious of what commerce and manufactures can accomplish, not merely for the development of political power, but also for the patronage of literature and art. It not only gave the world Venice and Genoa, but also Florence and her Medici, to say nothing of her immortal Podesta, Dante. Merchants were then, in very truth, princely, not simply for their wealth, but still more for their spirit. The vulgar Philistinism of the North was happily unknown in their more favoured clime. The palatial grandeur and the artistic treasures of their beautiful, but unhappy country, were largely due, the former to their taste and the latter to their patronage. In truth, they were frequently scholars and always

gentlemen, with a quite marvellous aptitude for emerging into nobles and developing into statesmen.

And has modern commerce lost these higher attributes? We trust not. It is still adventurous and enterprising as in the days of Tyre and Sidon. Its navies are at home in every clime and bridge the ocean in every zone. Its colonial extensions transcend everything of which history bears record. The British conquest of India is unparalleled in the annals of the world. And while thus efficient in the sphere of action, the influence of commerce is not idle in that of thought. To its necessities we owe some of the grandest discoveries of modern times, and notably, the steamboat, the railway, the post, and the telegraph. Yes, Mercury is still true to his celestial vocation as the messenger of Jove—truer indeed than of old. Then his lightning speed was a myth, now it is a FACT. In very truth Mercury is becoming, in the highest sense, a *divine* messenger, that is, he has no respect of persons. He bears the letter of the peasant as speedily as that of the prince, and flashes the prices current with the same miraculous rapidity as the rise and fall of empires. Strange fulfilment in these latter centuries of the poetic dreams of earlier ages. Strange, and yet true, according to the highest law, that the intuitions of genius, however incredible to its cotemporaries, do but prefigure the impending fact. Yes, it is still true, now as of old, that the poet is the prophet, the revealer, because the seer, gifted with the power of beholding the mysterious lineaments of the yet unborn future reflected in the stilly depths of his own soul, where, at privileged moments, released from his earthly bonds, he communes with the Infinite, and is at home with the Eternal.

CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE EDUCATION OF THE MASSES.

By H. D. JENCKEN, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.R.I., &c.

I LIKE the word masses, it sounds so comfortable—sounds like being top sawyer, with all the dust shutting up the eyes and choking the breath of the bottom sawyer—our fellow-labourers, not ourselves! What a nice thing to feel that the metal weight of the saw carries it down to the last tooth for the man below, not us, to thrust it up again with iron arms and horny hands! Yes; I like the word, it tells of strength—strength gained at the plough, the loom, in the smithy; would do us good to take a spell now and then, and taste the sweets of hard work; but somehow this seldom occurs, unless it be, peradventure, that a stray director takes to "hard labour"—"un peu contre cœur." The great

masses, who are they? The 19 millions out of 20 of this land. Surely they must be some inferior race, held in bondage, bound down by systematically nursed ignorance, so that they may yield the hard earned fruits of their day's labour without even a grudge, without hesitation. But strange to say, they, these bondsmen of poverty, are our own race and blood; and any rise or fall in cotton, or a railway or company (unlimited or limited) swindle, may at any time send our children to the bottom sawyer's pit, to thrust and tug at the see-saw of every day's labour for a long weary life. Yes, these much-despised masses are our own flesh and blood, kept in ignorance by neglect; land displaced by laws that only protect the rich; overworked; imprisoned for debt amounting to shillings; men and women, nay even children, incarcerated under the county court judge's order, commitment warrants, for a few shillings of debt. Yes, they are our own race—the ignorant, despised, overworked masses, the 19 millions of this land. To bewail all their suffering, to raise a cloud of dust over the heads of the top sawyers, and soundly abuse them, can do no good. Mere lament will not raise the masses a hair's-breadth above the level of their present state of degradation. What will then elevate them? may be justly asked. I reply, "*Education.*" It will not do all—it will not bring sunshine or rain showers, but it will fit us to utilise the means nature has given us; and these means, I contend, are superabundant in the land to sustain the whole population without nursing a million paupers and without attacking capital—without emptying the coffers of the rich or degrading the poor. *Education!* What does it mean? how to be brought about? Of paupers and criminals I have said enough; they cost us a tidy sum—£9,989,000 and £2,500,000, plus untold millions wasted. What a clause this would make in a prospectus of a joint-stock company to redeem the National Debt—a redemption by way of speculation — cost of criminals and paupers against cost of education for the people! Get rid of paupers and criminals!—it is a consummation devoutly to be wished; and then all the profits, the great surplus divisible in dividends, as may be agreed in general meeting of shareholders. Colossal as this may appear, it is no overdrawn picture, but is actually quite within reach of the possible. How is this to be accomplished? how are these gains to be secured? A remedy means that we know the symptoms of the disease, have thoroughly mastered them, got all into our eye's apple, ready for inspection. And thus premising, let us to the facts—those great helps of a theory at fault.

In England and Wales, as I mentioned in my first chapter, we have 4,420,000 children, aged between three and twelve years, of whom 3,500,000 belong to the working-classes, the Government contributing a total sum of about £705,000 for their

education, and local support adding another half million—equal to six shillings a-head per child, or about one-tenth we pay in hard cash for paupers and criminals. Of these 3,500,000 children, 1,200,000 on the books (See Par. Report of Second Reading of Bill granting Supplies, 10th July, 1867. J. P., the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce), 900,000 however only attend school, leaving a balance of non-attendants of 1,600,000. In London, the school attendance, according to the population, ought to be 361,000, whilst it is only 182,000, just half the number. In Liverpool, out of 98,000 children only 47,000 at school, and at the three great towns of Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester, 75,000 in the streets.

Now, compare this with the attendance in the United States. In 1850, with a population of 19,500,000, there were 3,335,011 scholars, and 91,966 teachers. I have taken the figures at that date, for the numbers of the population agree with that of England and Wales at the time. With a slave population at the time the census was taken, sending its negroes north in goodish numbers, and a large influx of immigrants, which the 1848 convulsions of the Continent threw upon the American shores, the ratio becomes, in fact, greatly increased. Since then the United States have extended education down to the very lowest level of their social system, the number of children at school being about 1 in $5\frac{1}{2}$ upon the total population, against 1 in 21 in England and Wales (I exclude the upper and middle classes from this calculation). It is hardly to be believed, and yet so true, that the United States, burdened with an enormous debt, harassed by the inroads of an army of uneducated immigrants from our shores, can show proportions as those I have indicated.

These much-to-be-abused Yankees better educated than we are! surely impossible? and this, too, without the corporal of a Prussian regiment making his cane felt on their rebellious shoulders. The fact is, the educational standard in America bears no comparison to that of England—the vulgar, awkward American, as we like to stigmatise him, is better informed than we are. The wheels of states would soon clog, had the thick dull brains of our neglected ignorant masses to pull and tug at the ropes of a republican machinery of Government.

But I will bring my case home to our immediate neighbours. Just take a glance at the continental schools of Prussia and Switzerland. Their study will be of use in guiding us to form a correct estimate of our condition compared with that of our more civilised, educated neighbours. I will take Switzerland, as illustrating the actual state of educational training on the Continent. Let us see how the figures stand there. At Zurich,*

* M. Arnold, Schools and Universities of the Continent, p. 236.

with a population of 260,000, the expenditure for education equals one-third of the revenues of the State. School attendance is by law obligatory between the ages of 6 and 16—the communal day-school taking the child at 6, the child leaving the primary school at 12, and then (still by law compulsory) he has three more years before he arrives at the time for his confirmation. The machinery of national education is wonderfully complete in that land of rocks and barren hills; the 365 communal schools in 1864 contained 25,797 scholars, the proportion being 1 in 5 on the total number of the population. One excellent rule is being rigidly enforced. The instant the number of scholars exceed 100, an additional tutor is provided by the State. The Government tariff charge is limited to 3 francs a year—2s 6d for day-scholars, and 1s 3d a year for all not being day-scholars, the programme of work being fixed by the Council of Education of the Canton, and embraces—religious instruction, the mother tongue, arithmetic and geometry, the elements of natural philosophy, history and geography, singing, writing, drawing, gymnastics, and for girls, needle work. I have copied the programme textually from M. Arnold's excellent work, for it is necessary we should know what these denizens of a barren mountain range have done and can do. Their exertions may teach us a lesson, a lesson the Scotch have taught us—that a very meagre pittance suffices to enable a people to educate their children. Compare their practical answer to the great problem of the day which Mr Melly and Mr Dixon so ably and earnestly brought before the House on the 12th March last, the "Education of the children of the poor," with what we have done, or rather have left undone; and a terribly sad picture the statistical statement made to the House presents —75,000 children in the streets of Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester, growing up into a wild, dangerous criminal population, to supply the 140,000 permanent criminals of England and Wales. That the increase of crime is true, the large number of commitments prove; these have augmented from 31,000 in 1861, to 52,000 in 1868. I am taking these self-same towns of Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester as my ground. They are the wealthiest of the land, and may be taken as a specimen. The condition of London is even worse, and upwards of 150,000 forlorn, destitute children wander about homeless on the stony pathways of this huge Babel, nursed in the arms of poverty, and hugged to the breast of vice by ignorance and neglect. The question has been put, "What will they do with us—not we with them?" Eh! there is the rub! May I prophesy? Why, they will kindle such a bonfire some fine day, that it will require the heart's blood of the best of the land to quench the flames, perhaps causing besides the loss of a few heads. The

Times, that great organ of the man of property, how does it view the case? Why, it does not know what to say! Poor's-rates swelling up to 1s 3d in the pound, and an army of constabulary ever increasing: what is to be done? "Let," says the *Times*, "the parents be but better off; let them have money to spare; let them have food enough to supply a little overflow of energy, and there will be no need of beadles to drive the children to school." Oh! it is sickening to listen to this shallow reasoning. Why, there is plenty, over-abundance in the land. Seventy millions sterling spent in drink and tobacco by the labouring-classes, out of three hundred millions earned; the earnings of the masses are in excess of those of Scotland by nearly £7 a-head. We are not in want of means, but we dissipate them, waste them; and are suffering the penalty of our improvidence by being burdened by an enormous charge for the maintenance of our paupers and the cost of protection against our ever-increasing army of criminals. Destitute children, if Mary Carpenter is to be believed, may be numbered by millions. Is this to be continued?—a disgrace to this boasted land of civilisation. Oh! it is a hollow, bitter shame to use the word "civilisation" in the face of nine-tenths of our people being left either wholly or miserably educated. The Factory Act, which was to have worked great wonders, what has it done? Why, placed 30,000 children at school! Very satisfactory all this; a very large proportion, indeed, out of 4,420,000 children, of whom 3,500,000 belong to the working-classes.

But it is time I should stay my pen. The evil, the crime is so self-apparent, it needs no colouring to make it visible even to the dullest understanding. There it stands recorded in the annals of crime, of disgrace, of suffering of this land. As an undisputed fact, we are the least educated people of Europe, save Spain of yesterday's emancipation, and perhaps Turkey, of Moslem rule. Such being the case—and I maintain with superabundant means, despite the authority of the *Times* to the contrary—we ought at once to take this question into consideration, and pass laws as they have done in republican free Switzerland, compelling parents to educate their children. That this will require a considerable fund, great self-denial on the part of the people until the fruits have been reaped, I admit; but it must be done; there is no escape from this liability, and the sooner we face the necessities of the case by honest effort on our part, the less will be the ultimate burden. And this brings me to the question, the practical question—How to do it? First, then, there is the difficulty of teachers—the machinery is wanting. We have no trained schoolmasters or schoolmistresses; our buildings are deficient; school books, libraries have to be found. Mere voluntary aid cannot do this;

it must be accomplished by the united effort of all, by the State. A Minister of Public Instruction, aided by a Council of Education, ought to be at once created by law; then this body to collect the material, report and suggest whatever may be necessary, and frame the programme for teachers and scholars; Government training colleges to be established for certificated schoolmasters, with ample machinery to test the qualification of three classes of teachers, namely, teachers for primary, secondary, and upper schools.

As a preliminary step, an act should be passed prohibiting the employment of all children under 14, at any labour whatsoever, unless school attendance be certified to of at least three days a week, and of three mid-day hours per diem. This act to be in force for three years: at the end of three years, which time would suffice to prepare a sufficient number of teachers to undertake the work of national teaching at the primary schools, an act to come into operation making education compulsory between the ages of 7 and 16; that is, no child in the land to have a less measure of knowledge meted out to him, whether he be the rich man's child or the pauper's son, than the scale of teaching established for primary schools by the Council of Education attains. Destitute children to be educated by the parish—the expense to be borne by local rates; the consolidated fund to provide the three or four millions needed for the national education of the people. The burdening of the parish rates with the providing for destitute children would effect this, it would make vestry men keener in ascertaining the state of the poor, and neglectful parents who could pay must be made to pay, or in default be fined or imprisoned as the case may warrant.

No doubt the wealthier classes will hold up their hands in horror at this wholesale reform. The good old times of squiredom will vanish farther and farther into the far past in their mind's vista; those good old days—with 1 in 7 paupers in our counties, our prisons filled to suffocation with criminals, vagrants, and tramps, with every now and then a plague pestilence to be cleared off by a wholesome fire—despite all these charms, even the man of money must admit the sky was not so cloudless in those days as the serenity of his undisturbed comfort might yearn for. But it is better the wealthy, listless classes should hold up their hands in horror at the contemplated reform, at the proposed plan of elevating the children of ignorance, whose labour feeds and clothes them, than that they should have to hold up their hands in supplication to Him who rules all men, to spare this land the horrors of a great social convulsion, which must come, unless we take time by the forelock, take the forlorn, uneducated millions of England by the hand, train, educate, elevate them, raise them, as we would a fever-stricken child

from out its sick bed, by the powerful grasp of our arms—raise them from sickness, and sorrow, and degradation, to a higher level of human existence.

In my next chapter I propose to deal with education of the middle classes; for I am one of the million whom Mr Baxter speaks of, living on a moderate income, and whose children cannot be educated because we have no schools to send them to.

I have refrained from furnishing abstracts from the Parliamentary reports and statistical tables. These are open to all, and the figures I have given can be verified by mere inspection of the authorised tables.

The consumption of alcohol is 29 million gallons, and beer 895 million barrels annually.

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,
AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.—CONTINUED.

"——— Our Captain is a harsh, unpolished person, whom we scarcely see except in passing him. He sits at the lower end of the table, which is not a long one, certainly: but that position cuts him off from us socially. Mr Rowe occupies the seat of honour, and as it would not do to place the rich Mrs Brent third on either side, Phil and I are seated next to Mrs Rowe, and opposite the bowie-knife. Next to me is the Senor Pedrillo, who speaks tolerable English, and has facts and anecdotes, but no thoughts. Our property in these, such as it is, falls chiefly between Mrs Rowe and myself—the husband occasionally, in our chats, tugging at the cable by which he keeps her safely anchored.

"We were talking of 'Jane Eyre,' after she had finished reading it. She liked the book, but was a little timid about Jane's declaring herself, as she did, to Mr Rochester, in the garden.

"'What would you have had her do?' I asked. 'She thoroughly respected her own sentiment toward him. It was delicate, sacred, and womanly. Why should she not, under the circumstances, express it?'

"'It was so unusual.'

"'Yes,' I admitted, 'but not therefore necessarily wrong. We ought to distinguish between what offends the sense of custom and the sense of nature.'

"'Certainly; but she believed it was in the nature of woman to be sought, rather than to seek. Did not I?'

"'Undoubtedly; that law was written too plainly everywhere to be

mistaken. But in the position pourtrayed in "Jane Eyre," I did not conceive it to be infringed. True, Mr Rochester had not declared in words that he desired Jane's love, but he had expressed it plainly otherwise; and had piqued her possible sentiment for him, quite enough, I thought, to entitle her to speak. If he had been a coxcomb or flirt, and yet had succeeded so far, as, being a true man, he had, in winning her affection, it would have been her grief and misfortune to have disclosed herself to him. But such things often happen to men, and heartless women deck themselves with conquests as foolishly and meanly as he could have worn hers, had he been unworthy her confidence and courage. I like just that in the book,' I said, warmly. 'It is a true and honest word from a woman for her sex. I thank her for it.'

"'If she confessed her love before she was properly asked to,' said Mr Rowe, taking a fresh turn on the cable, 'I think it was indelicate and—unworthy—of—her—sex.'

"Now, you know, dear Anna, that I do sometimes warm unduly, especially in strife with pretentious fools. I felt a hot flush go over me—stupid, was it not?—and I looked at him, but did not speak on the instant.

"'I meant no offence, Mrs Bromfield,' he said, in a ponderous tone of apology.

"'Oh, I have taken none, I assure you,' was my reply. 'You have not read the book, I think, by your own remark, and therefore cannot know whether you really differ from me or not.'

"Of course Mrs Rowe had nothing more to say on that subject, and so we went to common-places. But I really like her. If only she wouldn't fold the pinions of her mind so meekly under the breast of this overshadowing—

"———— Perhaps it was fortunate, Anna, that I was called away by an outcry from Phil at the very last word. You will never know now which of the terms in natural history, that would have been in some measure adequate to my feelings, I should have applied to our respectable and praiseworthy Mr Rowe. If ever you undertake a eulogy of me, either before or after my death, never write me as respectable or praiseworthy. I despise them both, dear. If there is nothing to be said of me but that I am respectable, or of my work but that it is praiseworthy, I pray that both I and it may escape comment, and so be blest, if not any otherwise.

"I was going to tell you, however, that to-day I asked Mrs Rowe if she knew the lady to whom I am taking a letter of introduction, and on whom my hopes chiefly depend, in Valparaiso. She is a Spanish lady, living just out of the city, and very likely, my acquaintance in San Francisco thought, to employ me herself, on her introduction. To my great gratification, I found that Mrs R. knows and esteems her highly. Her husband holds an important office under the government, and in social position they rank among the first families in the country. So far, therefore, I am favoured above my expectations. I wish I may find the promise of my advent there realisable, because in that case I

should probably sooner turn away from my good fortune to my best. But I studiously avoid indulging thoughts of that.

"——— Dear Anna—foolish, care-taking sister—how could you do it? I told you I did not want the money, and here, to-day, I have found it, where it was smuggled into my trunk. You ought to be scolded soundly, and I ought to do it with a relish; but, somehow, when I think of your pains-taking and persistency in this thing, I find my eyes dim, and I say, 'The dear, tender soul, I will not accuse her of her too great goodness.' But, in truth, you ought not to have done it. I shall feel worried till I hear from you, lest by some calamity you may have been made to regret your generosity. I shall be rich enough some day, I hope, to enjoy the luxury of repaying it as I wish. Then you shall see. But, ah, that future! what a prodigal it is! what a debt is always accumulating in it to the present and past!

"Poor, darling Phil is chiefly dependent on me in this voyage, and he sometimes complains of the leanness of his fortunes in that respect, in very touching style. Last evening, for instance, he was resting on my knee, as I sat up on deck (we are in five or six degrees south latitude to-day, and it is, of course, very warm,) when he said, suddenly, but very confidentially: 'Mamma, I don't love this Captain—do you?'

"'No, darling; but he is a good Captain.'

"'Well, then, why don't he talk to us, like Captain ———?' (you remember the inimitable sound which represents to him that good Dahlgren); 'why don't he, mamma?' he urged.

"'Because, Phil, he is not so kind a man.' I did not know what else to answer the child.

"'And he don't have so good mens on his ship, neither,' said he. 'There isn't any Turnel here, nor Mr Darf, nor Antonio—nobody but you, mamma dear, that I love.'

"'Why, my darling,' I said, 'Mrs Rowe is very kind to you, I am sure.'

"'But I don't love her, though.'

"'Isn't that a little naughty?' I asked.

"'No,' he answered, with the utmost *non chalance*. 'She don't make me.'

"That will do, I thought, as I took him closer to my heart. He has the true stamp on his child-soul—only it must be carefully wrought out by generous training, to make it nobleness instead of selfishness in the man.

"Dear little Harry had already, I think, shown signs of right growth in his affections, and I have little care for Phil, except that he, perhaps, is more decidedly like myself, and that I know how near I can, and sometimes, I fear, do come, to being wilful and selfish in their indulgence or denial.

"I have been sad all day, and am almost irresistibly inclined to weep this evening. The burden of the past descends heavily on my soul at times in these tropical airs and sunsets, which are so like those we breathed and saw in our days of suffering. The thought of that unapproachable grave is very sad to me, dear Anna, notwithstanding

my strong hold on the future: for the affections of earth cling to earth, and are only uplifted in the hours of our highest victories.

"——— It is a long time since my last writing, dear friend, and we are now, it is thought, within a week or ten days of our destination. It begins to seem a momentous thing to land in a foreign city, alone, and look for a home among strangers. I do believe, Anna, that it was not intended women should be alone. If there were one here now, whose strong arm would fence off the bustling world, and surround me with peace and trust for this strife and anxiety, how different would life look!

"Mrs Brent asked me this morning, when we were speaking of our arrival, if I had friends in Valparaiso; and when I answered no, she asked further: 'Are you going to settle there?'

"'Possibly,' I replied.

"And I suppose I ought to prize the testimony she immediately bore to something in me—it was not my fortune certainly—in giving me her card, and a pressing invitation to visit her: or was it possibly that she might display her house, which she said was *very elegantly furnished?* Her husband had bought two of the beautifullest *statters* when he was in France the last time, and she had one in the hall and one in the back parlour.

"——— Three days more, they say, Anna; and I confess to some trepidation. Oh, that you were already there to welcome me! It is such a weary thing to be alone. Phil is in good spirits and health since we have left the very warm latitudes, and in joyful anticipation of going ashore; Mrs Rowe tells me that I can get into a good American boarding-house, at a very moderate expense; trifling indeed, it seems, compared with our California scale of costs; and it had need be, if I remain long unemployed. Your loan is a blessed comfort in my greatest anxieties—though still I scarcely forgive you the clandestine manner of it."

The next date was from the Hotel du Nord, on the day of her landing.

"I have been here only two hours, dear Anna, but the mail for Panama closes at one; it is now past twelve, and I cannot let you wait a whole fortnight longer for these sheets.

"Of course I have nothing to say but that the first impression of the city, as I have seen it between the Mole and this house, is very different from San Francisco; and by all the difference pleasanter to my feelings. I contrasted this landing with ours there. Nobody stares; nobody rushes against you; there is the due proportion of women; the houses do not look like the work of yesterday; the irregularities are suggestive of other things than extreme youth and newness; and, in short, I have made up my mind to like it. I shall drive out this afternoon to pay a visit to the Signorita Senano, and, as I have so many first things to do, I shall say adieu, dear Anna, till a fortnight hence. ELEANORE."

"Phil is at the window, quite captivated by the gayly-dressed women and the 'queer men.'"

CHAPTER XLIX.

Now there must at least a fortnight pass before I could hear of her again. Col. Anderson's first note to me after the news of her sailing, was an unbroken rejoicing: "I would so much rather meet her," he said, "in an older country than this; she belongs to a mature society; and, poor and unimportant as Chili is, its cities have the social features which age alone can give. I have, happily, some friends of influence there, and you may judge I shall feel a pride in showing them such a woman as Eleanore, were it only as an accquaintance. The work which I am asked to put a hand to there, may occupy me, if I undertake it, two years or more; and I think I see the finger of Providence, as a revered clerical friend of mine would say, in her preceding me. I fear she never would have followed—the unmanageable one! I shall be only a short two months behind her."

I was glad of all this, yet I felt I should be much more alone when he was gone. In their happiness, should not I be forgotten? I asked myself, with a momentary return of the bitterness which Eleanore had treated so wisely and lovingly in my last visit.

My school increased rapidly, till I was obliged to seek a larger house and employ an assistant. I was prospering, but I was lonely and sad, and yearning for the companionship that had uplifted and enlarged my nature, more than I fully knew till I was deprived of it.

I wrote to Col. Anderson that Eleanore had asked me to come to her if she found it advisable, and that I should be ready, I believed, any day after six months were passed.

I had resolutely determined to abide by my present interests for that period, with close economy, and then to secure what I should have accumulated at loan, where it would increase rapidly and safely, and follow my heart. So much punishment I would endure; after that, it should be something else.

Col. Anderson wrote me the day he sailed from San Francisco in high hope:—

"I have undertaken many voyages," he said, "in the course of my life, but never such a hope beckoned me as now. Oh, Miss Warren, if by any chance it could be again destroyed, never ask for me. Farewell. You will next hear of me either as the happiest or most hopeless of men. J. L. A."

Eleanore's next letter was her Journal continued. She had visited Signorita Senano, and received some encouragement that, in a month

or so, they might wish themselves to employ a governess. They had one now on trial, but doubted if they should like her:

"And I thought the doubt very irrational," said Eleanore, "when she passed through the room. A dowdier or more lifeless looking creature I never saw so far from home. I am ashamed to say she was a New Yorker, too—lymphatic, careless in her person, and possessed of but one single charm that I could discover: an exquisite complexion.

"My conversation was carried on through an interpreter, the nephew of Senora, who had been at school in Baltimore, and returned about two months before. When I asked if they would employ a governess who could speak no Spanish, I was assured that they desired one who could not or would not speak a word in their house but pure English. 'We wish our children to become perfect in your language,' said the Senora, 'and we think that the best means of securing our object.'

"Then—thought I—the governess will have no trifling taak, if the children are to be turned upon her hands, and all her casual talk with them is to be instruction for a special object; and her time will hang heavily, if she is to speak no English but to them.

"I inquired of the youth if any one in the house spoke it beside himself, and was told his uncle did, but not very freely. When I left I was to call again, at my convenience—in two or three weeks, if I did not engage elsewhere.

"The incumbent of the position I aspire to has held it but four days, and they wish to give her a fair trial, which Senora justly thought could scarce be done in less than a month.

"Phil, who had stood by my knee during the interview, and, between the strangeness of the house, the confusion of tongues, and the grave, impressive manner of the speakers, had been unable to understand the purport of anything, trotted gladly out by my side when I had taken leave; and, after we were seated in the carriage—which is a large, clumsy chaise, with a driver's seat in front, called here a *veloche*—he delivered his opinion uncalled for, in the sententious words: 'I believe those folks are naughty folks—don't you, mamma?

"'Why, Phil?'

"Because they look so dark—and they don't laugh any."

Three days later:

"I have left the hotel, dear Anna, and am now very nicely established in the boarding-house I mentioned. We have a beautiful, large room, overlooking the harbour and city—not so percipitously as ours at the Marsden house, but very charmingly; and if I had only you coming and going, and work enough to pay the way, I should rest well for awhile. I hope some note or letter is on the way to me, dear, with yours. Has *he* written to me at San Francisco, possibly? And will you order the letter here, if he has? How I should be gladdened at the sight of it!

"——— The first delight of this country to my eye, Anna, as it would be to yours, is the lavish profusion of its beautiful flowers. They

riot everywhere in the fertile spots—upon the low hill-sides and in the little valleys, where the treasure of the rainy season, which is yet scarcely over, remains longest. Wherever a foot of earth has seed dropped upon it, or a root set, there is a plant sure to grow, and such flowering as it does you never saw. Do you remember the dear little song for children, 'Wildwood Flowers,' which I sing sometimes for Phil? It is bubbling from my lips all the time I am walking here, when we get beyond the pavements.

"As yet I have only seen the surrounding country from the city, which lies along the seashore and rambles back among the irregular, barren red hills that shut it in, in the queerest ways imaginable. I have seen some of these little suburbs, populous with children and donkeys, and washerwomen who never employ fire in their cleansing processes, and who set themselves quietly down by some stream, and seem to me to be depending chiefly upon time to accomplish their tasks, so very unhurried are all their movements.

"The whole people are cursed with contentment. The chief amusement of all who can afford amusement off their own feet, is riding—think how my skill will avail me—and they claim that they have the finest saddle-horses out of Arabia. Some of them, certainly, are beautiful animals, but their beauty is less prized than their ease, fleetness, and endurance. They are truly wonderful in the last-mentioned quality.

"Phil and I are very apt to walk out in the clear, breezy mornings, over the grotesque, lawless hills, or to the open beach of the great blue, indolent sea. They say it can be very fierce when the wild north wind comes down upon it, but it has worn a perpetual smile to us. It lies along the shore, just palpitating to the dalliance of the wooing air, and registering its tides upon the pure white sands—the impersonation of grand repose. Phil says it is such a nice sea, and he hopes it will bring Turnel and Miss Warren, some day.

"We get indifferent oranges, but delicious strawberries, in the fruit-market, which we visit almost every day; and here is also the *chirimoya*, a fruit of exceeding richness and indescribable taste. More delicate than a cream custard, it has the flavour of the strawberry, pineapple, and peach, blended into one, and enlivened with the subtlest of the Indian spices. It is an apple which Eve might have been forgiven for tasting the second time. This fruit comes from Peru, and is not abundant: a fact for which one cares less, than if other fruits and vegetables, which might be almost called such, were less plenty than they are. Phil's favourite is the sweet potato. Led captive by that esculent, he has given in his allegiance to this republic, and would look calmly forward to spending his days here, if we had you and the 'Turnel,' or perhaps either of you.

"I met Mrs Rowe yesterday, who showed a genuine pleasure at seeing us, and inquired where she could call on me. She told me she had visited Senora Senano, the other day, and found her looking anxiously for my second call, not knowing where to find me, but earnestly hoping I had not engaged to any one.

"So the lymphatic girl would not do, and I can have the place.

Shall I go, I wonder? I think I shall, not having seen any more satisfactory person among four who have answered my advertisement for a situation.

"You will see most strikingly the difference between this and any of our North American cities, in two facts. There are but two book-stores here, and three newspapers, all of which, put into one sheet, would not equal one of our large ones. Two are printed in Spanish, the other in English, and they furnish a population of almost a hundred thousand.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

INAUGURAL LECTURE TO THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION OF GLASGOW.*

By the President, J. W. JACKSON, Esq., F.A.S.L.

Psychology may be defined as the science of the inner life of mind in contradistinction to the outer life of the body, with its subdivisions of anatomy or structure, physiology or function, pathology or disease, and we may perhaps add hygiene or health. Psychology also has its subdivisions. There is the mind in its normal and its abnormal condition; in vigilance, in somnolence, in exaltation, and in derangement, with the experiences peculiar to each. And lastly, there is comparative psychology, embracing the mental constitution of the various races of men, and the different species of animals—a rather extensive programme, as will be seen when we come to fill up this bare outline with its appropriate details. Let us glance at some of these.

There is mind in its normal condition, and as all our experiences of this have been in connection with a corporeal structure, one of the first subjects for our investigation is the nature and extent of this connection. Is mind necessarily, and so always, united with a physical organisation as an unavoidable condition, if not of its existence, then at least of its manifestation? And if so, then to what extent and in what manner is it dependent upon this organisation? Are our mental operations merely a function of our corporeal structure, or is the latter simply an instrument provided for and in a sense developed by the former? And in either case, to what extent is corporeal structure indicative of mental endowment? Here we are brought face to face with phrenology, physiognomy, the psychognomy of the hand, and those other real or pseudo branches of science that profess to afford a diagnosis of character from corporeal indications. Is there any truth in these things, and if so, to what extent is it mingled with error in the present state of these interesting though scarcely recognised departments of inquiry?

Then we have mind in its normal condition of vigilance, with its powers of perception, memory, reflection, and imagination; its moral sentiments, its domestic affections, and its animal propensities. Now,

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* Delivered Feb. 23, 1869.

what is perception? Is there in truth an objective sphere on which it can be exercised, and if not, then are we to regard it as a purely subjective experience? And granting that there is an objective sphere, what is our relation to its phenomena; to what extent are they modified by our subjectivity in the process of their apprehension; in other words, how far are actual things in congruity with our ideas?

Then what is memory? By what process do we recall the past? This again involves the stupendous question, what is our relation to the time-sphere? By what law of our being does this immediate present that we term "now" become that remote past which we term "then"? Can we illustrate this speciality of duration by the corresponding speciality of extension, in virtue of which we are enabled to speak of "here" and "there"? Are time and space in very truth mere forms of thought, that is of *our* thought; and if so, by what speciality in our mental constitution are we thus compelled to contemplate events in sequence, and to perceive things in place? Does phrenology throw any light on this subject by its revelation of the fact that we have an organ of time and locality in immediate proximity to the perceptive faculties, and so placed between them and the reflective powers as to impress the ideas of duration and extension on all the varied subject-matter of thought?

And what are we to say to our powers of thought? By what sublime chemistry does the mind transmute the perishing facts of experience into the everlasting principles of things; by what process does it ascend from phenomena to the laws on which they depend? Have we any definite and satisfactory conception of the process by which we advance from an effect to the cause which has produced it? Nay, are we quite sure that this is the process which we really do perform? Are phenomena aught other than the play of our waking subjectivity, like the phenomena of dreamland, admittedly the play of our sleeping subjectivity? Is there, nay, *can* there, be aught *real* save that which is absolute and unconditioned, and if so, what is perception but thought apparently ultimated into fact in certain states of the spiritual percipient?

And what is imagination? By what process do we frame ideas of things that are not? Have we not indeed some grounds for regarding imagination as a species of spiritual perception, a prelude to that which we shall presumably exercise on the higher plane of a future life? Has it not all the characteristics we might expect from perception in an environment more obedient to the plastic power of the spirit than that in which we are now placed, its apparent want of reality being due to the fact that it does not pertain to our present but to a prospective sphere of existence?

And what are our moral sentiments? Through what elements in our nature are we so related to truth and rectitude that their violation gives us pain—the indication that an injury is being done to our higher being? And how are we so related to that which is above us that we revere it? Is the sentiment of veneration our consciousness of the process by which we are growing into the likeness of that which is superior to our present condition? What is our sense of responsi-

bility? In what present endowments does it originate, and what future possibilities does it indicate?

And what shall we say of the passions, of those more violent impulses and more grovelling propensities which we share in common with the brutes? Of what elements and relationships are these the indication? By what speciality of organic structure or mental constitution, does man, who mounts skywards to the empyrean in thought and aspiration, nevertheless sink earthwards into the mire and clay of sensuality, through these inferior attributes? Have we yet admeasured the stupendous *breadth* of nature implied in this dread ability to touch simultaneously, two such wide extremes? Are not these passions the elements of action, still imperfectly disciplined, a remnant of chaos not yet fashioned into the order and beauty of creation; not the fragrant blossoms and beautiful flowers of the spirit, but the dark and unsightly *roots* of our being, and so perhaps necessarily somewhat of the earth, earthy?

And what are our domestic affections, whereby we escape from the narrowness of self into the more expansive realm of the family and the neighbourhood? Whence do these kindly susceptibilities originate, and of what higher spiritual attributes are they the symbols, and in a sense perhaps the germs? Are they the beginning and the promise of that universal love which only attains to completeness on the plane of the infinite, where the divine mind comprehends creation, encircling its manifold provinces in that all-embracing affection, from which no form of being is excluded as an alien to the great family of God?

And now, still keeping to mind in its normal condition, what is sleep, and how are we to define and account for dreams? Is unconscious slumber really dreamless? Do the experiences of our mesmeric subjects, when in the magnetic sleep, warrant any such conclusion? Are they not equally unconscious of the thought and action whereof we have been the witnesses, and in which they were the agents, but of which they awake utterly oblivious? And what are the scenery and *dramatis personæ* of dreamland? Why do we believe, night after night, in their reality, though we wake morning after morning to a vivid perception of their fictitious character? But are they fictitious—on the dream-plane? Has not somnolence its world as well as vigilance, their relation to the consciousness being diverse, while their reality as psychological phenomena and their importance as educational instrumentalities may, for aught that appears to the contrary, be equal? At the lowest estimate, are not our nocturnal experiences "a dream within a dream;" life with all its stupendous interests being but "such stuff as dreams are made of;" that is, subjective conditions, projected by the play of the consciousness into an apparent objectivity, whose reality is relative, not absolute?

Can we experimentalise on the subject by the aid of phreno-mesmerism? Are not the experiences and manifestations of our magnetised subjects, of the nature of dreams, artificially induced and scientifically regulated? And are not the indications thus obtained very strongly indicative of the fact that subjective conditions are the determining element of (apparent) objective projection? Thus, for

example, by the excitation of philoprogenitiveness we induce activity in that phase of affection which consists in the love of children or animals, and a baby or a quadrupedal pet becomes at once present to the consciousness of the subject, who for the time believes in the objective reality of this subjective experience, with all the undoubting faith of a true dreamer. It is the same with benevolence, whose activity is almost invariably accompanied by a visional presentment of the hungry or ill-clad recipient of its bounty. While veneration, when duly evoked, will in a similar manner conduce to the attitudes and accessories of devotion. Now, with such an instrumentality at our command for the investigation of mental phenomena by experiment, we shall be exceedingly blameworthy if something be not done in this direction to throw additional light on the conditions and processes of ordinary dreaming and even of visional ecstasy; while in accomplishing this, we shall perhaps also help to illustrate the laws of thought and imagination, as manifested in the condition of normal vigilance.

Perhaps the last sentence demands some expansion. As you are doubtless aware, the wondrous and altogether unexampled progress of physics during the last two centuries and a half is wholly due to the inductive method of investigation, under which fact superseded hypothesis, and every theory, however plausible, was subjected to the test of experiment. Now the grand desideratum in mental science is this supercession of hypothesis by experiment, in other words, the substitution of the *a posteriori* for the *a priori* method of investigation. Nor can any one who has watched the direction of the profounder intellectual currents of modern Europe, doubt that this great revolution in metaphysics is steadily and surely approaching. Nor can we be mistaken in affirming that when it has arrived speculation will be subordinated to observation. But for the effective illustration of the laws of mind, as of matter, we require something more than an accurate observation of spontaneous phenomena. We must also be able occasionally to institute an experiment, to put nature to the question, and evoke an answer at our pleasure. Now for this purpose phreno-mesmerism is invaluable. By this stupendous instrumentality we can first reduce our subject to the profoundly dormant and unconscious condition, attainable only in the magnetic sleep; and then at our pleasure we can evoke any one of the passions, affections, sentiments, or faculties into isolated manifestation; or we can combine two or more, and watch the manner in which they modify each other, or are acted on in turn by the introduction of a third or a fourth, as the experimentalist may determine. That such an instrumentality should have been so long neglected, while *a priori* hypotheses of perception and thought, of memory and imagination, together with the association of ideas, and all the time-honoured notions of the old metaphysics are still taught with professorial authority at all our universities, can only be paralleled by the corresponding fact, that the Ptolemaic Astronomy still had its endowed chairs, long after the calculations of Copernicus and the discoveries of Galileo had demonstrated its absurdity.

But to return to the dream-life; there is yet one other subject in this connection which it behoves us to investigate, I allude to the symbolism

said to underlie the weird forms of our natural experience. As you are doubtless aware, the Bible, as a venerable Oriental record, contains several magnificent instances of this asserted spiritual correspondency, in the dreams of Joseph, and of the baker and butler of Pharaoh, together with those of that monarch himself, and also, we may add, of Nebuchadnezzar, as narrated in the book of Daniel. Now the question is, what amount of truth underlies this widespread belief of the older generations, whose almost universal prevalence indicates an element of veracity as its basis? Is the apparently chaotic imagery of our dream-life the symbolic vehicle of spiritual truth, perhaps no otherwise communicable; and if so, of what relationship to other, and perhaps higher planes of being, is this the mysterious indication?

Now from these very imperfect and fragmentary suggestions you will at once perceive that some most stupendous problems are still awaiting solution at the hands of psychologists, without transgressing the limits of that normal experience which is common to all men. But we shall greatly underestimate the range and importance of this branch of science, if we regard it as applicable only to the doubts and difficulties already enumerated. There is another province equally demanding the labours of a competent explorer. I allude to the mystic domain of those abnormal and exceptional conditions of mind which are not common to all, but only to the favoured few, who enjoy the exaltation, or the pitiable many, who suffer from the confusion and derangement attendant on a departure from the ordinary standard of mental health and vigour.

And first of exaltation, What is genius? How are we to define it? In what does it consist? Has it any relation to corporeal structure? To what extent is it dependent upon circumstances for manifestation or for the form which its productions are to assume? Are all original thinkers endowed with this attribute? In what does genius differ from talent, and how far do those who possess it constitute a special order in the great hierarchy of intellect? Again, what are its distinctions and gradations? For example, by what elements is the painter distinguished from the poet? and how is the composer differenced from either? and by what speciality in the inspiration of the prophet is he elevated above the bard? What is inspiration? From what fountain does it flow? and on what speciality in the human recipient does it depend for the character and quality of the manifestations in which it is to eventuate? Was Raphael of necessity an artist? Had Shakespeare lived in any other than the Elizabethan age, and during a dramatic era, could he have produced Hamlet and King Lear? What is "the spirit of the age"? and how far are individual men, even of the most commanding order, its blind instruments and obedient spokesmen? This opens up the great question, What is the relation of the individual to the mass? Does humanity constitute a vast spiritual unity, of which the masterminds of thought and action are but the special organs? and if so, what is the place of this unity in the scale of universal being?

We have spoken of the prophet. Now what is he, more especially in his highest aspect, as a religious founder? Can we, by the lowly

road of induction, even remotely approach, to scan with profane eye, the sublime altitude on which he so serenely reposes as the regal hierophant of *the ages?* Let us try the lower steps of this angel's ladder, which, like that of Jacob, reaches from earth to heaven. What are presentiments? How do "coming events cast their shadows before," so that we become dimly conscious of the impending good or evil awaiting us on our predestined pathway through the wilderness of time? And what is the essential character of the yet clearer revelation afforded by actual prevision? What does this occasional liberation of the human mind from the limitations of the timesphere indicate? Can we experimentalise in these things? What, for example, is the clairvoyance of a mesmeric subject? and how does it differ from the lucidity of a spontaneous ecstatic? What is supersensuous perception? and on what organic or other conditions in the seer or his surroundings does it depend? Is a prophet, even of the highest order, only an ecstatic lucide? and if so, do our clairvoyant patients approximate in any manner or measure to his condition? In short, are the great architects of faith simply arch-ecstatics, the most sensitive recipients, and so the representative spokesmen of the finer influences, or as we say, religious spirit of their respective ages?

Perhaps at some future period we may have a paper specially devoted to this subject, in the meantime I would observe that the authoritative creeds of men, and the forms of their worship, are all worthy of the most serious attention of the psychologist. Whether past or present, fossilised or vital, the various religions of mankind demand our profoundest study. Originating in the most exalted seerdom, often accompanied by great thaumaturgic power on the part of their founders, and requiring the most ardent faith on that of their early converts, they present us with psychological phenomena on the grandest scale and of the sublimest order, which, if wise, we shall not neglect or again consign to the practical oblivion of ecclesiastical history. It is the same with the lives of saints and martyrs, whose visions, ecstasies, and inspirations are an invaluable storehouse of psychological experience; which a blind superstition may have preserved and a shallow scepticism refused to accept, but which a true psychology, profounder than either, will employ for illustrating the laws of mental exaltation.

Perhaps some of you shiver in the glacial cold, and palpitate in the thin air of these Alpine heights of thought; so let us descend to a somewhat lower level—I mean the once dread but now despised province of the occult. What was the ancient magic, and how were its wonders effected? To what extent were they dependent upon the mental condition of the operator? What was the old thaumaturgia, and what is modern spiritualism? No true psychologist will neglect either the one or the other. Were and are the results produced through their instrumentality of an objective or subjective character? What was a magician, and what is a medium? We must be prepared to investigate these subjects without the superstition of the past or the superficiality of the present. Our duty is neither to accept nor reject a mystery as such, but as far as possible to lift the veil beneath which its processes are effected and its results accomplished; and I accordingly

rejoice to know that a certain section of our association intend to devote their attention to a carefully conducted series of experiments, with a view to the elucidation of those extraordinary phenomena whereto modern spiriritualists have so honourably borne their fearless testimony. This is what we need if psychology is to become a science—namely, experimental investigation, conducted by competent persons, provided with the requisite instrumentalities, and who will approach the subject devoid of those preconceived ideas, which have hitherto fatally vitiated all enquiries in this direction. Nor in saying this would I be understood as referring only to the opponents of spiritualism; for the unenquiring acquiescence of a facile believer is often as damaging to the efficiency of inductive investigation as the blind opposition of the most bigoted antagonist; for if the latter sees less, the former as often perceives more than the facts warrant. Let us then endeavour to avoid either extreme, and we cannot do so more surely than by strict obedience to the rules of the great master of Induction, so clearly laid down for our guidance in his remarks on Idola in the aphorisms of his Novum Organum.

And here let me recommend that in such investigations you do not neglect the domain of popular superstitions. The psychology that despises ghosts, wraiths, dopplegangers, and second sight, is on a level with that which has so long regarded phrenology and mesmerism with distrust, and esteemed dreams and presentiments as beneath its serious notice. Such a psychology may be very respectable and inoffensive. Like other tame mediocrities it may have few bitter enemies and excite little serious opposition, but I must warn you that it will accomplish no great results. Popular superstition is a vast storehouse of records relating to the spontaneous occurrence of psychological phenomena, and our duty is not to reject the whole of this testimony without enquiry, because the fortunately situated observers of these rare phenomena were mostly incompetent, but to sift and compare their narratives, and, where possible, to illustrate and parallel the spontaneous by the induced. Neither will a true psychology despise the phenomena of insanity, or even of idiocy. With the former there is often a combination of some of the specialities of exaltation, so much so indeed that many of the ancient prophets would doubtless have been consigned to a lunatic asylum had they flourished in modern Britain in place of ancient Palestine. While amidst the deficiencies of the latter we may often detect the animal instincts in a state of activity and predominance, normal only on a lower plane of being, but here so far united with a certain measure of human intelligence, that we may obtain additional knowledge of their essential character by the insight occasionally afforded through this exceptional combination. Hitherto these phases of mental obscuration have been regarded almost solely from the standpoint of modern medical empiricism, careful only of the cure, and regardless of the psychology of the case as compared with its pathology —to the disadvantage, perhaps, even of the latter, for shallowness and superficiality are seldom the most assured roads to success, even in matters practical.

But extensive as our survey may have seemed, and manifold as are

the various provinces of inquiry we have enumerated, they by no means embrace the entire domain of psychology, which, like anatomy, boasts of the comparative among its other departments. What are the psychological specialities of the various races of men? How are they differenced by their respective passional, affectional, moral, and intellectual endowments? To what extent do they vary in their aptitude for art, in their ability for science, in their talent for literature, and in their capacity for government? Are these diversities inherent and unalterable, or merely the passing effect of casual circumstances? To what extent are they connected with and dependent upon organic specialities, and how far are they the expression and reflection of telluric and climatic influences, acting with the steadily accumulative force acquired by hereditary transmission through many successive generations?

It need scarcely be said that to answer these queries satisfactorily, we shall need to define what man is, contemplated psychologically. And to accomplish this, comparative psychology must embrace the entire animate scale, with all its diversified classes, orders, genera, and species of sentient being. What is a brute? How does he differ from a man? By what process of subtraction shall we define his lower place in the great scheme of conscious existence? Are his specialities reflected in his organisation? From the worm to the lion, is brute mind emblemed in brute structure; and if so, shall we ever prevail to read it off with precision? Are the teeth and talons of the tiger simply its ferocity and cruelty, ultimated in predatory instrumentalities? Is the dove a fair embodiment of love and gentleness? and are opposite qualities equally reflected in the structure of the eagle and the falcon? This again brings us back to the connection between mental aptitudes and organic conditions, a problem whose solution must, as we have said, embrace the various races of men as well as the different species of animals.

Now it must not be supposed from what has been just said that I would have you enter upon the investigation of all these subjects at once. They embrace problems whose solution will probably demand the labour of many generations. But it is well that while devoting ourselves to special departments of inquiry, we should not wholly lose sight of the vastitude of the area which extends before us, and whose effective illustration will doubtless tax not only our energies and resources, but also those of our successors. But it is a noble field, and will amply repay whatever labour we may bestow upon it; and although, whether as individuals or as an association, we can only hope to contribute an insignificant fraction—"the widow's mite"—towards the great fund of knowledge which is being slowly accumulated on this subject, still it is our duty to make this offering; nor can we doubt that in the effort to accomplish it, we shall have our reward in those habits of more accurate observation and of profounder thought, to which our labours, as experimental psychologists, can scarcely fail to prove the precursors.

Mr R. Davenport, Manchester, thinks that some common sense may come out of Spiritualism latterly, but fears a mania in the first place.

SCIENCE AND SPIRITUALISM.

(To the Editor.)

Dr. Chance demands my reason for asserting that the hand does not actually touch the object which it moves. I can refer him to the best of authorities, to Dr Arnott, in his famous work on the elements of physics, and in which he quotes the experiment of Newton, "who found that a ball of glass, or a watch-glass, laid upon a flat surface of glass, does not really touch it, and cannot be made to touch it by a force of even 1000 pounds to the inch." The case of cohesion mentioned by Dr Chance is quite another matter, and on which, again, I refer him to Dr Arnott. Now as to force emanating from a person into space, I can refer Dr Chance to one of his own notes, p. 149. "This figure is also used by Kardec, for (ibid, p. 61) he, or rather one of his spirits, says—'The soul is not shut up in the body as a bird in the cage, it radiates and manifests itself outwardly, as light does through a globe of glass.'" And may I ask how our photographs are produced, or how we see ourselves in the looking-glass, if there be not emanation or force from our persons continually flowing forth into space, and in the dark, too, as Moser's experiments have shown? And how otherwise could occur those cases of the "double" that have been reported in the *Spiritual Magazine?* What can that double be but an embodied emanation, so to speak, clothes and all? Call it spiritual if you will—I care not about terms—there is a supposed emanation of intelligent power to a distance any how, which is the point in question. Or take the case of Angelique Cottin and of Mary Carrick; surely there is no reason for supposing any power other than that which belongs to the persons in question?*—be the force physical, or what is supposed under the expression spiritual—but I am glad to find that it is the opinion of one of the most intelligent of the spiritualists, Mr Jencken, that there is no essential difference between matter and spirit.† Of course there is interaction throughout nature between the various states and bodies of which it is composed; and force is a term signifying such action and change, and should not be confounded with the substance itself—a misapprehension now leading to great confusion; and the term spirit ought to be retained as simply meaning, as with Bacon and Hobbes, "a rare condition of matter." Now, all action whatsoever takes place through the agency of a spiritual or ethereal medium. At this moment Professor Tyndall is explaining the laws of light on the theory of a system of waves in an ethereal medium, and by means of such interpenetrating medium, so that Dr Chance may be right in surmising in one sense that matter may really touch. But the question was not as to the ethereal matter touching, but of objects being themselves in actual contact; for even of atoms, Dr Arnott, after giving proof of their non-

* I am very sorry that room cannot be given to a very short recapitulation of the facts of this remarkable case of abnormal condition, accompanied by unconscious action on surrounding objects, without the intervention of the muscles, &c. I particularly commend the case to Dr Chance's serious attention.

† See Davis's Stellar Key, p. 152, and on the action of spirits from a distance.

contact, makes this startling assertion—"It has been argued that the whole world, if the atoms could be brought into absolute contact, might be received into a nut shell. We have as yet no means of determining exactly what relation this idea has to truth." And after this I think folks need not make themselves angry in asserting an essential distinction between matter and spirit; and I trust to hear no more about gross matter and vulgar materialism, for the only grossness and vulgarity is in the minds that retain such ignorant, shallow, and erroneous notions of the obscure subtle character and magical power of all wondrous material nature. But no one fact seems more wonderful than another when equally well known; and under extraordinary or abnormal conditions no doubt strange things do occur, and which are always at first attributed to the agency of spirits if not to a supernatural power; just as in the moral world we are superstitiously inclined to believe in "retributive justice." (See Bacon.) No Aphorism, 46.

Then, again, it is pleasant to have a solution of some kind to rest upon, and Dr Chance seems to lean toward the spirit theory, because it is more "intelligible and easy" (p. 555). To me that is a reason why it should be doubted, especially when we consider the illusions to which the human mind is subject and the complex nature of our constitution; and it must be remembered that power does not so much depend in many instances on quantity as upon character, conditions, and relations. For instance, a single spark would blow the whole world into space were it entirely composed of gunpowder. And the spiritual manifestations I think must for the most part be classed under what Bacon terms magical instances. Dr Chance demands a visible agency in the table moving. But are the spirits visible except on very rare occasions? Besides, is any power visible—magnetism, gravitation, &c.? And he refers to electricity passing along a wire; but is there no other form of electricity but that,—in a thunder storm, for instance, when Jove's thunderbolt does not even respect the Christian church steeple? But why not rather have referred to magnetism, and to its effect at a distance, and to animal magnetism conveying and receiving power and intelligence to and from a distance? As, for instance, when Mr Thomson and I together, in a large assembly, would pick out an individual at a distance, and cause them to do almost what we chose to will? (See Zoist.) Or take as an instance a lady whom I had mesmerised, and was a perfect clairvoyant, and staying with my mother and sisters 20 miles from town. One Sunday morning after church I was walking round the garden of a friend in St. John's Wood, and found a dead baby. The next morning I received a letter from my sister relating how on return from church her friend could not be withheld from searching all about the garden, being sure, she said, that she should find a baby. (See the account in Professor Gregory's letter on Animal Magnetism.) I could repeat a hundred such like instances; and, be it remembered, that it is not thought or mere sensation that passes through the intervening medium from one person to another, but that character of induced action which results in thought, and causes those impulses in another person *en rapport* at a distance, just as with light. Light does not pass through space from the sun, but those non-luminous

"waves" in the ethereal medium—a power which, touching on the sense, produces the sense of light and perception in the brain.

Mr Burns or some one bids me go to school again and learn from "higher experiences;" but I suspect that I am acquainted with the experiences to which he alludes, and perhaps with very many others that have not come under his notice. And Mr Howitt, in not very polite terms, guesses that I must be an evil influence towards the manifestation of the phenomena in question; but it is quite the reverse, and sceptics might say that I was too wishful to attain conclusive results to be quite reliable. As for being a "halt," the halt is I think with the spiritualist—to halt in the belief in spirits, and in which "easy" belief deferring the scientific investigation that must later occur, when I believe all the phenomena will become as intelligible as Professor Tyndall's sounding and sensitive flowers. But in regard to novel facts, men will draw hasty conclusions unless they reject or neglect the facts altogether; and in the complex nature of physiology and psychology it is now, I believe, as it has been with all other sciences in their infancy. And even in regard to astronomy, Sir John Herschel says that "almost all its conclusions stand in open and striking contradiction with those of superficial and vulgar observation, and with what appears to every one till he has understood and weighed the proofs to the contrary, the most positive evidence of his senses." But what I have suggested, as Dr Chance has well said (p. 555), can be nothing more, and I am sure is intended to be nothing more than suggestion, or "a basis upon which at some future time an explanation might be founded." Dr Chance must see that he has mistaken about the *double*. I referred to the cases that have been recorded in the *Spiritual Magazine* and *Human Nature* during last year; for if that can occur without the agency of spirits, why not all the rest of the phenomena? Dr Chance is also in error in regard to the floricultural experiences, which I find are believed in by some spiritualists and not by others. I have witnessed the facts, but give no opinion. I have never, as asserted, presumed to teach the spiritualists. I am but a learner and a student, and hope to remain so to the end, when, if there be a spirit world, I suppose I shall know it, and see whether it offers us any better things than "comfortably furnished houses, good dinners, and soft beds;" and I trust to meet with spiritualists there who don't lose temper and forget their manners.

As to the Davenports, my suggesting thread in place of the ropes was at their own request, to see if more convincing tests could be devised. Nay, it was they who hurt me, not I them, as maliciously hinted; for when I took hold of the hand, holding it tight, expecting to find it melt away in my grasp, it drew my own hand into the hole, and I thought my wrist would have been broken against the edge of the aperture. I felt it for days after.

And now to conclude. It seems to me that Professor De Morgan "halts" in the acceptance of the spirit theory very much as I do, and that spiritualists in general, and that eminent naturalist and spiritualist, Mr Wallace, in particular, agree with me entirely—"that we can know nothing of the Almighty, the Eternal, the Infinite, the *Absolute* Being, who must necessarily be not only unknown and unknowable, but even

unthinkable by finite intelligences." These are Mr Wallace's own words, p. 55 of his "Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural;" so that Jerrold's playful jest, that has been paraded in *Human Nature* and again in the *Spiritual Magazine*, equally applies to the spiritualists, if it had any real application at all. What *we* protest against in respect of "the great first cause least understood," and Bacon and almost all eminent thinkers protest against, is anthropomorphism, or the presumptuous (I had almost said the profane) attempt to define the nature of that universal power and first principle which must be incomprehensible and far other than anything we can divine or imagine, even in our highest experience, let Mr Davis dream about "a summer land zone within the milky way" as he may.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

A SPIRITUAL SOIREE MUSICALE.

ON the evening of the 24th March, my wife and I were kindly invited to join a circle by Mr and Mrs Childs at their house. When all were assembled, the party consisted of our host and hostess, Mr Edward Childs, who is a brother of our host, and Mr Austin, the mediums; Mrs Anderson, Mrs Fitzgerald, Mrs Fossett, Mr Taylor, Mr Gibbs, Mr T. Jones, Mrs Dixon, and myself.

The circle being arranged, musical instruments and a few card-board tubes were placed on the table: the instruments were a violin, flute, piccolo, and organ-concertina. On the gaslight being turned off, a whispering voice was heard to ask for paper. The gas was relighted, a few sheets of paper obtained, and after being marked by some of the circle with their initials, they were laid with pencils on the table. The light being turned off again, a pencil was heard at work, and after a few minutes the voice said "Light." On this being again produced, we found written on one of the sheets of paper, in pencil, in small well-formed characters, but of old fashioned style of penmanship, and enclosed in a pretty accurately struck parallelogram, a programme of airs, marches, &c., stating, line after line, the instrument, the air to be played, and the player, the name of Sancto being put to some, and of Escott to others. The programme was headed, "Ye account of ye musicke for ye evening," and signed "M. Sancto." Mrs Anderson was anxious to possess this programme, because "for Mrs A." was written against one air; but Mr Childs said he thought he ought to keep it among his records. On the light being again extinguished, Mrs A. was told she should have something for herself. A light was obtained for a moment to enable her to put her initials to another sheet of paper. After another minute's darkness, the light was again called for, and on the paper so marked was a vignette portrait in pencil, apparently done by some kind of stippling.

The circle then composed itself for the promised music, all joining hands, when the voice said that before Sancto began with his pro-

gramme he would, if agreeable, give a musical illustration of a passage in the life of an artist. We all willingly assented, when the flute gave forth an eccentric melody, lasting half a minute or so. "That is the prelude," said the voice; "now for the illustration. But understand that the music is composed on the spot. Conceive now that our artist resolves to paint a picture. He prepares his palette and canvas."

Descriptive Music.

"The artist thinks of a subject; he looks up as for inspiration."

Music.

"He conceives an idea and rushes to his easel."

Music.

"The artist drops on one knee and contemplates his work; he thinks he has achieved success."

Music.

"He hears a knocking at his door; he opens; it is his landlady; she demands her rent."

Music.

"The artist pleads for further time; he points to his picture."

Music.

"The landlady will wait no longer; she puts in a distraint; the picture is taken off."

Music.

A pause following, one of the circle said—"Oh, you can't leave him so; something ought to be done for him." "He gets better off afterwards," said the voice; "but we will tell the rest another time." "Oh, I hope so," said Mrs A.; "but thanks for your music, many thanks. I was quite carried away by it." "And so was the picture," said the voice.

Each strain of the music lasted about half a minute, each being distinctive, characteristic, and illustrative of the words of the verbal tableau preceding it. I say "the voice," but I ought to say "one of the voices." The spirit whose voice we had hitherto heard, and who had been addressed as "Amos," calls himself "Amos Ferguson." The voice we next heard was that of the spirit who had written the programme, and who calls himself "Antonius Sancto." His voice is different in pitch, intonation, accent, and articulation, and is thus distinguishable from the other, although both are whispering.

Sancto asked Mr Childs to tune and lay the violin on the table. This was done. The spirit slightly corrected the tuning and then ran over the instrument, bringing out that tone proper to it when the mute is on. Some were so sure that the mute must be on that Mr Childs struck a light and searched for it in the violin case; but there it was in its place. The light being put out again, the violin was played again as if with the mute, then as if without it, and so several times alternately, the invisible player evidently amusing us and being amused himself with our mystification. Then he imitated the sound of a repeater,

striking the hour and minutes. This I was told he had done at a previous seance, imitating on the violin the sounds of the repeater of one of the circle, who wanted to know how the time was going; then he imitated the church bell—"Big Ben," he said; then the sounds of the various animals of a farm-yard.

Along with these latter sounds we heard another voice joining the two others in remarks and repartee, very diverting to those who understood them and to whom they were addressed. The laughter was frequently checked by the voice of Amos calling for quiet and passivity, and saying that noise and excitement disturbed the influence. The third voice was sonorous and shrill: it belongs to a spirit who speaks in rustic dialect a droll sentence or two at a time, but the purpose of his coming did not appear. This and the other spirits have given little bits of their history while in the body. As the last mentioned spirit made himself heard, we heard also occasionally the note of a bird, perhaps produced by this or some other spirit; there must have been several. Sancto tells Mr Childs that a spirit whom he calls his friend Escott, takes part with him in these musical manifestations.

Sancto's voice now asked for quiet and passivity, and he began with the piece first in order on "Ye account," being accompanied now and then by some spirit tapping on the table with a card-board tube. The air, "Sing, Birdie, sing," was beautifully played on the flute, the accompaniment being really as of a singing bird. But how can I speak of the March from Faust and the March from Le Prophete, on the organ concertina, in the hands of this spirit? The performance of each of these could not have been surpassed by a perfectly conducted band in force, accuracy, finish, and feeling. The audience were unanimous in requesting the invisible friends to repeat them, and the request was immediately complied with, with perhaps a higher appreciation of the music on our part, and more complete forgetfulness of the imperfect instrument by which it was rendered.

After an hour and a half's playing, the programme was concluded, and then the invisible performers, seeming to like the enthusiasm of their audience, invited the members of the circle to name in succession an air and they would try to play it. This was done. One asked for this favourite air, another for that, each being perfectly given upon one or other of the instruments. While the flute played we could hear the thrumming of occasional chords from the violin. One asked for a repetition of "Sing, Birdie, sing," and it was given as before with the bird accompaniment. While it was being debated whether the accompaniment was produced by some delicate blowing and fingering of the piccolo, Sancto's voice said—"I think you will like the air on the piccolo. Shall I play it on that?" "O thanks, yes." The air was played on the piccolo most perfectly, the music being heard free, as it were, from the vibrations of the instrument, and accompanied again by the singing of the bird more clearly and effectively than before, now sounding far, then near, then far again.

One lady asked for a tune of which she said she was the composer—"I remember, I remember, when my childhood fleeted by." "Favour us with the first bar," said the voice. The lady sang the first verse,

and at the end of the first bar the flute accompanied her voice note for note as delicately as if singer and invisible performer were playing from the same music with the same perception and feeling. As if pleased with pleasing, the performer, or performers, accompanied the lady through the whole song, and then played the air successively upon each instrument, just as the lady, did she know the instruments (so she said), would have played it herself.

As the time for breaking up approached, Mr Childs asked Sancto to favour us with the usual concert *finale*. The concertina gave forth "Rule Britannia," the last note of which was prolonged into the first of "God save the Queen," rendered with wonderful power and finish. This brought to a close a seance more interesting than any that I have been present at for the last fifteen years, as affording proof of the capability of spirits manifesting themselves by action. But the circle was held under conditions favourable to the manifestation of such action; for, first, all present had learned to know that we are in a spiritual sphere of existence; secondly, the mediums were good; thirdly, the seance was held under conditions suggested by the spirits themselves; and fourthly, all present were in kindly harmony with each other. Thus it was that we had been favoured at once with an extraordinary spiritual manifestation and an equally extraordinary musical entertainment.

J. DIXON.

8 Gt. Ormond Street, London, W.C.

MORE MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MR HOME.

(*To the Editor.*)

SIR,—Since writing you, I have had to pause, as I have not had the opportunity of farther investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism—at all events, such as would warrant my addressing you; but good fortune has again favoured me, and I at once address you, hoping you may have space to insert this letter.

You are aware that Mr Home agreed to meet a select committee of the Dialectical Society. This meeting took place last Wednesday (the 31st March). What occurred on that evening the secretary will report: I must not forestall. Suffice, if I assure every precaution was taken, down to Mr Home changing his clothing, and appearing metamorphosed in the suit of Dr Edmunds. At about 11 P.M., Mr Home and myself returned to Ashley House, where A——— and Mr M'Kenzie were awaiting our return. No one present wished or even suggested holding a sèance, but loud raps, and the trembling of the large round drawing-room table, soon changed our minds; and Mr M'Kenzie assured me that the whole evening, though alone in the apartment, loud knockings had been heard, so loud as to frighten the housekeeper, and that a heavy footstep had been heard passing down the corridor. Warned thus that a considerable amount of power was present, we soon formed *our circle round the square table in the adjoining room.* We had not been seated many minutes when raps were heard, the table vibrated,

and slightly raised itself off the floor. The levitation of the table repeated itself, the height reached being about one foot off the floor. Again raps, and an elevation of fully two feet; then swerving gracefully in the air, not unlike the motion of a ship rolling, it was raised about five or six feet, the casters level with my face; then gently rising slightly beyond reach of my hand, as I stood on tiptoe, trying to hold my hand on the edge, the table gently descended, accompanied by a sound in imitation of a railway engine.

Flowers were now brought us. One or two had been previously laid on the table by the invisibles. Each had a gift made; and, I need not add, I kept the fern leaf I had placed in my hand. Loud raps were then heard; and, at the suggestion of Mr Rudall, the folding doors were closed, leaving us in a room semi-obscured—light enough to allow of objects being seen, but not so light as to enable me to take notes. Mr Home had by this time passed into a trance state. Warning us to keep quiet, he proceeded to the window, and drew the curtains round his shoulders: his head and neck clearly defined against the window (the gas lamp in the street illumining the window). After a pause, a form appeared, like a veil, resting on a stick or hand; gradually the outline became quite distinct, and a demi-transparent veiled form appeared to stand out between where we were seated and Mr Home, visible for two or three minutes.

The wall opposite to me, and slightly on my right, now became illumined, the light points developing from, what appeared to me, luminous patches of bluish light in the centre of the wall. The surface illumined would be fully five feet by seven feet. In front of, and standing forth in clear stereoscopic outline between A——— and the wall, and within the recess of the room, a luminous shadowy form appeared. As it passed across the illumined wall surface, it cast a shadow, and I noticed the outline on the wall, the outline of the appearance, draped in a long, dark, transparent glow, about the ordinary height of a lady. I could not distinguish the features, but saw the arm move underneath the drapery, which I must compare to transparent lace.

This phenomenon repeated itself four or five times. What interested me greatly was the request of Mr Home not to be too positive, too intent, as disturbing the conditions under which these manifestations occur. After a short pause, the wall surface to my left became illumined, then the sofa, and a form was said to have been seen between Mr Home and the sofa. This I could not see; I only noticed a luminous cloud. Then behind me, the wall became illumined, and large jets or points of luminous phosphorescent light, two or three inches in length, appeared behind A———. A spirit hand then placed a coral stud on A———'s head, and touched his forehead; then Mr Rudall's hand and knee; then Mr M'Kenzie; then myself. Flowers were again brought to us, and the clock made to strike, in reply to a question I had put. A heavy step was now heard in the passage, and the folding doors opened and closed with a violent jerk.

To me this seance was very satisfactory. Spirit forms have been seen at Mr S. C. Hall's, at Ashley House, and at other places, wit-

nessed by eight or ten people present at one time, so that I was really becoming quite jealous of my being exempt—I who, of all, am perhaps the only writer who publishes what he has had the good fortune of witnessing. I allude to many highly educated and able ladies and gentlemen who attend these sèances, and have full leisure to put on record what they have seen. Our sèance terminated in the usual way, by Mr Home awakening from his trance.

I have not mentioned that the sofa moved up from the wall to where we were seated, that a chair was lifted across the room, and that voices were heard, though very indistinctly and half articulated, as I have often noticed is the case with the spirit voice.

Ashley House appears to me filled with mediumistic power. The housekeeper, Mrs Hewett, informs me that she has seen spirit forms, and that a little girl, present at the time, and greatly alarmed, heard the voice as it addressed Mrs Hewett, so also Mrs Thomson. These statements I do not, however, vouchsafe; I give them as rendered, though I have no reason to doubt them; and if thorough examination of witnesses can add to the creditableness of their story, I certainly submitted Mrs Hewett to this test.

I have urged upon friends to publish the account of the sèance at Mr S. C. Hall's, the more so as the spirit form seen was sketched by two of the witnesses present, and one of the ladies was submitted to the fire-test, by a bell, heated to redness in the grate, being placed on the palm of her hand. If I can secure notes of this seance, I will certainly publish them, unless my good kind friend, Mr Hall, forestalls me, and which I earnestly hope he may. I have a great distaste to report what others have seen. Hearsay evidence is so difficult to give in a satisfactory form; the image of the past is wanting, and the pen fails to do its duty.

But I must conclude. I can only add, is it not a disgrace to the so-called leaders of science of this land, that they have not the manliness to investigate in the face phenomena crowding in upon us with overwhelming power, of the actuality of their physical objective presence? By the time I next address you, I hope the Seven Sleepers and Rip Van Winkle, as Mr Howitt suggests, may be at length awakening from their slumbers, and consent to admit the daylight that is broad upon them.

H. D. JENCKEN.

Norwood, April, 1869.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

(To the Editor.)

A CORRESPONDENT asks me, "What about the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists?" Perhaps you will kindly allow me to give publicity to that of which I am most personally conscious connected

with that institution. It has now held four annual conventions, and in case it should hold another, it may be well to lay before the public some of the consequences of those already held. The series of meetings at which the association was inaugurated took place in Darlington. I reported the proceedings, prepared them for publication, and got them printed, with the approbation and concurrence of those spiritual brethren with whom I fondly fancied I was associated. I acted as publisher, on commission, for the association, it agreeing to take all the risks of the concern. The second convention was held at Newcastle in the following year, and I was again deputed by my kind brethren to fulfil the functions of secretary, being assisted by Mr Heslop, who is a verbatim reporter. I again prepared the work for the press; and on the advice of the executive officer of the association printed 5000 copies, with the understanding that he would take steps to circulate them widely amongst the spiritualists of these kingdoms. This person, however, took no trouble to do anything of the kind, though some other members exerted themselves quite laudably. At the third convention he had the impudence to declare that he had not been in correspondence with fifty people during the year, though at the previous convention he boasted of his great exertions. I, however, took every means to give this publication an extensive circulation, and distributed many hundreds of them through all parts of the globe, as I had opportunity, and accounted for them as sales in the usual way. Notwithstanding these efforts, a balance of over £26 (the half of which was debt on first report) remained due to me, with a considerable stock on hand of the reports. An officer of the association at the third convention promised me a cheque on account of this debt, but in a letter afterwards received he took opportunity to deny that he had made any such rash promise. At the fourth convention I was asked to a conclave of the dignitaries of the association, who by this time had repudiated me as an offensive morsel (creditors are never welcome companions). What transpired at that meeting I would rather not divulge, as it would put me under the painful necessity of recording attempts at business strategy on their part, creditable neither to spiritualists nor to men of business. Efforts were to be made to collect money, but up to this date nothing has been accomplished in that direction.

These are not all the proceedings of the "British Association of Progressive Spiritualists." After the third convention it was discussed whether the report should be published or not. I told them that the most honest course for them to pursue would be to pay for the publication which they had already incurred, and then see what means they had to proceed further. This advice was disregarded. Six or seven pounds were paid to the shorthand writer, who attempted to do* what I had done on previous occasions for nothing. A committee was appointed to edit the proceedings, and a worthy brother to print it. When it appeared it was a most wretched production in every respect—

* The person who employed the reporter curtailed his operations so much that his notes were fragmentary and worthless as materials from which to construct a report.

both in its literary and mechanical aspects. Very few copies were circulated, and the money-getting functionaries of the association were kept in considerable activity, begging for funds which were squandered on this useless production, while the standing demands of the association were left unacknowledged. Good-natured, benevolent ladies and gentlemen liberally gave their donations. in the hope that they were promoting the cause of Spiritualism, whereas they were contributing £30 or £40 to be thrown away in a worthless pamphlet. Now, I ask the world, What has the British Association done? I answer, it has professed to publish the first and second reports, without which no one beyond a few yards of the place of meeting would ever have known that such conventions were held or that such an association existed. Careless and prodigal as the career of this institution has been, yet through the efforts made to disseminate the first and second reports, its name and position have been heralded almost everywhere that Spiritualism has found a footing; and the report of the third convention, which was so copiously given in your pages, also had a wide circulation, and was translated and copied into an Italian periodical. But it was not the association that did these acts of publication, and until the balance is paid it cannot take credit for them. Whatever may have become of my associated brethren, I have remained faithful in my allegiance and service to the truth, as I find it in Spiritualism and elsewhere. Both in public and private my career during these years has been one of much hardship and harassing responsibilities, a great share of the activities of the spiritual movement in Great Britain and connected countries passing over my wearied shoulders. At the same time, I have been trammelled by this debt of £26, which still cripples my efforts. It seems not only ungrateful, but unfair, that one who has thus done the only act in connection with this association which has been of public use has been allowed thus to bear the responsibilities, he being at the same time absorbed in the movement which this association professes to represent and forward. I am not afraid of its being said that I am speaking in my own behalf, for though my position is that of a loser I am not the defalcator. I never did anything in connection with my public life that I have any reason to be ashamed of. I know that my narrative is truthful, and that my cause is just; and seeing that there are many generous, as well as rich, people in connection with this movement who would be ashamed to feel that an overburdened and humble individual was harassed by circumstances which they could easily lighten, I take the leave to state that I shall be glad if the friends of Spiritualism will help me to bear this burden. I shall be £1 towards it myself, and if a few more will do according to their means, the amount will speedily be brought together, which will be a direct contribution to the cause, as it will enable me to prosecute the important work I have on hand.

It is a great pity that the association did not take steps to circulate the large number of the second report which were printed. If the executive officer had been faithful to his functions, or had the shadow of a committee behind him to direct his operations, these books might have got into the hands of every spiritualist in the empire, and resulted

in the pecuniary prosperity and the wide-spread popularity of the association. They are full of excellent reading, and might be circulated to great advantage now. I conclude with the hope that if the British Association has the effrontery to hold up its head again, it will adopt, as a "central truth," some passable form of commercial morality.

J. BURNS,
17th April, 1869. Progressive Library, London.

J. W. JACKSON, ESQ., F.A.S.L., &c., &c.

DURING a six-weeks' lecturing tour in South Wales which I recently completed, I had the pleasure and good fortune to meet with not a few friends of phrenology, health reform, mesmerism, and spiritualism. I made inquiries as to the means whereby such knowledge had implanted itself so deeply in these remote towns, when I was told that two gentlemen, Messrs Jackson and Davy, had visited the principality about 18 years ago, gave lectures and experiments, made examinations, healed the sick, and held conversations. My meetings brought many in mind of these good old times, and they would exclaim—"We have had nothing like this since Mr Jackson visited us. Do you know him? Is he alive? We have always wondered what became of him." The surprise and delight of such inquirers may be better imagined than described, when I took up *Human Nature*, and pointed out the current articles fresh from the pen of their revered and gratefully-remembered instructor. And when I informed them that he was still at work in the same vineyard, it increased their estimation of the man who had thus been faithful to his mission as a teacher of the people. I discovered that Messrs Jackson and Davy had held long courses of meetings in the various towns, and thoroughly stirred-up the thinking portion of the inhabitants to truths which have ever since shed a ray of light and intelligence round their paths. Since these days, some towns have dwindled down very much, and the inhabitants—young men entering on life—have been scattered up and down the world, yet carrying with them the seeds of instruction gathered at Mr Jackson's lectures.

These incidents have led me to reflect on the devoted services of the philanthropic lecturer—the missionary teacher who abandons domestic comforts, social attractions, worldly position, even health, wealth, and individual aggrandisement, for a spare crust of bread, that those living in outer darkness may see the light of truth and knowledge. While the science-smitten worldling luxuriates in the enjoyment of his social and intellectual surroundings, while the man of business amasses to himself a fortune, while the professional man attains fame and emolument, the pioneer lecturer wears out an iron constitution. In the ups and downs of his chequered career, he barely lives; old age creeps upon him with its stern necessities unprovided for; thousands have been benefited immeasurably by his labours; and he, the benefactor of multitudes, has to scramble with his latest powers for a precarious existence. With tongue and pen, precept and example, no man in this age has been more industrious, liberal, or self-sacrificing, than Mr

Jackson. He has used his splendid talents freely in the cause of human progress, and always in such a manner as to give his hearers or readers an exalted idea of his theme. It is impossible to know the man and not respect him, to listen to his pleadings without sympathising with his cause. Down in Wales the enthusiasm which he kindled half a generation ago is alive and useful yet, and has been bearing abundant fruit the whole time, not only in the district where it was planted, but all over the world where circumstances have scattered his disciples.

Mr Jackson has also been a voluminous writer. He has from time to time published a series of popular and cheap works, too cheap and high toned to yield him aught but a fortune of hard yet congenial work. For years the periodical press has never been without his support. The readers of *Human Nature* know how he has sustained a department with a series of papers of the most brilliant and captivating character. On some points he may not please all, but he gives them at least the benefit of his opinion, and an opportunity of pointing out where he is wrong. And all this he does freely, without either fee or reward, seeming, indeed, grateful to have an opportunity to help on the cause of human enlightenment. Nor does he scatter his favours in one direction only. His "Sands of Thought" and other free contributions to the Glasgow *Christian News*, extending over a long series of years, have been so much appreciated that a movement has been set on foot to present Mr Jackson with a handsome testimonial. Never was an effort of the kind better deserved. I am anxious that it should not be a local affair, merely confined to Glasgow, but that it should assume a national aspect, and that time be given and local secretaries appointed, that something handsome and suitable may be accomplished. Mr Jackson's sympathies and labours have been universal, and they ought to meet with a universal response. I mean to contribute to this testimonial, and if I am permitted to do so I would call on your readers generally to do the same, and take some little trouble to present the claims of the movement to their friends. If the promoters will sanction it, many liberal souls may have the opportunity of doing themselves the pleasure of testifying to the merits and labours of one who deserves well at their hands.

J. Burns.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

(*To the Editor.*)

Sir,—I have been hoping to obtain a little time to give you some particulars of grievous prosecutions under the Compulsory Vaccination Acts, but the accounts come in so thick and fast that I find it difficult to keep up the correspondence, or to improve the occasions as they arise, by public meetings, &c. We want to raise funds to help the poor in their struggle for liberty, and there is now a loud call for those who have ability to be up and doing. I cannot refrain from mentioning a few recent cases.

Mr Thornley, of Ashton-under-Lyne, has been fined a second time.—Rev. H. J. Allen, of St. Neots, has been fined £5 for five children, in default 14 days' imprisonment, and is threatened with further prosecu-

tion. Mr Wm. Johnson, of Leicester, has served 14 days in the House of Correction, and, in common with many others, is threatened with further proceedings.

These inhuman proceedings are not taking place in a remote part of the world; if they were, there would be a general outcry against their enormity.—Yours truly, RICHARD B. GIBBS.

[Other prosecutions have taken place. Mr Henry Pitman, of Manchester, paid the fine under protest. It was not convenient for him to suffer imprisonment on account of his public duties. He made no complaint against the guardians for bringing up this case. On the contrary, he rather urged them to proceed with it, as he believed that the way to get the act repealed was to enforce it strictly. He had a conscientious objection to compulsory vaccination, founded on examinations of the subject. He considered it was positively injurious to society at large, both directly and indirectly. Mr Pitman then paid the fine of 20s with costs.—Another gentleman, named Samuel Brooks, was convicted of a similar contravention, and the same penalty was inflicted.—At Leeds, Mr Toulson, a chemist, was prosecuted, and the fine was paid by the local branch of the League. Branches should be formed in towns, and a universal movement instituted to get the act repealed. Dr Collins' admirable essay is about to be published in a cheap form, it is said.]

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL INSTITUTE.

ON the evening of April 14, a meeting of the committee and friends of this institution assembled at the secretary's rooms, 14 Ampthill Square, N.W., for the purpose of hearing the first six months' report.

W. Tebb, Esq., was unanimously called to the chair, and he opened the proceedings by reading the original prospectus which has already appeared in *Human Nature*, and obtained a large circulation separately. He explained that all the purposes set forth in the prospectus had not been carried out for want of the necessary funds, and many subscriptions, amounting to upwards of £30, had been withheld because of the non-fulfilment of these proposals, for which he did not censure the parties. He then called upon the secretary, Mrs C. H. Spear, to read her report.

By invitation of Mr and Mrs William Tebb, a number of the friends of Spiritualism met at their house, 20 Rochester Road, on the afternoon of May 17, 1868.

Mr Tebb stated that, a want had been long felt for a place where spiritualists and friends of reform generally might meet together for the promotion of works, which as spiritualists, we were called on to perform; and proposed that Mr Andrew Leighton, of Liverpool, take the chair, and Mrs J. M. Spear, of London, act as secretary, that some organisation to this end might be effected. On accepting his position, Mr Leighton made a few pertinent

remarks, after which, there was free expression on the need of a publishing house, a place for the sale of books, with rooms for conferences, schools, and lectures, and for the presentation of the various phases of mediumship; followed by the unanimous election of Messrs Tebb and Shorter as a committee, to draw up some scheme or plan of action; and of Messrs Tebb, Crawford, and Burns to endeavour to find a suitable place for the carrying out of the above-mentioned objects. The meeting adjourned to await a call from the chairman of the committees to hear their reports.

In June and July other meetings were held for consideration of ways and means, and further organisation was effected to the extent of appointing a chairman, a treasurer, and secretary of an institution, to be called the "London Spiritual Institute."

On September 16, a meeting of the committee was called at 136 Euston Road, where were present Mrs Cooper, Messrs Swinton, Burns, Crawford, Slater, Leighton, and Mr and Mrs Spear. Mr Leighton consented to preside in the absence of the chairman, and called on Mr Burns to state what progress had been made. Mr Burns said, the committee chosen for the purpose had busily looked for premises, but up to that time had found none suitable. The committee for forming a plan of institute action had performed their work, and it had been accepted, and was as follows:—(See Circular read by Mr Tebb). In response to an appeal for means, about £70 had been contributed and promised. He thought that a shop, or bookselling, was no necessary feature of the institution contemplated, and as he saw no probability of being able to incur the additional expense which moving would involve at present, he considered it wise to commence with the means in hand and carry on such branches of the work as were more immediately needed.

Mr Leighton was very decided in opinion that there should be a beginning in a *small* way, that large means could not now be wisely expended, because persons needed training and testing to well perform the duties required, and that the means in hand were quite sufficient to commence with. Mr Swinton thought every exertion should be made to get larger means, and to obtain a building suitable for all the purposes named in the Circular.

Mrs Cooper felt that safety and success lay in beginning small, and that no time should be lost in making a commencement in order, as had been proposed, that Mr and Mrs Spear's services might be secured, and the institution fairly commenced before they left England. All present concurred in the above, and the meeting adjourned.

Notes of invitation were sent to the committee to meet at the secretary's rooms, 26 Bryanston Street, on the evening of October 14, when there were present, Mrs Gregory, Mrs Hallett, Miss Houghton, Messrs Tebb, Shorter, Crawford, and Mr and Mrs Spear. The feeling in respect to the wisdom of commencing with the means then in hand was unanimous; and after considering the accommodation of the rooms wherein they were assembled, the committee decided to use them to the extent of their accommodation if they could be obtained. Consultation was had with the landlady, and she seemed so favourable, that it was thought to be settled; but the following morning she refused to the extent of allowing a library and reading-room to be opened there, so that had to be omitted from the list of things which the committee desired to do.

Notices were subsequently given in the *Spiritual Magazine*, *Human Nature*, and *Daybreak* of the work commenced, and the hours when the secretary might be seen with reference to it. During the six months just expired, upwards of 700 calls have been made on the secretary; 372 letters have been received, and 378 have been sent out, all relating to the general subject of Spiritualism. Books, papers, and tracts have been circulated to a considerable extent; and the Wednesday evening gatherings gradually

increased to such numbers that they could not be comfortably accommodated in the private rooms afforded, and friends have been requested to forego their regular attendance that strangers and non-believers in spirit intercourse might have the evening for inquiry and conversation.

As illustration of the needs and uses of an institution of the character contemplated, it may be observed, that a gentleman from Demerara (who has sent important contributions to the South Kensington Museum), arriving in London, and desiring to obtain information on the subject of Spiritualism, took rooms near the secretary for that express purpose, and spent much time in investigation and reading. He is now on his way to his native country a believer in spirit intercourse.

A young Prussian arrived from California, called on Mr Burns, whose name had reached that distant state, and he sent him to the institute. He spent several weeks in the metropolis, was almost daily at the rooms, purchased books and papers, and left for Prussia some few weeks since, expecting to return, and after another short season in London, to permanently settle in New Zealand, where he may become a useful missionary.

An intelligent English lady, who had passed several years in Germany, first heard of modern Spiritualism on her return to England last autumn. She called at the institute and gave a very interesting account of a German lady, of noble birth and fortune, who healed the sick by means of prayer. An investigation into the modern manifestations has now led her to class the above with similar occurrences so common among mediums in England and other countries; and she is diligent in gathering every information to make clear to her own mind, and that of her friends abroad, the connection which subsists between the spirit-world and the mundane.

Five marked cases of restoration to bodily health, among quite a large number of others less marked, might be named as performed through the mediumship of Mr Spear.

A clergyman who dispenses spiritual comfort to others remarked, in a conversation, that he could intellectually prove the immortality of the soul; but he looked to spiritualists to make him *feel* the fact or conviction, and that the spiritualists should not keep their light beneath a bushel, and such institution would merit the gratitude of Christians as of infidels.

A gentleman from the west of England, who knew no spiritualist in his town, was a believer in spirit intercourse from reading "Clark's Plain Guide to Spiritualism," called to make inquiries, purchased some books, was furnished with others, and has several times written of the *new world* which has opened before him.

An ambassador from an eastern country sought to learn the status of Spiritualism in England. Some 15 years ago he had been a recipient of spirit communications in the United States. He was supplied with the various magazines published here, and accounts were given him at several interviews. He is commissioned to visit eleven of the more civilised governments of the world, and it may reasonably be expected that he will spread the facts which in their nature will gladden hearts, elevate minds, and lead to the advancement of both physical and spiritual science.

A gentleman writes from the north of England that he has never seen a medium, nor sat in a circle, but is a believer in spirit intercourse through reading the writings of Swedenborg and other spiritualists, and requests that the secretary recommend six authors upon the subject. This was done, a catalogue of Mr Burns' books was sent him, the magazines recommended, and he made some purchases.

The institute was applied to, to learn conditions on which Mrs Hardinge would give a course of lectures in Manchester. Correspondence was opened with her, and the result was a highly interesting series of meetings.

The secretary has interested herself to obtain well-written and authentic

testimony to lay before the investigating committee of the Dialectical Society, and has succeeded to some extent.

Almost simultaneous with the active work of the institute, a series of weekly conference meetings commenced at Gower Street, under the auspices of a gentleman, who himself generously defrayed the expenses of the first six (showing that his *heart* as well as head was enlisted), and has since been carried on by voluntary contributions. The hall will accommodate about 300 persons, and it has always been well filled. The utmost freedom has been accorded to all who desired to promote or to question the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. These meetings still continue under the management of a competent committee, and have been especially aided by the eloquence and good sense of Mrs Hardinge, to whom, in justice it should be said, they owe their origin and perpetuation. The friends of the institute have earnestly united in sustaining these important meetings. About the same time, also, regular weekly seances were opened in Great Coram Street by an earnest lady, where opportunities were afforded to witness various kinds of manifestation. Such place is considered very useful, and the institute committee have encouraged it to every practicable extent.

In the east part of London an association has been organised, of which Mr Burns is president, which holds weekly meetings, and affords the people in that section opportunity to become acquainted with the claims of Spiritualism.

Thus some of the purposes contemplated in the Circular issued by the institute have been carried forward happily and successfully by private individuals; yet, it must be admitted, that a compact working body or organisation might effect more economically, efficiently, and extensively, the same and larger ends. With this view, the committee will continue their efforts in harmony with the proposals in their Circular, and they earnestly solicit the co-operation of all who approve of the work. It may be added that the institute committee approve of the proposition made by the United States Convention, to hold an International Conference in London, and that the Circular which has appeared in the various magazines of this city detailing the plan, has been sent to eminent persons in the various nations where Spiritualism is known to claim attention.

Mr James Burns expressed his full concurrence with everything the report contained. He was astonished to hear of so much work having been effected with so little means and public display. The various purposes for which the institute was established, were being carried out in a more complete manner, than the stranger might suppose. It was not impossible for the committee to cover all the ground which the original circular indicated; and the surest way of attaining this position, was to make the best use of the means they had at command from time to time. He felt this had been most fully adhered to in the first instance, and he had great pleasure in moving the adoption of the report. This was seconded by Mr Spear, who gave numerous instances of practical usefulness effected by the institute. Gentlemen who were now taking a most prominent part in the movement had, years ago, made their first inquiries of him, and had been put in the way of investigating the subject so as to be led to enlightenment and conviction. The chairman expressed his great satisfaction at the facts which the report presented. He felt assured that there would be no difficulty in securing funds enough to carry on and extend the institution, the operations of which commended themselves to all who had the movement at heart. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

J. G. Crawford, Esq., moved that a vote of thanks be given to the secretary, Mrs C. H. Spear, for her unfailing attention to the duties of her office since the inauguration of the institution. He said, the manner in which she had fulfilled her official duties, added much to the success of the committee's efforts. This motion was seconded, supported, and carried unanimously.

A general conversation ensued relative to the future workings of the "Spiritual Institute," and the best means of promoting Spiritualism, not only in London, but in the provinces and foreign lands. In this conversation, A. C. Swinton, Esq.; Robert Cooper, Esq.; Dr Wilmshurst; R. B. Hannay, Esq.; Mrs Tebb; Mrs Cooper; Miss Houghton; Miss Ingram; Miss Hill; and other ladies and gentlemen took part. The chairman dwelt at some length on the importance of circulating spiritualist periodicals to the numerous institutions, reading-rooms, &c., both in England and on the Continent. It transpired that upwards of a hundred copies monthly of *Human Nature* were thus disposed of at the expense of private individuals and the publisher; but Mr Tebb thought such a work, more legitimately belonged to the "Spiritual Institute," than to private enterprise.

Mr Burns called attention to the great usefulness of Mr Spear's psychometric powers in the work of calling attention to the facts of Spiritualism. The speaker said, that in his travels about the country, he met with many who had been induced to have a delineation of character from Mr Spear, and it had opened their eyes to the existence of psychological powers, and brought the question home to them as a personal matter. He thought it was of great importance that the institute should have the gratuitous services and co-operation of a gentleman possessed of Mr Spear's abilities. Mr Swinton thought that immediate steps should be taken to realise funds and extend the usefulness of the institute. After further conversation, this very harmonious meeting broke up, every one expressing much satisfaction at the entire proceedings.

Persons desiring to aid the Institute may address Mr William Tebb, Treasurer, 20 Rochester Road, Camden Town, London, N.W.; or Mrs C. H. Spear, Secretary, 14 Ampthill Square, Hampstead Road, N.W.

SPIRITUALISTIC LECTURES AT SOUTH NORWOOD PUBLIC HALL, NEAR THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

We have to report that on the 24th of February, 1869, D. D. Home, Esq., delivered a lecture on Spiritualistic Phenomena. The subject was treated as a principle recognised in the Old and New Testaments, and he freely quoted from these books. After the lecture Mr Jencken, who resides at Norwood, mentioned the fact, that his mother, a lady 84 years of age, was in 1868 paralysed, and the medical authorities declared the case incurable. That one evening he, the chairman (Mr Jones), and Mr Home were present, and all saw the action of the hand of the spirit making mesmeric passes down the body. That though previous to sitting down she was helpless, at the close of the sitting she arose, and walked; and continues to this day hale and active.* The lecturer answered the several questions put by the audience.

* The full account of this wonderful manifestation may be found in *Human Nature*, vol. i., page 344, September, 1867.

Mr Jno. Jones of Enmore Park, was chairman. The meeting was crowded to excess though the tickets were one shilling and others sixpence. Some of the leading gentlemen of Norwood were present, but very few spiritualists.

The second lecture was given by Mrs Emma Hardinge, on Spiritualism: its Uses. The hall was again crowded, and the questions put by the audience answered. Mr Jones again presided.

The third lecture was delivered by the chairman, and as it was his first lecture for several years past, we state a little more fully the line of thought taken by him. The subject was—Spiritualism: its Phenomena and its Witnesses.

That the phenomena proves the existence of intelligent beings acting near us and on us, who can see our thoughts and our actions. That in many instances proofs were given that they were disembodied human persons, having substance and shape, though ethereal.

That man was a threefold power—spirit, soul, body—each having the same form, but differing in degrees of solidity, as for example, earth, air, and electricity; yet were they substances, and which forces could by cohesion take any given shape—even as they now did in ourselves. The external illustration we have in the solar system: earth body; soul cometary substance; spirit and electricity. That as comet substance. and electricity could combine and act without contact with earth, so the soul (the ghost body) and spirit could. These facts, he stated, were for the consideration of materialists.

The second train of argument was for Bible Christians, and from the Scriptures he gave illustrations as to angel appearances; and that the Bible point blank stated they were men, though angels. He then quoted instances from national and ecclesiastical history of apparitions, and of miracles down to 1851 at the Irish revivals.

The third line of proof was the modern phenomena of moving *solid* substances without contact—acts that could not be produced by men in the flesh; and as they were done by simply asking that they should, the inference was, and the replies given by signs of various kinds proved, that there were spiritual beings who did things men could not do, and therefore they were justly called *super-natural*; though to them, doubtless, the results were the action of their minds and soul power on natural substances.

The fourth proof was the cloud of *living* witnesses who attested by voice and pen the truth of the phenomena.

As the lecture occupied one hour, and the four speakers following, a quarter of an hour each; it was arranged that a fourth meeting be held on the following Wednesday, to allow full freedom of speech for and against. The meeting took place, and speakers for and against actively occupied the attention of the meeting for two hours, when the discussion was closed, leaving evidently many anxious to address the meeting.

The meetings have been a marked success, and as no tickets were given away, and the prices for admittance were sixpence and a shilling, the crowded hall was unmistakable evidence of the interest excited.

We perceive that from one to two columns of correspondence on spiritualism continue weekly to appear in the "Norwood News;" and that the heat has communicated to Croydon a quickening, that displays itself in the "Croydon Advertiser," which will possibly produce a public meeting in the Literary Institution Hall.

Mr Jones has stated his willingness to co-operate next autumn and winter, if spared, in holding a series of public meetings in the suburb towns round London, and to culminate in a monster tea-party at the Crystal Palace of the Spiritualists in and around London.

REVIEWS.

VITAL LAW.*—This most beautifully printed little book contains more matter than many ponderous octavos. There is scarcely a page of it which might not be expanded into a volume, and it treats of questions which lie at the root of human life and destiny—God and immortality; the law of life and the law of death; the deterioration of our race, and the means for its renovation; the cause of disease and mortality; that which becomes sin in the soul and scrofula in the body. It has some very deep and very startling revelations of the interior, of the unsuspected causes of "the sin and sorrow, the crime and shame, the disease and premature death of the blighted populations"—of lands civilized and christianized. "Infant mortality is the culmination of crime—of sin against God in the transgression of the law of life." "Vital Law" asserts what many have come to see and feel—that mere knowledge, showing us evil, has no power to save. The world was never so enlightened as at this moment, and never did the evils of humanity press more heavily. Mr Froude at St Andrews well said that while there was a great activity of religious and educational work, there was at the same time an almost universal development of dishonesty; with a vast increase of science and wealth, poverty, vice, and crime seem to increase in a more than corresponding ratio. But, it is affirmed in the work before us—"There is an infallible law of life, of holiness, of health. No less infallible is the law of sin and death in disobedience. . . . . The law of growth, of production, and of reproduction, is the life of every living thing. The tree has its infallible law, the blade of grass, the smallest and greatest living creature has its law of life." But no extracts do justice to a work so compact and so comprehensive —which holds so much mattter in so little space, and which hangs together like a chain, of which a link is not a specimen. It needs not only to be read, but pondered paragraph by paragraph; and if any quarrel with the form, they have only to look deeper and find the matter. Most thoughtful readers, acquainted with interior or inspired writings, will recognize "Vital Law" as appertaining to this category. It is entirely different in its style from the other works of the same writer, who does not claim the *authorship* of this, or those to follow in the same series, but only to be the humble instrument of a higher wisdom. No such claim, however, is intimated in the work itself; its stands, as of course it must, upon its own merits, to be examined, judged, accepted, or rejected by the mind and heart of every reader. The truth which comes to us as truth, alone has authority. We do not quarrel with the multiplication table. Vital Law, once demonstrated, commands intellectual assent; well would it be for mankind if it could also secure a ready and unfailing obedience. The printer, Mr Nisbet of Glasgow, has done much for the external appearance of *Vital Law*—and we have done ours in commending it to the judgment of our readers.

* London: LONGMAN, 6d. Offered to the readers of "Human Nature" for this month at 4d; post free, 5d; or 4s 6d per dozen, post free.

MISCELLANEA.

DEATH OF ALLAN KARDEC.

We have recently received an announcement of the death of Allan Kardec and the Catalogue of the "Library of Spiritualism and Psychological Science," which has just been instituted in Paris. It is formed by a society of spiritualists who renounce, by the terms of their association, all personal interests in its success, and desire only the promulgation of truth.

The business is transacted by an agent, and any profits shown to be realized by the annual balance-sheet will be handed over by him to the general Spiritual fund. This fund is administered for the time being by the agent of the Library, under the supervision of the society which has established it.

The office for subscriptions to and publication of the *Revue Spirite* has been transferred to the Spiritual Library, 7, Rue de Lille, Paris. The *Libraire Spirite* seems precisely of the same nature as the *Progressive Library*, except that it is managed by a society and agent instead of by a single enterprising individual. It seems to give too little space to physiology and other allied sciences of the great anthropological group.

Obituary Notice.—"Paris, April 1, 1869,—The Vice-President of the Spiritual Society of Paris to subscribers to the *Revue Spirite*.

"GENTLEMEN,—It is my painful duty to inform you in the name of the Spiritual Society of Paris that our President, and honoured master, M. Allan Kardec, died suddenly on Wednesday last, (March 31,) at the Office of the *Revue*, from the rupture of a blood vessel. M. Allan Kardec had just finished the scheme for a new organization, complete to the smallest details, and adapted for the future no less than for the present.

"The central committee has taken all measures necessary under the circumstances, and prescribed by the organization of the master, and after April 9 they will meet in the new rooms, 7, Rue de Lille, attached to the Spiritual Library, founded by four members of the Society.

"All our brothers will feel that the most real testimony to their affection for our regretted President, and that most acceptable to him must consist in redoubled efforts for the extension of spiritual knowledge, and the intimate association of believers in Spiritualism."

"LE VICE-PRESIDENT LEVENT."

The meetings of the Dialectical Society for the investigation of Spiritualism, it is said, are increasing in interest and significance.

Mr R. Harper, of Birmingham, addressed the usual meeting of the Glasgow Psychological Society on March 23. Subject—Second Sight.

The World's Spiritual Convention will be held in London in May or June, depending on the arrival of influential foreigners.

The *Banner of Light* has reproduced our drawing of Mr Home's hand elongated. Mr Jencken's letter appears with it.

It is probable that Mr J. M. Peebles, the talented lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy and Western editor of the *Banner of Light* may visit England this summer.

Thelwall was troubled with a peculiar disease of the heart. It could be heard to beat from one end of a large room to the other, or across the street.

There is a power in man for every condition that is outside of him, and he knows of his surroundings no further than his interior self is developed.

MANCHESTER.—The recent tea meeting of spiritualists was not numerously attended, but it was an intelligent, pleasant, and happy gathering.

Professor William Denton, the eminent geologist, and author of the "Soul of Things," "Our Planet: Its Past, Present, and Future," &c., may visit England during the year.

The Reformation Society of Neufchâtel in Switzerland has issued the following programme:—"A church without priests, religion without a catechism, worship without mysteries, morals without theology, and God without creeds."

A seance is held every Wednesday evening by Mr and Mrs Wallace, at 54 Islip Street, Kentish Town Road, near the Midland Railway Station. The hour is eight o'clock. Wonderful tests of individuality and proofs of spirit-power are given.—C. TIFFIN.

The photographs of spirit drawings described in our March number are furnished with beautiful India Mounts, about 14 by 10 inches. They are altogether superior objects, and are remarkably cheap at the price charged for them, viz., 2s each.

We have just been favoured with a friendly visit from C. O. Poole, Esq., of America. It will be remembered that it was in this gentleman's hospitable home where A. J. Davis wrote the fifth volume of his "Great Harmonia."

Mr J. H. Millar, Paisley, reminds us of the fact that the feat of sending telegrams without a wire has been accomplished. We noticed an account, in an American paper, of some trial experiments some months ago. Though a conducting wire is not required, yet other apparatus is needed to supply that deficiency.

Our little contemporary *Daybreak* has come out in a new dress, as a penny monthly broadsheet, and styled—"A Popular Exponent of Natural Theology, Religious Progress, and Spiritual Development." Those interested in Spiritualism would do well to get 100 monthly and distribute them amongst their friends.

The Conferences at Gower Street are still maintained with unabated vigour. Mrs Hardinge has contributed much to their success. Mr Home has occasionally lent his aid. Mr A. R. Wallace, the eminent scientist, gave a valuable lecture on April 12, which was listened to with much interest.

The Rev. J. B. Young, of Swindon, has issued, for private circulation, a tract entitled, Modern Instances of "Healing by the Laying on of Hands." It details some wonderful cures, and puts to shame a local doctor who gave "the lie direct" to Mr Young respecting one of the cases cured by him. Mr Young's healing power seems to be great, though not uniformly successful.

A new method of cultivating potatoes, by which an increase of from 25 to 100 per cent. in the produce may be obtained, has been discovered by a German. The leading features of this new mode of culture are—1. Turning up the soil to a considerable depth. 2. Choosing as seed large, sound, and many-eyed potatoes. 3. Leaving each seed potato a space of 12 square feet. 4. Laying the seed potato with the budding side down.

Dr J. B. Ferguson has been lecturing on "Paris and France" in Nashville. A report thus characterises his efforts:—"None of the old fire has departed from him. The same eloquence which held his hearers spell-bound when he occupied the pulpit of one of our churches is with him yet. And the same people who listened attentively then to his logical and powerful sermons accord to him that fluency of language, and oratorical ability, and poetry of thought, and elegant diction and perfectly rounded sentences, which made him so popular as a public speaker. We hope he may often be heard from during future lecture seasons." We also hope to hear him soon in London.

Employment of Soldiers on Public Works.—Rather more than 2000 British Infantry will be employed on public works in the Hills in Northern India during the ensuing hot season. Raneekhet, Chukratta, Chumba, and the Murree and Abbottabad roads are the places where their work lies. It is impossible, remarks the Allahabad journal, to exaggerate the good which springs from this employment of our English soldiers. In health, efficiency, physique, and purse they are alike gainers; while, on the other hand, the value of their service to the Public Works Department is very considerable.

The Fasting Girl in Wales.—A committee of four gentlemen have watched for two weeks, night and day, the little girl whose case was so fully stated in our last issue, and during that time she took no food. Two of the watchers were medical students. We should be glad if this little girl could be visited and operated upon by the Rev. F. R. Young, of Swindon, whose healing powers have been so signally useful. We understand he would make the journey and try the effect of his healing power if his travelling expenses were paid. We hope our readers will lose no time in seeing that such is done. We have received various accounts of trance cases and fasting, but they must stand over till another month.

A Wonderful Sleeper.—Says Stow in his annals:—"April 27th, 1546, being Tuesday in Easter week, William Foxley, pot-maker for the Mint in the Tower of London, fell asleep, and so continued sleeping, and could not be wakened with pinching, cramping, or otherwise burning whatsoever, till the first day of term, which was fourteen days and fifteen nights. The cause of his thus sleeping could not be known, although the same were diligently searched after by the King's physicians and other learned men; yea, and the King himself examined the said William Foxley, who was in all points found at his waking to be as if he had slept but one night; and he lived more than forty years after in the Tower."

Spirit Voices in America.—Mr Cooper has received a letter from Mr Powell, who has been appointed "Spiritual Minister" of Terre Haute, Indiana, from which we are permitted to make the following extract:—"We have a physical medium, Dr William Church. I had a sitting with him on Saturday last. Talk of spirit voices. The Davenport spirits sink into insignificance compared with those I heard from Dr Church,—besides, they all speak without a trumpet. One spirit, called 'The Little Digger,' opened a door and ran into the circle, just, for all the world, like a common mortal, and commenced dancing to music. Every step was distinctly heard. Then a magnetic breeze was produced which was a regular 'sou'wester.' The little Swiss played on several instruments. The spirits promise to illuminate our hall in the presence of the public. If that is done, there will be a consternation."

The relations of the Princess Isabeau Beauvan-Craon are endeavouring to obtain control over her property on the ground that she is insane, because she has been pleased to investigate Spiritualism, and receive visits from Baron Guldenstubbe and his sister. The newspaper correspondents contradict each other in many particulars, yet we rejoice to observe that, with all their ignorance and spite, they are unable to throw any aspersion on the fair fame of the Baron and his sister, nor on the Princess either, who is reported as being exceedingly intelligent, witty, and able-minded. A year ago, her brother had a loaded pistol in his pocket wherewith to intimidate Baron Guldenstubbe, but it accidentally exploded, and shot the prince dead at the entrance to the Jockey Club. He has evidently been a greater fool than his sister, notwithstanding her spiritualism.

SONG FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

DEDICATED TO MRS EMMA HARDINGE.

Air—"*The Minstrel Boy.*"

We come in quest of our lov'd ones gone;
To-night they've pledged to meet us,
From yonder land they are pressing on
In eager love to greet us.
They come! they come! from yon brighter sphere,
Our woes to heal, our hearts to cheer;
We soon shall feel their presence near,
Their loving arms around us.

To tell us of our heavenly home,
That land of cloudless glory,
Where rivers flow and bright flowers bloom;
It seems a wondrous story,
That there should be a world so fair
Where kindred souls at death repair,
Nor sin nor suffering enter there
To mar the rest of the weary!

The heart-wrung tears from our eyes that flow
Will make that rest the sweeter;
The toils and cares of our life below
Will make our bliss the greater.
Then come, O come! with your crowns of light,
Your shining forms, and garments white;
For day or night it is our delight
To meet our guardian angels.

Glasgow. James Nicholson.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

JUNE, 1869.

CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION.

CHAPTER IV.

MIDDLE CLASSES' EDUCATION.

By H. D. Jencken, Esq, Barrister-at-Law, M.R.I., &c.

It is with a feeling of relief that I quit the sad, dark picture I have had to portray of the intellectual condition of the masses, the people of England—those iron-armed, industrious, by nature well-endowed men, left by neglect in shameful ignorance, who fill our pauper asylums, whose children people our prisons; those forlorn, homeless, destitute children, the offspring of our chronic poor, our chronic criminals,—I repeat it is with a feeling of relief I turn down another leaf of this great folio of pictures of our social condition. Assuredly the middle classes, the backbone of English life, have cared to have their children educated. With abundance of funds, commanding revenues in the hands of Endowed Schools estimated to produce £600,000 a year, and with 3600 schools to rear and teach their children; assuredly there is no want of educational means with them.

As adjuncts to our Endowed Schools, we have Grammar Schools, and innumerable private colleges, offering educational training at a very moderate cost. With a feeling of positive unburdenment of that which oppresses, I turn to these folios. Just follow me, kind reader, as I describe to you what this holocaust at the altar of our virtuous selves really is. And, first, our Endowed Schools.

Mr Forster, upon whom I burden the reproach of exposing all the doings of our worthy trustees, those keepers of our national wealth, treasured up in the parchment deeds of the settlements of our colleges and schools—I exempt our universities from my calculations—produces £600,000 gross revenue (taking the exact figures, £593,600), and applicable for educational purposes £253,000—a moderate diminution, by the

bye, but I will not quarrel with this. This sum is alleged to support 3600 schools. Now, I leave out Harrow, Eton, and a few bright oases in the wilderness of plunder, and I ask what is the actual state of these endowed establishments? I am taking my data from Parliamentary statistics. The school buildings, where they exist at all—for with that refinement of taste, that proper aversion to keep out of sight from the vulgar gaze, some of these worthies, the trustees of endowed schools, the keepers of a sacred public trust, have converted the schools into stables and coach houses; or, with a true regard to the utilitarian principles, have done something else with the buildings; or, as Mr Forster tells us, cultivate potatoes in our endowed school-gardens; or three boarders are reared at the cost of £792; or two masters, enjoying £300 a year, have to teach three boys—like General Savorov and his Cossack, three shirts between the two constituted their outfit for a long campaign.

But even in less aggravated cases, where the disease, "fraud upon the public," the "*animus furandi*," cannot be brought home to the culprit's shameless neglect, the "*culpa lata*" of the stern old Roman, bordering upon the "*dolo proxima*," and which rendered the wrong-doer liable to what we modern jurists call the "*infamia juris*," assuredly attaches, and "*turpido*" may be unhesitatingly charged without fear of contradiction. The pachydermatous skins of our trustees of endowed schools refuse to show the blush any honest Englishman would betray, if accused of being brought within the reach of the definition of the "*quasi ex delicto*" rule. The result of this neglect, I repeat, is that even where the outward show of an attempt to keep within bounds is not abandoned, our sons, the youth of this great good old England, are shamelessly neglected—under-educated. In proof of this serious charge, I will produce a few examples out of the mass of evidence at my command. First, only 40 out of 100 of the candidates at the University of London, or at the 21 colleges (I believe this is the number) that admit the medical students and grant certificates or diplomas—and these, by the bye, upon a test of fitness so low, so miserably short of the standard of education in France, Germany, and Russia, that it has called forth the just reproof of our better educated neighbours—I repeat only 40 in 100 actually manage to pass their examination. Now, I am not conjuring up grievances. I am not over-colouring my canvas with glaring colours. I am only repeating the facts actually given in the petition of 4000 medical men, which Dr Hall submitted to the House of Parliament, praying for a commission to inquire into the state of medical education.

But, before I proceed, let us just see how the endowed schools

really teach, what our grammar schools are doing, how, in a word, the honest, hard-working middle class man of this land, anxious to make any sacrifice to get his child educated—fitted to take his place in life, to continue to be what his forefathers have been before him, the real source of the greatness of this land—how he can manage to accomplish his wish. The instruction at our endowed schools, Mr Forster tells us, is miserable and deficient, the obsolete crude forms of instruction being still observed; but actual teaching—that is, instruction in contradistinction to education, and with which I will deal in some future chapter—there is in fact none. At Harrow and Eton, the average age of boys who leave school is 18 to 19; at the ordinary endowed school, 14 years. With this I have to deal in the first instance. In France and in Germany,* 65,000 boys of the middle and upper classes receive a high education, on a level equal to our B.A.; nay, if Arnold is to be credited, "we have not 6300 matriculated students receiving so good an instruction as the 6300 matriculated students in the Prussian universities, or even as the far more numerous students in the French faculties." The result is, as M. Arnold tells us, that in "England the middle class, as a rule, is brought up on the *second plane.*" From this follows, that after actually paying £600,000 a year for our endowed schools, derived from public funds, education has become a mark of aristocratic distinction—a distinction not within the reach of the people of this fair land, but only a few in the higher ranks of life can enjoy. We have been, and are, shamelessly plundered of our property; for, it is to be remembered, the middle classes of England gave the funds for these 3600 schools—the small squires and burghers gave the funds. These funds the trustees are misapplying.

Our grammar schools, and which at one time really made a show of a step in advance, have all but become practically obsolete, and the tuition of this land is now as unsatisfactory as neglect and ignorance can desire. It would be invidious to aim a blow at our private schools—at those many institutions private enterprise is attempting to found; but I may say this much, that they are, in nine cases out of ten, lamentably deficient; and where they are moderately effective, so expensive that the ordinary trade and middle-class man cannot avail himself of them. In proof of the utter inefficiency of these schools, I appeal to returns of "plucked candidates of our civil and military service, university and medical examinations."

I can understand a people abandoning, in times of great public calamity, the use of schools and colleges, of leaving the education of its youth to some future day; but with the enormous

* M. Arnold's "Schools and Universities of the Continent," p. 275.

wealth we are deriving from our coal beds and iron ore deposits, surely we have no lack of means. For those who desire to verify what I am saying, I recommend the perusal of the Commissioners' Reports, the excellent work on "Technical Education" by John Scott Russell, Esq., and M. Arnold's work. From Scott Russell I gather data which are even in excess of those dark outlines I have drawn.

In speaking of technical education, and to which I intend to devote a chapter, he says (p. 137)—"Here, then, we come to the humiliating conclusion, that of 1,260,000 of the English youths of an age fit to receive science and technical education, the English Government takes care of less than 1 in 700 (14,600 scholars), at a cost of £8000 a year."

And further on, the same author gives us, as the result of his investigation into the state of education in the little inland kingdom of Wurtemburg, that these really very moderately well-to-do people give, in proportion to their population, ten times more education to their children than we do. Take the totals; we ought to have 90,904 scholars of the upper classes, with 4675 teachers: I am assuming the same proportion as in Wurtemburg. Our answer is—the hollow mockery of endowed schools, with 5000 or 6000 boys actually, 15,000 nominally, educated. Our endowed schools—a farce, indeed!

The subject I have taken up is so vast I can but trace in outline all I wish to say. I must bring my chapter to a close, but in doing so, by way of illustrating my case, just take the contribution of the Prussian Government towards the state education of those highly organised and superior universities of Berlin and Bonn. These world-wide renowned universities have 2500 and 1000 students respectively, yielding £29,518 in fees, with a State contribution of £28,842. Compare those figures with the wanton waste at our endowed schools, and I will not be taxed with saying more than the case merits, if I repeat that the present system is a fraud upon a great public trust.

We English have a right to be educated; a positive right to have our sons equal with the sons of our neighbours, and the day must soon come when the competitive struggle with our better educated neighbours will prove, unless we educate, beyond our strength. We shall have to yield in trade, in manufacture, in war, and art, to others—a defeat not suffered at the hands of an enemy, but self-caused, by allowing our schools, with their £20,000,000 capital, and our clergy with £80,000,000, to sit down in listless do-nothing and intolerable neglect of their sacred duty—the education of the great people of this glorious land!

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

OSIRIS.

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES—THE RESTITUTION OF THE PAST.

UNDER some aspects the world is simply one vast sepulchre, the grave of the past. The heroic generations who built up the great religions and the mighty empires of bygone ages, are all gathered to their fathers, and we see them and their wondrous environment no more, save with the eye of the mind. Where now is the wisdom of Egypt, and that wonderful combination of royal and sacerdotal power, which reared the pyramids of Memphis and the temples of Thebes? Where is that weird civilisation and mystic culture, which made the land of Misraim and its dread magicians a proverb throughout the primeval world? Lapsed into utter night, like the opaline hues and golden splendours of a departed sunset. And where are the Assyrians, that nation of a fierce countenance, who subdued all Asia beneath their imperial sway? Where is the splendour of Babylon and the greatness of Nineveh? Vanished like a dream, leaving only the vast yet vague tradition of their grandeur and glory in the memories of men. And where is Greece with her literature and art, and Rome with her policy and power? Gone, the former like a rainbow that arched the heavens with its transcendent yet evanescent beauty, and the latter like a thundercloud, that was and is not, though it once covered the earth with the darkness as of a funereal pall, and shook the very mountains with the long reverberated peals of its rolling thundercrashes. And where are the ages of chivalry with their fearless daring and knightly courtesy; their gallant men who went to battle as to a tournament, and their peerless women, the queens of beauty and of song, whose smile was the richest reward of valour and the most coveted acknowledgment of genius? Faded, like the amber-light and roseate tints of early dawn, into the common grey of later hours. Nay, have not even Marengo and Austerlitz, Wagram and Jena, already "sunk into silence, like the noise of a tavern-brawl?" *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The day must come, when London and Paris, like Babylon and Nineveh, Thebes and Memphis, will be, first a splendid memory, and then a faint tradition, and when the high-wrought civilisation of modern Europe, like that of Western Asia in a former day, will be traceable by its ruins rather than in its records.

Under some aspects, perhaps, this may seem a rather melancholy conclusion to the greatness of heroic endeavour and the splendour of imperial power. To this complexion must we come at last, over-ripened empires falling like withered leaves before

the autumn blast, and gradually crumbling into the undistinguishable mould of pre-historic centuries—perhaps thoroughly fertile only when so crumbled. For after all, let us remember that nature is the primal revelation, and her processes the mystic analogue of the order, even of the moral universe. And so it is no doubt wisely arranged that all forms, even the greatest, whether religions, empires, or philosophies should ultimately perish as individualities, and so merge their respective contributions to thought and knowledge, to life and duty, in the universal commonwealth of humanity. It is on such a basis of heroisms, forgotten of men but remembered of God, of martyrdoms, whereof there is no record on earth, though duly blazoned on the everlasting beadrolls of heaven, that we now rest and build so confidently, with our small use and wont, our prescriptive right and our established custom, that usually suffice with due aid from precept and example, to keep kings and kaizers, princes and peasants, priests and people, in their allotted station and to their respective tasks, from generation to generation, and to make existence in the higher sense, possible to men. What this existence would be without these potent yet invisible barriers, we may conclude from what occurred in the early days of the French revolution, and also occasionally during the fall of the Roman Empire, when the all-devouring chaos surged up volcanically, and thrones, both royal and episcopal, together with crowns, coronets and mitres, helped to feed its consuming flames. Albeit, even in the worst of these times, the sanctities of the family, together with many of the usages of urban and rural life remained, if not absolutely intact, at least potent and influential, so that the mystic bonds of society were still a long way from utter dissolution. And thus, largely also, in consequence of the life-roots extending down into the pre-historic mould, all needful forms, all requisite institutional appliances, and even all comely ceremonies soon re-appeared, covering up the wreck and ruin wrought by the burning lava, with all the refreshing verdure and beautiful efflorescence, whereof Nature, in her more kindly moods, is ever so munificently prodigal.

In truth, it is not the body but the spirit of the past which survives, and in this sense its veracities never die, its laws never fall into abeyance, and its institutions never become extinct. Like Lazarus, it may be bound about with grave-clothes, and even descend into the tomb, but there is ever a Christ, with his "come forth," and the resurrection is accomplished. The dry bones may whiten the valley, bleaching in the sunshine and the storm, but let the true prophet only breathe on this wide-spread desolation, and they stand up an army of living men, ready for the fight and able for the work of to-day, as of the far off yesterdays. It was thus that the creeds, codes, and philosophies which

have governed mankind were produced. Mohammed simply renovated Judaism, stripped of its cumbrous sacrificial cruelty, and so adapted to the wants and in harmony with the spirit of postclassic centuries. While this same Judaism itself bears ample internal evidence of being it all its grand outlines, simply a section of the great Semitic ceremonial worship, reformed by Moses, and thus purified of the corruptions due to the effete civilization of Egypt. So, in a similar manner, the laws of Menu were only the ancient use and wont of Hindoo life properly formulated into a systematic code, and so rendered more binding and authoritative than in their merely traditional form. In all these cases it was simply a Code Napoleon published with the sanction of the priesthood, and so invested with a quasi-divine authority. But to do this demanded the presence and leadership of a man of commanding genius—the prophet able to breathe on the dry bones and make them live. We suppose it is almost needless to say that Christianity and historic Buddhism, are developments, respectively, out of Judaism and Brahmanism, whose dry bones, in each case, were again clothed with the flesh, and endued with the strength and beauty of a second youth, and so have held their own in the vanguard of humanity to the present hour.

But it must be at once obvious that such a process is from its very nature, cyclical. Its leading phenomena of decay and restoration, of death and resurrection, are recurrent now as of old, and attach to the faiths of the present as they did to those of the past. Typhon, or the time-spirit, at due season, still rends Osiris, whose scattered members, Isis, or the recuperative power of nature, reverently gathers and revivifies, when "Osiris is whole again." Of course the vulgar cannot see this. They do not know that Typhon is, even now, dismembering Osiris in our very midst. They hear of scepticism, and secularism, and positivism, and the lamentable progress of infidelity generally, according as "the drum ecclesiastic" varies its notes of warning and preparation, but that all this is only the detailed process of destruction, the crucifixion of the spiritual Christ, preparatory to his glorious resurrection, never strikes them. They are too much the slaves of custom and authority, for the clear perception of a truth, so far removed from the mere surface of things. And so when the inevitable process of mutation has been accomplished, and the broken body of Osiris is restored to its pristine beauty and integrity, they do not recognise the old Proteus in his new disguise, but fancy that with the altered name they have obtained a fresh divinity. It was so in the past, and it will be so in the future, for humanity is one, and its yesterdays are thus ever the prophecy of its to-morrows, the boy being the father of the man collectively as well as individually.

SPOIL THE ROD, AND SPARE THE CHILD.

BY J. M'GRIGOR ALLAN, ESQ., F.A.S.L., ETC.

Author of "Father Stirling," "The Intellectual Severance of Men and Women," &c.

THE recent correspondence on the flogging-question in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, has revealed a sad and startling phase of human nature. That British men and women can be found to boast of inflicting a degrading and cruel punishment on their own children, is a remarkable fact in these times of sympathy for the poor slave, and Eyre prosecutions. Exeter Hall echoes to groans of pity extorted by the tale of negro-suffering. The British Philistine wipes away his tears after reading Uncle Tom's death, and then rather outdoes Legree, by quoting Scripture to prove his right to lacerate the flesh of his own *daughter!* I avow myself altogether antagonistic to corporal punishment as a scholastic or domestic discipline. Weigh the professed advantages of such punishment against its inevitable evil results, and the former will kick the beam of the moral scale. A child may turn out well in spite of—never in consequence of—flogging. The discipline of the rod is twice cursed. It brutalises inflictor and inflicted. No father capable of calm dispassionate reflection, of recalling the mental and moral effects of such punishment on himself, would ever lift a hand against his child. Humbugs may preach and prate, but they cannot argue away this significant physiological fact, that it is impossible to administer a blow, either with or without a weapon, without being more or less angry! When our American cousins mean to express that a man loses his temper, they say he "gets mad." The expression is not much misplaced. Horace has told us—"*Ira furor brevis est.*" A wiser than Horace has said—"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The man who gives way to passion, never knows to what excess he may be hurried. The person who smites, either with sword, cane, birch, taws, ruler, fist, or open hand, is for the time being, under the influence of two powerful animal propensities—combativeness and destructiveness—two rampant devils which are continually tugging at the chain of the moral sentiments and the intellectual faculties. Reason, morality, religion, humanity, all tell us—Respect the person of another, as you would have your own person respected. Keep your hands off other people. A blow, a push, a shove, a mere slap, have often led to fatal results. A wise pagan has said—"The greatest reverence is due to a child." To strike a child on any pretence whatever, is a sin. It is simply hypocrisy to pretend that a punishment administered under the influence of a low animal motive, can be intended for the child's benefit, or can be beneficial. I am certain that a pedagogue who indulges in the practice of flogging, caning, or striking with a ruler, or the open hand, often beats a boy from the force of habit, and the pleasure of gratifying two irresistible animal propensities. Thus the taste for cruelty may be fostered, until the moral feelings are completely in abeyance. It is superfluous to cite cases of too frequent occurrence, where boys have either died under the lash, or from the after effects of

corporal chastisement. Sufficient to remember that awful tragedy which occurred some time since in America, where a father actually beat to death his little child aged four, because the infant would not say his prayers! Poor little martyred innocent! Yet the man who must give account of this blood, was a professed teacher of the gospel of peace and good will to men—an expounder of the precepts of Him who said—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In smiter and smitten, the finer feelings of humanity are for the time, utterly vanquished by one of those devils—the passions which every man carries within him. As in the army and navy, the man once flogged, lost his self-respect, and became good for nothing; so the flogged boy or girl is made worse instead of better by stripes. The child sees plainly that the inflictor of the cruel and disgraceful punishment, is not at the time actuated by good motives; is not under the influence of the intellectual and moral faculties, but under that of the animal propensities. The motives which actuate the torturer are imparted to the tortured, and the flogged boy or girl feels a natural desire to retaliate. If the boy submit to chastisement, it is not from conviction that it is just, but solely from fear. It is preposterous to suppose a poor trembling child can *love* the great hulking bully who is beating him. No: the inflictor of corporal punishment is indulging his love of cruelty and vengeance, and he instils these brutalising passions into the mind of the sufferer. I appeal to any impartial reader who has ever suffered a flogging, if he did not at the time, feel the most infernal passions stimulating to revenge. The father does not—while beating him—love his child. The child cannot—while being beaten by him—love his father.

What then is the use of flogging? It spoils animals and men. As a means of discipline, it fails to achieve the so loudly vaunted object of making children obedient. And what is the automatic obedience extorted by fear, in comparison with the moral mischief inflicted by the use of the lash? Flogging does not make children good. It teaches them to hate those who inflict the punishment; it drives them into open rebellion against all authority; it makes them cowards, hypocrites, tyrants in their turn. It tends to deprave the whole nature, and has proved the cause of physical, mental, and moral death to thousands. Observe those schools and families where the rod is used, and contrast them with those where it is not. With well-educated children, a stern glance, a verbal rebuke, have far more effect than severe chastisement on the little human animal brought down, and kept down to the level of the brute, by blows. A child trained by humane parents who never violate the sanctity of the person, will be affected to tears by a harsh word. A little savage daily kicked and cuffed into insensibility by his Philistine father, continues to thieve, lie, and deceive, in spite of repeated chastisement. The best thing that could happen to such an unfortunate would be, to be sent away from his brutal parent to a reformatory, where his education might commence. It is the right and duty of the State to interfere in such lamentable cases. Rational parents have the remedy in their own hands. Let them, while refrain-

ing from the use of the rod themselves, insist that it shall be disused by those intrusted with the education of their children. Let them patronise the Birkbeck, and other schools where corporal punishment is never inflicted. There are schoolmasters no more fit to be intrusted with a rod, than with a sword or loaded pistol, for the correction of youth. The man who cannot teach without having recourse to corporal chastisement, is utterly unfit for a charge of such responsibility. Captain Cuttle tells us, his favourite friend, Jack Bunsby, skipper of the Saucy Clara, was in his youth, beat about the head by a ringbolt, &c., "and yet a clearer-minded man don't walk." No one, however, will indorse the simple seaman's opinion of Captain Bunsby's intelligence. The faculty will not dispute that beating boys about the head with a ringbolt, a ruler, or with the open hand, is not calculated to brighten the intellect. Yet too many masters act as if firmly persuaded that ideas can really be beaten into a boy's head. I hope to see the day when it will be penal for a master to strike a boy on either extremity of his body, and when the celebrated answer of the boy to the flogging master of Rugby, who did not remember his face—"Please sir, you were better acquainted with the other end of my person," will be an impossibility; and corporal chastisement only remembered as an obsolete custom, a relic of mediæval barbarity utterly unworthy of a civilised and Christian people. It is surely an anomaly that, in our country (where, owing to the exertions of a noble Society, a ruffian may be punished for abusing an inferior animal), boys and girls are still liable to be beaten into hopeless imbecility, and occasionally to die from the effect of blows administered by their pastors and masters. A singular method of developing the youthful mind, to maim and destroy the youthful body! All such *striking* characters, should learn as soon as possible, that their occupation is gone; that their services as flagellators of British youth, may be dispensed with. If they cannot exist without gratifying their pampered propensities for inflicting cruelty on helpless beings of their own species, let them leave their country for their country's good; and emigrate to those lands where nigger-drivers are still held necessary, if not respectable members of society.

The stupid and brutal system of flogging as practised at our great public schools, was eloquently denounced by Sir Richard Steele, in the 157th No. of the *Spectator*. In conclusion, I select the following extract as a sample:—"I am confident that no boy who will not be allured to letters without blows, will ever be brought to anything with them. A great or good mind must necessarily be the worse for such indignities; and it is a sad change to lose of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great school, but must have seen an ingenious creature expiring with shame, with pale looks, beseeching sorrow, and silent tears, throw up its honest eyes, and kneel on its tender knees to an inexorable blockhead, to be forgiven the false quantity of a Latin verse: the child is punished, and next day he commits a like crime, and so a third with the same consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable man, whether this lad, in the simplicity of his native innocence, full of shame, and capable of any impression from that grace of soul, was not fitter for any purpose

in this life, than after that spark of virtue is extinguished in him, though he is able to write twenty verses on an evening, &c. But since this custom of educating by the lash is suffered by the gentry of Great Britain, I would prevail only, that honest heavy lads may be dismissed from slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any progress from them or not. Let the child's capacity be examined, and he sent to some mechanic way of life, without respect to his birth, if nature designed him for nothing higher; let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man." I conclude with this truly noble sentence from the same writer—"The sense of shame and honour is enough to keep the world itself in order without corporal punishment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children."

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,
AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XLIX.—CONTINUED.

"——— I was interrupted yesterday by a call, which proved to be from my patron and future employer, the Senora, accompanied by her husband, who, it seems, is sufficiently interested in his children to steal a moment from public cares to choose their instructor.

"I was glad to be able to speak directly with him; and, not to fill my paper with details of all the solemn questions and answers, and interpretations to Madame, which could not much interest you, I will tell you at once that I have engaged to go to them at the end of ten days—to have a servant at my own and the children's disposal, and a large room for my own and Phil's exclusive occupation, when not engaged with them.

"The young people are three in number—two boys, of ten and eight, and a girl of seven. These people seem to believe in the saving presence of children, for when I spoke of Phil as a possible difficulty, they came nearer laughing than on any other occasion, and protested that he would be as welcome as their own.

"So now I am independent again, I shall take in large measures of peace and rest in the next ten days. By the way, they insisted on my pay beginning at once, and we quarrelled with grave politeness for five minutes, making set speeches at each other about it, but at last I prevailed.

"I wish now, dear Anna, that you were here in the next family. What delightful talks we could have in these moonlit nights! They are as bright as we ever saw in California, and the flowers bloom more abundantly, making the air faint with their blending odours.

"This morning a card of invitation came from Mrs Rowe, who will receive company to-morrow evening. Of course I sent an excuse—not a polite, but a real one: thanks for her consideration, which was felt as most friendly and kind, but I could not enter a circle, where, very shortly, I should have no place. I do not mean to be patronized, Anna, and though it may be there was no such feeling in this good lady's heart, there would be in that of the next woman who should perhaps make up her mind to invite me. I can see that the social lines are sharply drawn here, and I will not be the one to break into the sacred inclosure of good society. Therefore you will get no gossip in my letters."

A month later came this:—

"My last letter, Anna, was taken to the post too late, and came back to me at evening. It was of little interest, and therefore I reserve it. It merely announced to you that I was then but a few days here, and just getting through the preliminary steps of my reign. Did I do wrong, I wonder, in not telling these people I had never filled such a post before? I certainly do not understand its details as I should if I were experienced, but I believe I shall, nevertheless, be able to do them service which will be an equivalent for the salary I receive.

"I am more than thankful that my pupils interest me. Pedro, the eldest, is a bright boy, with a full measure of childhood in him—hearty and jolly; astonishingly so, I thought, till I saw the mother in the family circle, unbent from the awful dignity of reception; and since that pleasant sight, Phil feels much more at home, as well as I. He has even met her half-way, and suffered a kiss or two. Francisco, the next, is a graver and more thoughtful child than Pedro, with a finer organisation in all respects, firmer and more compact body, and superior head. He takes decidedly to me, and will improve rapidly, I believe.

"Clara, the daughter, is a nice, quiet little thing, very affectionate and clinging, drooping about her mother and brothers, when they are near her, and regarding Phil and me occasionally, with her soft, liquid eyes, as if she would like to be assured that we were among the number upon whom she could venture to fasten. She has the Spanish slowness in trusting, and her mother tells me she did not get accustomed to my predecessor so as ever to approach her without constraint. I hope I shall do better with her.

"——— I find myself rather a tutor than governess here, Anna. My labours are chiefly confined to the school-room, and when I have done with the children there, Josepha, our maid, is very apt to take them all away where I do not see them again till dinner-time. I let Phil run quite freely, since he seems very happy among them, and a child of his years can have no better occupation, for at least half his waking hours, than running and tumbling on the earth. To be sure he comes in an example of dirtiness that is fearful to behold, but that is soon remedied, for we luxuriate, Anna, in the abundance of washed clothes. They come from the laundry three times a week, white and pure as snow, well ironed, and every manner of garment starched

throughout. Think of the lavishness of this proceeding. I allowed myself a little pricking of conscience about it at first, thinking that the laundry woman would perhaps be over-burdened by my self-indulgence in this respect; but Josepha smiled when I conveyed the idea to her—half in Spanish, and half in the few words of English she has picked up in the school-room and elsewhere, and told me that there was *mucha mujer*—I can never forgive the Spanish that ungraceful term for our woman—in the wash-house. I made a journey thither shortly after on pretence of searching for Phil and Clara, who were missing at the moment, and had the satisfaction of seeing there two great, jolly, contented-looking women, working easily through the task before them, with a young girl of thirteen or fourteen, the daughter of one, to do the lighter parts. The wages of these servants are low, and household economy is a problem which has not yet, I think, invaded the peace of the Spanish brain, anywhere in America. You remember that Spanish family we used to see at the Marsdens, and how little the item of expense was considered by them. Well, these people show the same indifference to it in a greater degree. So I have discharged my mind of all concern in the direction of the laundry.

"——— The Casa Senano, where I sit at present writing, stands in a dear little emerald valley, sparkling with gardens, and hung upon the verdant hill-sides with roses, and flowering vines and shrubs, whose fragrance falls down with the evening dews, and blends with that of our more stately cultivated beauties. The want I feel is of forest trees. Here are only shrubs, large or small. The house is of the common style of Spanish American countries—an adobe—of a single story, with deep corridors, darkening the rooms, and severely parallelogramic in form. I believe a Spaniard could not have an addition made to his house. If compelled to enlarge it, he would either tear down and build anew, or put detached rooms near the old one.

"Our school-room is a modern branching out of the Senano estate in this fashion—a large apartment that would be ample at home for thirty scholars; its walls very smoothly plastered, and not less than thirty inches in thickness. There are in it but two or three articles of furniture beside the few in daily use; yet its naked walls and wide vacant floor have really never looked barren or cheerless to me. The light and the pure air; the odours of the gardens which surrounds it, and the babble of the slender brooklet that falls over the root of a dark, leafy olive, before my window, are all so beautiful and friendly, that I cannot feel the place in the least degree desolate. I furnish each table every morning with a tiny cup of flowers, and my own with two, one of which consists of rose-buds only. La Signorita walks in once or twice a day and looks happily over her little ones, strokes Phil's curls with her gentle matronly hand, and giving me a bright glance, passes out. I like her, and I think she likes me possibly a little, apart from the contentment she feels in my management of her children; but I see little of her elsewhere.

"There is often company at dinner, and I generally on those days take mine with the children. Sometimes the guests are all Spanish,

and then I don't mind sitting at the table—for I am not expected to speak or understand; but at other times there are American or English visitors, and these I prefer not seeing.

"There is to be such a company to-day, and I have asked La Signorita to send me and the children out for a drive to the Zorros, a little blooming valley five miles from the city, where we have been twice in the family coach. You would laugh to see this vehicle, Anna. It is a sort of Noah's Ark on wheels; the hugest, most lumbering, heavy, ill-conditioned, groaning thing you ever saw put into use. You would laugh at the sight of it, and still more to see me get gravely into it, followed by all these dark-eyed children in their fullest glee, and go rumbling and creaking away, behind a pair of fat philosophical mules, with a nondescript *hombre* mounted on one, and whipping both with might and main. A more ridiculous *tout ensemble* than we are, in the run-away pace he at length gets them wrought up to, you could not find in a year's journeying, I am sure. Here is Phil come to tell me 'coach ready, mamma. Put on my poncho.'

"———When I came back from the ride yesterday, dear Anna, I was surprised on entering the house to find a party of gentlemen just issuing from the dining-room. We had been gone for hours, and as dinner was just about to be served when we left, I thought they would be assembled in the smoking-room, as I call it, though I suppose it would be a drawing-room anywhere else, and therefore, I was a little startled on dashing in my usual headlong way into the broad hall, to find myself suddenly almost in the middle of a group of men with flushed faces, some of whom regarded me with bold, impudent looks, and actually hindered my instant progress to the door of my room. They were following their host, who had already entered the apartment he was leading them to, and was therefore not in sight when I raised my eyes to look for him.

"'C'est Madame la Gouvernante,' said one, in a voice and speech not of the clearest.

"'Madame ou Madamoiselle?' asked another; but I had reached my door and closed it just as the last words were uttered, and so did not hear what brought forth the great laugh that instantly followed. Something I was sure that it was better I had not heard, for I was already flushed and blazing with the looks and tones which had failed to provoke their drunken mirth to that degree. I stood a moment before I could remove my bonnet and shawl, and thought how I should like to launch a look and half a dozen words at the boldest of them, a snobbish looking creature named Byfield, all hair and beard, who had planted himself directly in my way, and compelled me to go aside to pass him.

"I had seen this man two or three times before at the house, and had more than once been secretly enraged at civilities he had pressed upon me, and which I would gladly have scorned, but for want of an excuse to affront a guest where I was a dependant. But this was his first open rudeness, and though his miserable head was doubtless a little turned with the wine he had taken, I now reflected with a rage which

shook me all over, that his previous overtures had perhaps been preparing the way for something of this sort.

"I had to go out again immediately to look after the children and get Phil in to prepare him for bed—for the moon was already outshining the faint golden light in the west. As I passed the open door of the apartment where they were assembled, I heard a voice say, in drawling affected tones, 'Dayv'lish taking eye, Hamilton, isn't it?'

"I did not hear the reply; but my heart-beat sent arrows along my veins at the words. There is no other door to my room; so that I am obliged to pass and repass this one of the drawing-room every time I enter or leave it. It is the only annoyance of the sort that I feel here; but it was never serious until this time—for I had never before met a rude visitor in the house.

"After Phil was in bed, I stole softly out, thinking to pass unobserved into the garden, and walk off the unhappy excitement of my mind. They were still smoking, and I suppose drinking; but I did not turn my eyes to see. I passed, flying rather than walking, out at the open door, through the small yard, and into the flower-garden surrounding the school-house. This is a spot where I have always been free from intrusion. No stranger ever enters it, and even the family seem to hold it sacred to me and my pupils. My heart was very full of wounded pride and pain, and intense longing for the presence of the strong and manly soul that would make good my position against these light speakers. After two or three turns up and down the clear path by the brook-side, I sat down and leant against the trunk of the olive tree, where I could hold my hand in the little stream and toy with its pure, cool current. I believe I should have been weeping but for the kindly presence of this unconscious companion of my loneliness, when a voice startled me, and looking up, I saw beyond the shadow of the branches, that same face, with its hair and mustache, which had most palpably affronted me within. 'Fine evening,' he said, advancing slowly; 'dayv'lish fine moonlight here for tender hearts.'

"I did not speak. It was not so much, perhaps, that I thought it wisest to be silent, as that I could not. All the life in me seemed to be gathering itself up for a deadly thrust. He came, very slowly, a little nearer, just under the low boughs, and hesitating there, said, 'I saw you leave the house, my dear, and I thought you would be glad of some company. Come, take my arm, and let us walk about a little,' and he reached his hand down towards me. I did not move a finger; but I spoke, and my first words were, 'Leave this garden, sir!' They were delivered like rifle-balls, I know—for I felt as though if each one were a deadly weapon, I could have hurled them at him the same. He seemed to be thrown back a moment by them; but his impudence soon rallied itself again, and he bent slightly toward me, saying, 'Ah! now don't be so savage on a poor fellow, that hasn't seen such bright eyes or such tempting lips since he left England. Come into the light, at least, where I can see you, if you are going to fight;' and he actually touched my shoulder with his vile hand, which I instantly spurned, with a shudder that I now feel again, in thinking of it.

"'Touch me again at your peril, base, unmanly wretch,' said I.

'Are you so low that you do not know a lady from a wanton? Leave this garden at once, or I will call on some gentleman to put you out of it!'

"'Call, then,' he said, laughing thickly. 'I don't think any of them will come.'

"'But there are servants that will,' said I, and perhaps it would be more fitting that such as you should be handled by them.' I felt a little nervous after his defiance—for the thought flashed across me, the other guests may be gone, or, though I had never before seen anything like intoxication here, they may be too drunk to heed my call. But in a moment I reflected that however this might be, the servants could be relied on, and were nearer to me than the others, and then I determined to remain. I wished to feel that I could repel this insulting intruder, and not be driven from my place. As I kept my seat, he also sat down at a little distance from me, arm's length, perhaps.

"'Come, my fair Sylvia,' he said, 'let us be a little more social and pleasant. The world goes on all the same; it is better to enjoy the hours as they fly,' and he began to sing, in a low thick voice, broken lines of some of Moore's most execrable songs. I drew up my handkerchief and struck him sharply with it across his mouth. 'Be silent, sir!' I said, and hear me.'

"'Certainly, with pleasure. Now you are growing reasonable.'

"'No nearer,' I said, seeing that he was inclining to move toward me. 'This inclosure,' I continued, 'is set apart for the use and pleasure of your host's children and their teacher. No one beside ever enters it but upon necessity, and I came here to-night, feeling insulted and unhappy in the house where you and your band of drunken companions were assembled. I came to be alone; but you have chosen to invade this privacy, and you choose to remain, although you know that in doing so you outrage my right and my choice, and because I am a woman, with too feeble an arm to hurl you to the earth and throw you over the wall afterward, I am compelled to leave you here, in a place that will be made hateful by the recollection of your presence in it.'

"I arose with the last word, and walked with a quick step through the gate and into the house. They were talking loudly as I passed the guests' room, and I heard the names of parties and party-leaders, mixed with praise and censure, all going on together, till I closed my door behind me.

"Oh Anna, how humiliated and outraged I felt. How much I needed a tender and strong soul to come to them then, and how self-accusingly I thought of the one that might have been my shield, and of the grand strength and sufficient protection he would throw around any woman whom he should see wronged. I heard but little more of the visitors, and after a long watching and thinking by the open window, I at last went to bed as the light of the setting moon began to stream in across the banks of gay-coloured and odorous flowers before my window."

CHAPTER L.

This letter made me anxious. It seemed an evil omen thrown across her path. I knew better than she, that depraved, base men rarely come off worse in such an encounter, without seeking to avenge themselves in some way upon those who have defeated them. I dreaded that there would yet be consequences of this meeting, of which she did not seem to dream. But whatever may happen, Colonel Anderson will soon be there, I said, and she will not then lack worldly wisdom and protection. A whole month went by before I received another letter. I grew very anxious, and could not shake off my fears, and I counted the time yet left to the term of my probation, and even thought of the possibility of going to her before, if it should seem needful. I became more and more convinced with every passing month how she had grown into my heart, like a daughter or cherished young sister; and as I had neither, and stood almost alone in the world, I determined upon adopting her in place of both, and thereby stilling the conflict of mind I sometimes suffered at the thought of abandoning personal interests for my attachment.

At last it came—the looked-for letter. And true and well-grounded enough had my fears been! This was written all under one date, with due observance of the formalities of place, year, and day. It was even addressed to me as "Dear Friend." I was startled by a glance at this unusual physiognomy of her first page, and thought something must have happened, surely, to have brought her to all this.

Here is what she said after the "Dear Friend":—

"I did not write you by the last mail, for I had only that to tell which would have pained you to read, could I have commanded myself to write it. But I think it would have been almost as easy to have held one of my hands in the flames. I hope you have received the letter I sent a month ago, else all I shall write now will be a riddle to you. Assuming that you will understand it, however, I shall go on to relate the sequel of the affair, which began, and I then thought, ended there.

"You will remember the person named Byfield, who was referred to there. Well, I have seen him once since, and that is likely, I think, to be the last of our acquaintance. He followed into the house after I came from the garden that night, and before he left it, threw out to his companion, Hamilton, some insinuations of having had a 'delightful half-hour in the garden with that demmed fine crechure, the governess.' An old American gentlemen, who was present and heard all, afterward told me the whole story. At the time, he knew nothing of me, and only heard his boasts with disgust toward himself—not knowing, however, but they were true. He and Hamilton talked it over—they were the young men of the party, and perhaps felt an obligation to sustain

a reputation for wickedness becoming their years—and whether or not the latter was deceived, or merely lent himself to Byfield's baseness, they kept it sounding till it reached the ear of the dignified Senor Senano, whose dignity was that evening increased by the wine he had drunk, and the consciousness of playing the host to a party of prominent men—important persons in the political field.

"Senor Senano, after a week's meditation, communicated the unpleasant tidings to his *cara sposa*—I can be pleasant about it, now, Anna, for I have fought my way into clear sunshine again—and she, with the circumspection that became a mother, and with something of shrewdness, too, which I do not quite envy her, watched me through another whole week in profound silence, the two trying my equanimity at table, occasionally, with a chance mention of Mr Byfield.

"I do not at best live near to these people, Anna. They have trusted me fully, and with apparent satisfaction, in the management of their children; but I see very little of them except at table, where the husband exchanges solemn courtesies with me, and the wife smiles and utters two or three sentences during the meal, in mixed English and Spanish, to which I respond, measuring my speech by hers, and there we stop. But in these days I felt something like the shadow of a cloud in a chilly day, when you court the sunshine, fall between me and them. I thought—perhaps the political currents do not set right; the husband is anxious, and the wife participates his cares. The idea did not once occur to me that their changed demeanour had anything to do with myself, and if it had, I should not have dreamed of this particular affair as connected with it. I had been insulted grossly by a guest in their house, but had defended myself as efficiently as words and scorn could do it; and the possibility of the outrage being turned to my injury, was quite beyond the reach of my unsuspicious thoughts.

"On the morning, however, after the week's suppression of herself, Signorita Senano came into my sitting-room, with her nephew, who had been absent during my whole stay, and formally requested a private interview with me. As there was no one present but ourselves, I signified my instant readiness, supposing she wished to say something respecting the children.

"Judge, dear friend, of my horror, astonishment, and rage, at finding myself the subject of an accusation so dreadful. When it was stated, I could only utter the words, 'The base liar!' which she understood or guessed from my face and eyes, may be, without interpretation.

"'He was my husband's guest,' was the dignified and cutting reply.

"'If he were your husband himself,' I said, rashly, 'he would be no less a liar, saying that. Oh, Madam,' I continued, seeing her looks darken at this, to her, unusual demonstration from a woman—for these women are respected only so far as they are watched, and therefore do not dream of our daring self-respect—oh, Madam, this man is false and base, and unutterably mean. I will tell you.'

"And I did, word for word, Anna, as well as I could remember, just as it happened. My face gave edge and keenness to the stolid interpretation of my words, and she at last promised to bring him and Hamilton to the house once more, and give me the opportunity to meet

him face to face. I had to entreat hard and long for this, but I prevailed, and you shall hear how the meeting came off.

"They were specially invited, with the husband's consent—which I thanked him in my soul for giving—for the third evening from that of this interview. It was to be an after-dinner visit. Heaven only knows what they expected, for the invitation was the rarest of possibilities. But whatever they anticipated, it was something very different from what they found. One could not fail to see that. La Signorita gave up the conduct of the affair to me, only undertaking to receive them till I should appear; and Don Alexandro, the husband, had, I think, but an imperfect idea of my purpose, till it appeared before his astonished eyes. I had fretted so intensely in the interim, that I believe I was, and still am, lighter by many pounds than I was a fortnight ago.

"When the gentlemen were announced, I was in my own room, and I waited there a few minutes, that first ceremonies might be over in the parlour and my courage drilled for the encounter. Then I entered, and pausing just within the door, near where Mr Byfield sat, nursing alternately with great complacency his leg and his beard, I said: 'This, I believe, is Mr Byfield?'

"'Yes,' was the answer, with a strong stare of astonishment—genuine, made-up English astonishment.

"'And this Mr Hamilton?'—turning toward that gentleman.

"'Yes'—with a modified stare, followed by a black scowl.

"I then closed the door, and so seated myself that it could not be opened without my rising: for I saw, Anna, that this was just the man to run from my attack, on the plea that he would not be insulted by a low creature—a mere governess.

"'Both you gentlemen,' I said, as I was doing this, 'were guests of Senor Senano, at a dinner party, some days since. Mr Byfield, have the goodness to look at me, if you please; what I am going to say will particularly interest you. On the evening I speak of, you faced me, a lady who had always shunned you, very rudely, in the hall—here, between this and the next door; afterward you followed me, when I went away in the private garden alone, and basely insulted me—so basely, that, had any man been near, not to say a gentleman, or friend of mine, you would have been knocked down and tumbled into the water, as you deserved to be. You repeated the insult, when I repelled you with all the energy that language and a burning indignation gave me; you touched my shoulder with that vile hand that now lies upon your knee, and I spurned with such an involuntary shudder as one feels when a loathsome reptile crawls upon the person; and when you sat down not very close to me—by your brute strength keeping the place I could not remove you from—I left you, with a scorn which I then thought could not be exceeded, but which your base falsehood about this meeting has multiplied a hundred-fold. Is not this true, every word?' I asked, rising, and walking quickly toward him, my hands involuntary clenched at my sides; 'is it not, sir?'

"'Yes,' he rather gasped than said. His face was as bloodless as my own by this time.

"'And can you, with truth, say one word to my injury, touching

that dastardly deed of yours? Did I not come in as untainted and blameless as you could wish your sister or your wife—if there is such an unfortunate woman in the world—to come from such an encounter?'

"'Y-a-a-s—I believe—though—'

"'And you ackowledge that the boasts you made, and which it sets my blood on fire to think of, were false—Were they not?' and with the words, I compelled him to look into my eyes.

"'Y-a-a-s—just a—bit of—joking, you know.'

"It was all done very quickly, Anna—not occupying one-quarter, scarcely one-eighth of the time I am writing it to you, for the man, you see, was so arrant a coward, morally, that he surrendered at once, and certified his own meanness in the most damning way. I could scarcely stand when it was over, but I braced myself afresh for a moment, and turned to Mr Hamilton—who sat looking both paler and blacker than before.

"'Sir,' I said, 'you have heard your *friend's* confession. You also heard, and, if I mistake not, circulated his falsehood. I ask you now, as a gentleman, loving justice—as a man, recognizing the claims of those who are wronged and unable to protect themselves—to do me justice in this matter, at least so far as you may have done me injustice. Senor Senano, I will see you when these persons have taken leave.'

"And with a bow to La Signorita, I left the room, and rushed to my own; but oh, dear Anna, what a battle I had fought with myself, as well as with that base creature! I shivered from head to foot, though the evening was warm. Chill after chill went coursing along my relaxed nerves, indicating to what tension they had been wrought. I sat down and folded a large shawl about me.

"Presently I heard their feet and voices in the hall; then they were gone, and in a moment La Signorita tapped at my door. When I opened it, she stood smiling, and actually took both my hands in hers. This was approval I did not at all expect. It melted me at once from my previous purpose of leaving them. She invited me to the parlour, where Don Alexandro also shook my hand, and said: 'Very good—very good; you have one strong heart, Signorita. Very lady.'

"I looked inquiringly at him, not knowing exactly what the last words might mean.

"'Very—what you call it?—lady—lady—"

"'Ah, lady-like, you mean,' I said, more pleased at that than anything else they had said.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'very lady-like. We like it much.'

"I was so glad not to have offended their taste or forfeited their respect for me as a conventional woman, that I sat down and told them, like a pleased child, how hard it had been for me—how cold I felt at first, and still was, as my hand proved; and how, before the kindness of this moment, I had determined to leave them as soon as I had proved myself clear of this bad man's accusation; but now, if they desired it, I was disposed to remain.

"So it was all settled, and I went to my bed with a happier heart than I had possessed for many days, but a dreadfully weary body and brain.

"I have been here almost two months, and I begin to look for Colonel Anderson with every ship. In your last letter, you said he wrote that he would be scarcely two months behind me. How soon will you come, dear? I shall want you as much after that momentous event as before; for to whom shall I tell all my happiness, if you are not here?

"Phil sends a deal of love to you, and he has just brought, he says, a great lot from Clara, who has heard of you, and believes that she should love you very much. Ever your faithful ELEANORE."

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

MORE FACTS IN CLAIRVOYANCE.

As promised in my last paper in the April number, I continue the consideration of clairvoyance, the facts of which have an important bearing on the discussions about Spiritualism, which are now common. We ought to have as clear ideas as possible of what can be accomplished by the individual while in the body, and we shall not be so likely to err in considering phenomena which are said to be *post mortem*. I have known people willing to believe in Spiritualism if certain tests were satisfactorily answered, the answering of which might have been easily accomplished by a clairvoyant in the flesh. Of course I am perfectly aware of the fact, that although certain things may be done by clairvoyants, it does not follow that the same results may not be attained by other means. This is a continual fallacy into which the opponents of Spiritualism are falling. The celebrated Mumler case in New York is an illustration. There the prosecution relied on convicting Mumler of fraud, by proving that photographs very similar to those said by him to be produced through spiritual agency can be manufactured by mechanical means. No one denies this; but the *conditions* make all the difference in the world.

The following are deeply interesting cases, as bearing on a certain theory of clairvoyance. They are from the minute-book of the Glasgow Curative Mesmeric Association.

Mr M'Kinlay, a member, having a little boy unwell, wished him to be examined by a clairvoyant; and as he was not in a fit state to go personally, the father took a lock of his hair in an envelope. The clairvoyant, a young girl, having been put asleep, the envelope was put into her hand, with a request to examine the person from whom the hair had been taken. She commenced to describe a lady, owing, it was supposed, to the fact of the mother of the boy having handled the hair, and magnetised it to some extent. Discovering her mistake, she proceeded to describe the boy and his state of health to the entire satisfaction of the father. Returning home, about a mile distant, he was beginning to narrate the result of his visit, when the boy astonished him by saying that while he was sitting reading, the figure of a young girl appeared beside him for a short time, looking earnestly at him, and then vanished.

He could give a minute description of the girl's dress and appearance, which corresponded with that of the clairvoyant.

The same girl, on another occasion, having been put asleep by Mr Jackson, president, gave an accurate diagnosis of a lady who was about twenty miles distant, through a lock of hair. The lady afterwards informed Mr Jackson of the precise time at which the examination had been made, although it was different from that which had been previously arranged between them. She said she felt plainly as if some one were examining her at that time.

Being at a seance along with a good seeing medium, Mr Jackson, the operator in the preceding case, put the same clairvoyant asleep, for the purpose of examining a little girl who was unwell. After she was asleep, the medium says he distinctly saw a spiritual form leaving her body, go over to that of the invalid, and examine her. The spiritual form then came over to him, explained what was wrong (which he wrote down), and proceeded back to the body. She then explained to Mr Jackson what was wrong with the girl, which corresponded with what the seeing medium had written down immediately before. There were several persons present, but the spirit form was observed by the one individual only.

These are the only cases of which I have any personal knowledge where the spirit (or whatever you may choose to call it) of the clairvoyant has been observed in any way. Neither of them is so decided, however, but it might be plausibly argued away, so far as the spirit form leaving the body is concerned; but taking them in conjunction with the statements of many clairvoyants, and the peculiar phenomena often observed in the persons of clairvoyants while they are examining patients, I think they go far to explain the *modus operandi* of clairvoyants. Of course we are as far as ever from understanding how the so-called spirit of the clairvoyant and the body can retain their identity thus separate, and by what means the functions of the body are carried on in absence of what is generally thought to be its motor power.

The two following cases also give a show of reason to the above explanation:—The son of an acquaintance, a young man, had run away from home, without his friends having any idea as to where he had gone. His mother being in great distress about him, it was suggested that I might be able to put her on his track by means of clairvoyance. He had been away some weeks, and I had little hope of succeeding; but offered to try, if the mother could furnish me with any clothing he had worn shortly before leaving. She had nothing but what had been subsequently washed, however. Having put the girl asleep, and given her the clothes and some trinkets he had been in the habit of wearing, we asked her to endeavour to discover where their owner was. She said she did not think she could do it, as all the magnetism of the owner had passed off from the clothes and trinkets. I then requested the lad's mother to put her hand in that of the clairvoyant, to see if she could track him through her, as is not unfrequently done. After a short time she said she had got on his track, and observed him going on board a boat at the harbour, and proceeding down the river, and then disembarking at a place we made out to be Greenock from her description. She

described his personal appearance quite accurately. She followed him about for a short time, and then said she had lost all trace of him, as it had come on a shower of rain. After a great deal of pressing she tried once more to get on his track, and at last succeeded, as she thought. She watched him go into a train, and we requested her to try and see where the train went to. She consented, and soon commenced breathing very rapidly, and puffing as if trying to keep up with the train. The train was going too quick for her, she said; but we pressed her strongly to follow him up. At last she said she saw him get out at a station, but she was not able to make out the name of the place. We fancied it might be Liverpool. She then tracked him from the train on board a ship, in which he proceeded to some foreign port, which she could not name. Afterwards she saw him working in a field along with a number of coloured people. He was in the field at that moment, she said, and was thinking of home. We asked her to describe him again, and she did so to the satisfaction of the mother. The clairvoyant now asked if we had any more questions, as she wished to come home, feeling sick from the great heat of the place. The mother seemed satisfied, so we demesmerised her. I felt proud of the clairvoyant's achievement, and encouraged the run-away's mother, who greatly feared her son had been drowned. Shortly afterwards he was discovered in Greenock; farther than that he had not been.

I was much puzzled at the idea of the clairvoyant being thrown off the track by a shower of rain. I had never heard of the thing before, nor have I since. It forcibly reminded me of the bloodhounds losing the scent by the fugitive slave crossing a stream. The fact of her feeling the effects of the climate in which she was sojourning was new to my experiments, although I have read of several analogous cases. I tried to account for her blunder by her willingness to oblige us; she had most probably got on the track of some one like the person wanted, after having lost him in the rain at Greenock.

The last case I shall now mention is equally useless as proof of the truth of clairvoyance, but illustrates the habits of some clairvoyants while acting as such. A young girl, whom I frequently mesmerised, had been operated on several times by a gentleman who shortly afterwards left for an island in the Mediterranean. She felt considerable interest in him, and one night while entranced went in search of him, readily discovering his location, if we can trust her description. I had no means of verifying her statement, but judging from other experiences, have little doubt she was correct. While searching for him I observed her moving up and down in the chair, and falling forwards occasionally, as if tripping on something. I questioned her as to the meaning of her moving so, when she asked me if I did not know there were hills on the road. On another occasion, while looking after the same gentleman, she suddenly gave a shriek and threw up her arms; and on asking her what was wrong, she said a great ugly fish had frightened her while crossing some water. She could talk with me quite naturally, while apparently in the company of her distant friend at the same moment. After I had finished asking her questions, she generally said she was coming home now, and immediately there

was a change in the style of her breathing, it becoming short and rapid.

I should be very glad to hear any explanation in regard to the above cases from more experienced operators. Probably the subjective ideas of both clairvoyant and operators had much to do with them.

WM. ANDERSON.

AN ACCOUNT OF A SEANCE HELD AT THE HOUSE OF MRS —— ON THE 12TH APRIL, 1869.

THE MEDIUM PRESENT—MR HOME.

SIR,—I have been favoured by a lady with an account of a very remarkable seance held at her house in London, and on which occasion six in all were present, including Mr Home. I have asked for permission to publish the names, but the reluctance of friends in consequence of the position they hold in life to publicly confirm the written statement in my possession proved insurmountable. I add, therefore, that with one exception the gentlemen present are all known to me, and that the written account I have permission to hand you for insertion in your valuable journal has been read and approved by those who attended the seance. The visibility of spirit forms, equally observable by all present, is now no longer a questionable fact. Within the last few months numerous instances are recorded where spiritual apparitions have been witnessed, and in your number for April I furnished an account of an interesting seance held at Ashley House, on which occasion spirit forms were seen by myself; but the seance at Mrs ——'s was in so far infinitely more remarkable, as a perfect crowd, if I may use the term, of spirit forms thronged into the room, and as many as nineteen were observed. In my next I intend to furnish you with an account of a meeting at a friend's house, at which these spiritual forms appeared in clear, well-defined outline, and exceedingly luminous.

H. D. JENCKEN.

The party had scarcely taken their places at the table when the raps came on *another* table in the corner of the room, and sounded like the fall of dripping water; this table was three yards distant from the one at which the party were sitting. The room was lighted by a faintish glimmer of fire, and a lamp was burning in the adjoining room, with the window half open; the table then rose to a height of two feet, and waved itself gently in the air. In a few minutes Mr Home requested —— to extinguish the lamp, and the two rooms were only lighted by gas lamps from without, throwing a glare into the apartment. Mr Home then passed into the trance state, and walked to the open window. A shadowy head appeared there, entering and retreating at intervals. A hand was extended and grasped Mr Home's, and he seemed to be conversing with some one; just at this moment a brilliant light appeared on the piano, illumining all around it, and then fading slowly away. This occurred at intervals throughout the evening, in various parts of the room, and in one corner it remained continuously flickering for upwards of an hour. Some of the party described these

lights as yellow, others as blue or red, but all saw them most distinctly. Various figures were then seen to float through the window and approach the table. Mr Home, while walking about the room, said—"It is the anniversary of some birth." At the same moment a gigantic dark figure appeared close to the table, emerging from the curtains that divided the two rooms, and waved its arm. The curtain was pushed or bulged out, and took the form of a baby lying down. —— said—"The figure has moved, and is standing under his picture." "Yes," answered Mr Home, "and it will appear again if H—— is not frightened." He then resumed his place at the table, and as he did so his (Mr Home's) eyes flashed fire; and the effect was so terrible as to alarm several of the persons present. The atmosphere of the room at this time was freezing; it was hardly possible to keep from shivering. The tall figure then approached Mrs ——'s chair (it was a large arm chair), and touched the back of it, and moved it a little to one side. Mrs —— turned round, and the figure, which was distinctly seen by her and others present to be that of a man, leaned forward over the back of the chair, extending its two arms towards her, and with its face gently brushed her hair back.

Mr —— described the eyes as flaming. —— then said to Mrs ——, "Do not be alarmed, it is coming round to the front;" and in a few seconds a dark form appeared within six inches of Mrs ——'s face, completely hiding everything else in the room from her, and the two brilliant eyes looked into hers. The figure then passed round the table, and appeared to go straight through Mr ——, causing him to shiver from the intense cold. At the same time another figure attempted to put its arms round ——, and he described it as a soft, firm pressure. Mr Home said—"It is Jane; she wishes to take possession of you." A voice whispered in Mrs ——'s ear, "Good morning;" audible to all in the room, at which some one at the table laughed, when, to the great astonishment of all, the laughter was taken up by the spirits present, and ran all round the room, seeming to arise from the floor and to be at some distance, but distinct and even musical—and this was prolonged for about thirty seconds. All this time the lights on the heads of some of those present were very beautiful. There was a star over Mrs ——, a broad band of blue light across the forehead of Mr ——, and the most brilliant coruscations of yellow and red light appearing at intervals on the head of ——, and moving when he moved. There were also three or four pairs of flaming eyes apparently in mid air, but very distinct. Mr —— described the centre of the table to be one large, bright eye, from which emanated smaller eyes—with the eye-ball slightly on one side—that seemed to be perpetually arising from out of the large eye, and approaching within a few inches of his face. Upon asking Mr Home the meaning of this phenomenon, the answer was—"It is the eye of your guardian angel, that never leaves you."

A few minutes later a small work-table was moved from the furthest corner of the room, and brought up to the large table at which the party were sitting. There was a work-box and paper-cutter on it, and these were both put into Mrs ——'s hand, for the purpose, as was said,

of restoring her confidence, and at the same moment her hand was softly touched by a spirit hand.

Mr Home then appeared very much excited, and described the spirits as forcing him on all sides to repeat what they were saying to him; but at last he informed the party assembled that the spirits were most anxious to speak to them themselves, but that they had not as yet sufficient power; still they would not rest satisfied till they had been able to do so. Mr Home said—"Listen to them in the next room," and all present heard most distinctly the rustle of their garments and the patter of their feet on the floor as they were leaving the room.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

About six or seven years ago, there was considerable excitement in America on account of the spirit photographs which were then taken by Mr Mumler of Boston. The *Banner of Light* published many articles and letters on the subject, and the *Herald of Progress* also devoted considerable space to its investigation. The *London Spiritual Magazine* contained communications on the spirit photographs, and three of these pictures were reprinted in London and largely circulated. We have just received from Mr Mumler three beautiful specimens of his mediumistic art, and a small publication giving a history of this peculiar form of mediumship. In the preface he says—"My object in placing this little pamphlet before the public is to give to those who have not heard a few of the incidents and investigations on the advent of this new and beautiful phase of spiritual manifestations. It is now some eight years since I commenced to take these remarkable pictures, and thousands—embracing, as they do, scientific men, photographers, judges, lawyers, doctors, ministers, and, in fact, all grades of society—can bear testimony to the truthful likeness of their spirit friends they have received through my mediumistic powers." Mr Mumler has now removed to New York, and is located at the Studio, 630 Broadway, where he is engaged in taking these spirit photographs; by having simply a picture of the sitter, he can take a copy with the spirit form close beside it. He says—"It will be necessary for those who intend sending to me to enclose their own card, photograph, or anyone else's to whom the spirit form desired was known or thought of having a natural affinity by the law of love and affection, and to mention the date, the day, and the hour that said picture should be copied by me, so that the subject of the picture would at that time concentrate his or her mind on the subject, and ensure a successful result."

We cannot describe Mr Mumler's process better than by copying the following sketch from the *New York Sun* of February 26, 1869:—

A WONDERFUL MYSTERY.

GHOSTS SITTING FOR THEIR PORTRAITS—DEPARTED FRIENDS PHOTOGRAPHED.

The Likenesses Perfect—Remarkable Experiences—How is the Thing Done?—Facts and Theories for the Multitude—Something for the Scientists to Ponder.

Readers of the *Sun* may perhaps have noticed in yesterday morning's paper, a telegraphic item from Poughkeepsie stating that the spiritualists of

that city—the former home of Andrew J. Davis—had been greatly excited over some remarkable specimens of what is called spiritual photographing; that is, the photographing of likenesses of departed spirits, not exactly from life, but from their present spiritual embodiments. It being added that these photographs were taken at an establishment on Broadway, in this city, the *Sun*, ever on the alert for new and interesting intelligence, lost no time in sending a reporter to find out whether there was anything in the matter worth publishing. He came back with such a remarkable story that we have decided to print it in full, though we wish to have it distinctly understood that we do it simply as a matter of news, and without endorsing the theories of the spiritualists.

HISTORY OF THE WONDER.

About eight years ago, a young lady, who was what the spiritualists call a "medium," kept a shop for the sale of jewellery in Boston. One important part of her business was the weaving of hair into bracelets, lockets, and similar articles, as mementoes of friends, both living and deceased. Usually there was attached to these objects some provision for a photographic likeness of the person to be remembered; and, at the solicitation of her customers, she undertook the taking of these likenesses in the size and form required, and learned enough of the art to do it tolerably well. One day, however, the chemicals failed to work as usual, the pictures coming out blurred and confused, and inexplicable figures, like stars and comets, showing themselves, instead of the image of the sitter. In studying into the cause of the difficulty, the lady made the acquaintance of Mr W. H. Mumler, then a silver engraver in a leading silver manufacturing establishment in Boston, who had some chemical knowledge, though he was inexperienced in photographing. Mr Mumler, being entirely alone one day in the photographing room, engaged in experimenting, thought he would try taking a picture, and, having got a chair into the right focus, attempted to photograph it. To his surprise, on developing the plate, he found the chair represented as filled by a human being dimly outlined, whom he recognised as a deceased cousin. How to account for this phenomenon he knew not; but on showing the picture to the young lady for whom he was prosecuting his inquiries, she being, as we said, a medium, instantly pronounced it the portrait of a spirit who had taken this method of communicating with mortals on earth. Following up the discovery, Mr Mumler experimented further, and from that time to this has been engaged in taking these ghostly pictures, with remarkable success. For the present he has established himself at the gallery of Mr W. W. Silver, 630 Broadway, where our reporter, in company with an eminent photographer of this city, whom we shall call Brown, and a gentleman who was formerly a leading banker and stock-broker in Wall Street, visited him yesterday morning.

WHAT THE PICTURES ARE LIKE.

Mr Mumler has preserved a hundred or so of the more remarkable photographs taken, and our reporter saw and examined them. They all present likenesses of living persons, which look exactly as ordinary photographs do, being, indeed, taken in the regular way. But behind, or at one side of the living sitter appears sometimes only a head, sometimes a head and shoulders, and sometimes the full length of another person, rather indistinct and shadowy, but still in many cases clearly enough defined for a likeness to be recognised. There are, our reporter was told, cases in which the spirit likenesses have been taken without any living sitter; others taken by the help of a photograph of a living person, which has been sent for the purpose; and others in the night time.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES.

One of the most remarkable of these strange pieces of work is a picture taken for the ex-banker above mentioned. Several years ago he lost a wife to whom he was tenderly attached, and who, as he believes, has never ceased to be present in her spiritual form with him. A day or two ago he sat to Mr Mumler, and on the plate there came along with his an image of a lady, which he and his friends all declared to be a correct likeness of his deceased wife. The face is perfectly distinct, one arm is thrown round her husband's neck, so that her hand, holding a branch of what seems to be lilacs, comes in front of his breast. Another picture being taken, the same figure appeared in a different attitude, pointing with one hand upward On a third trial, however, this figure disappeared, and the head of an unknown child came instead.

Another picture shown our reporter is that of a well-known real estate broker down town, near whom appears a lovely child's face, fit for one of Raphael's cherubs. Mr Mumler could not tell, however, of whom it was a likeness.

One particularly touching picture was taken for a mother who, not long ago, lost a darling boy. As she sat before the camera, she mentally said, "Willie, I wish you would come and place yourself as you used to when you said your prayers to me," and in response to her silent wish there appears a child resting his head upon her bosom, which she avers is a perfect likeness of her boy.

At a spiritual seance that evening, a message was received, purporting to be from the child just mentioned, to the effect that if his father would sit to Mr Mumler, a better picture of him still would be obtained. His father accordingly came and sat, and in the picture obtained there appears within the father's arms a charming boy of apparently ten years of age, which is said by both father and mother to be their child beyond a doubt.

An elderly gentleman having sat for his likeness, found it accompanied by that of a lady to whom he had been engaged twenty years ago, and of whose relation with him his own family had not been aware Sitting a second time, he got the likeness of a son who was killed several years ago in Arkansas.

A distinguished miniature artist of this city, having tried the experiment, was rewarded with a portrait of his aged mother.

A lady's portrait was also shown, accompanied by that of a clergyman to whom she was once engaged, but who has since died, and whom she had not seen for twenty years. Many other equally wonderful things were exhibited, but the general facts in all are the same. Of some pictures of which Mr Mumler had not retained copies, he gives the following account:—

"The first is a portrait of Mr Mumler himself, with one hand on a chair, the other holding the black cloth covering just taken from the camera. In the chair sits a half-defined female form, apparently about twelve or fourteen years old. This was at once recognised as a deceased female relative.

"The second picture has a lady spirit sitting on a chair, with a white, undefined mass of something behind her, like two or three pillows. The features are quite sunken, with a serious expression. This is said to be a likeness of the spirit sister of Mr J. J. Ewer, as she looked when wasted by consumption. The father of the deceased fully recognised the likeness, as do the rest of the family.

"The next is an elderly lady, leaning on a chair, in which sits a faintly-defined form of a young man playing upon a guitar. This figure is shown more fully than the last, one leg being visible to below the knee, the other not being visible at all—looks as if moved, leaving only a blur. This was

at once recognised as a deceased brother who made guitars, and was fond of playing upon them.

"Another is a female figure leaning upon a chair, the hands placed together, and eyes elevated as in prayer. The spirit appears of a larger size, the face and bust only visible.

"Another is a gentleman sitting with the edge of a white marble table near him. The spirit is behind him, and a little smaller—a female figure, with the hair dressed quite plain and Quakerish, a small white collar about the neck, tied with a dark ribbon, a close-fitting dress, visible only to the waist.

"A gentleman from Illinois sat for his portrait, and raised the right hand as if holding something. He was told that was a very uncouth attitude, but he said, 'No matter; take it so.' When the plate was developed, behold there sat upon the raised arm a child, leaning its head upon the sitter's shoulder. This child is not very clearly defined; it appears a little larger than in nature, as if nearer the camera than the arm it sits upon. The dress is transparent, with the hand and arm of the sitter seen through it."

OUR REPORTER SEES WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR HIM.

His curiosity being excited by all these marvels, our reporter thought he would like to see what spirit would sit along with him. But first he requested his photographic friend, whom we have called Brown, to go through the process himself, and watch the various steps of it. Mr Brown accordingly went upstairs to the skylight room with Mr Mumler, and prepared the sensitive plate himself from the naked glass. Sitting down before the camera, he waited the usual time, and then with his own hands "developed" the negative. At the side of his face there came that of a middle-aged man, with a dark beard, whom he did not recognise.

Then came our reporter's turn. He, too, saw the clean glass rubbed and polished, the collodion poured on, the plate put into the nitrate of silver bath, and taken out and put into the groove. But on sitting, there came out in the negative the same face that had appeared in Mr Brown's picture. To determine who this "mutual friend" could be, the party concluded to wait and get sun proofs from both the negatives.

A NEW SITTER.

While waiting for these proofs, an elderly gentleman went up, and succeeded in getting the portraits of two spirits, neither of which, however, he could recognise from the negative, and had to wait for the proofs.

AN ACCIDENT—THE EXPERIMENT TRIED AGAIN.

In drying the negative taken for our reporter over the lamp, the glass was shivered to pieces, and he was requested to sit once more. This time, too, he watched the process from beginning to end. While in the chair, however, he thought he would try the effect of calling to his mind the appearance of his father, as he looked just before he died, some eleven years ago. This time the negative gave a face in profile rather dim, but in general outline, he must confess, very like his father as he thought of him.

HOW IS THE THING DONE?

Of course, everybody will ask this question, and answer it according to his own notions. Sceptics will insist that there is some trick, and that the ghost pictures are obtained by using lay figures or old photograph negatives, or by some other expedient of that kind.

The difficulty in the way of this explanation is that the photographer whom we have called Brown, and who, if we gave his real name, would be instantly recognised as excellent authority on the subject, says that there is

no process known to the trade by which the thing could be done by any unfair means without its being instantly found out. A prepared plate must be used within five minutes after it comes out of the nitrate of silver bath, so that it is impossible that an image could be clearly impressed on it, and yet leave it so that the living sitter could be taken as clearly as he is. Besides, he went through the process of preparing the plate himself, as we have already mentioned, and yet another face than his own came, without his seeing any person near him.

Another photographer of the name of Guay, whom our reporter met at Mr Mumler's room, stated that he had spent three weeks in watching Mr Mumler, and going through the process again and again with his own hands, and had not succeeded in detecting any imposture.

MR MUMLER'S THEORY.

Mr Mumler says that he really believes the pictures are produced by departed spirits who are attached to the sitters by affection or relationship or affinity. By some inscrutable means they have the power of affecting the chemicals used in the process, and impressing on the sensitive film their image.

GHOSTS VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.

Mrs Mumler, who is the lady by whom Mr Mumler was led into the business, having since married him, asserts that in many instances she has seen behind the living sitter the identical spirits whose likenesses have afterwards appeared in the photograph. She says, when the living person sits down, there comes near him, at first, what looks like a cloud; then it condenses into something like a human form; and finally it comes out clear and brighter than the sunlight, to her, in a distinctly defined image. While the portraits are being taken, she and her husband both place their hands upon the camera to assist the spirits by their personal animal magnetism.

EFFECT OF THE WEATHER ON THE PROCESS.

When the weather is damp, the obtaining of these spirit photographs is very difficult and sometimes impossible. When, however, Mr and Mrs Mumler can get the assistance of another strong medium, as, for example, Miss Fox, even the dampness will not interfere with it; and the portraits of the banker's wife, already described, were got on just such a day with Miss Fox's help. Clear bright days, on the contrary, are favourable, but even on these Mr Mumler can take only a few pictures, in consequence of his vital forces becoming exhausted by the effort required.

WHAT OUR REPORTER THINKS ABOUT IT

he declines to say. If there is any trick used, he does not know what it is. He gives us the facts, and we give them to our readers to think about as they please. The whole thing is a marvel any way, and deserves to be investigated by scientific men. From the description given us, Mr and Mrs Mumler are perfectly frank, ingenuous persons, with no appearance of imposture about them. They court the most rigorous investigation, and will extend every facility for inquiry to persons coming properly accredited.

In January, the British Journal of Photography took up this phase of the photographic art, and showed the various ways in which the spirit impressions could be obtained by undeveloped pictures being on the glass when used. The writer did not question the fact of spirit photographs, as he seems to be well acquainted with the spiritual question in general, but he showed how easy it would be to impose upon the public by spurious pictures. The three specimens we have received

from Mr Mumler are superior to anything of the kind we ever saw. The sitter is Mr Livermore, an ex-Wall Street banker—the Mr L. referred to so often by Mr Coleman; the spirit, that of a lady who stands behind Mr Livermore is in an attitude of affection. The position is different in each picture. In one instance her hand lies across the breast, and the features and details are exceedingly distinct. Copies of these interesting photographs may be obtained at our office.

Mr Mumler has been charged before the court in New York with swindling, on account of his professing to take spirit photographs. Photographers have been examined for the prosecution, who state means whereby "spirit photographs" could be produced. For the defence, photographic artists and others testify, that no special means are used by Mumler at all, but that the photographs of the spirits are produced by means beyond his control. Judge Edmonds, Mr Livermore, and a host of respectable gentlemen, have testified to the genuineness of these curious productions. The newspapers are gloating over the supposition that they have at last chronicled a daring case of the dishonesty of spiritualists. But no such result has yet been arrived at. The evidence has been hitherto favourable to Mumler; and while we write, the termination of the trial has not been reported to us. If spirits can be seen and felt, move objects and make mechanical and vocal sounds, why may they not be photographed? This achievement has not been accomplished by Mumler alone, but in many other places. It is amazing to see with what weak-minded pertinacity the press swallows every rumour intended to discredit Spiritualism.

Since writing the above, it has transpired that Mumler's case was concluded on May 3rd. He was discharged, and the complaint dismissed, there being no evidence whereon to convict him. The authorities and the press, in this instance, have taken a deal of trouble to advertise Spiritualism.

IMITATIONS OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke, two professors of legerdemain, gave an exhibition in imitation of the Davenport Brothers, at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on Thursday and Friday, May 13th and 14th. A large number of the audience were spiritualists. The performances took place in broad daylight. A cabinet, like that used by the Davenport Brothers, stood on the platform supported on trestles, near to which was a structure of a similar kind called the gorilla's den. The exhibitors entered the cabinet with ropes, and when the doors were opened in three minutes, they were found securely tied after the manner of the Davenports. The musical instruments were put in, and the door shut, and immediately an arm was seen at the door; the bell was rung and thrown out, and the tambourine beaten. When the door was opened, the exhibitors were sitting tied as before. Two cornets were then placed under the carpet in the cabinet behind their heels, the doors were shut, and immediately the cornets were sounded, after which a duet was played, in very good time, the air being, "Home, Sweet home." When the doors were opened, the cornets were where

the committee had placed them. A gentleman was selected to sit in the cabinet between the performers. His hands were tied to the ropes between their knees. After the doors were shut, the instruments were again used; and when the doors were opened, the tambourine was found on the gentleman's head. He said he felt as if the hand of the exhibitor who sat on his left had been used whilst the door was shut; as it was in the light, his eyes were bandaged with a handkerchief to prevent his seeing the trick. Another gentleman went into the cabinet; his left hand was tied to one of the exhibitors', while his right hand was tied between the knees of the other. This gentleman expressed his conviction that the exhibitor on his right had done something towards producing the sounds. Flour was placed in their hands, and in two minutes after the doors were shut, they were found untied, and the flour not spilled on their clothes or in the cabinet. The exhibitors were again shut into the cabinet, and in a short time one of them issued from it dressed as a woman, followed by a gorilla. The animal dragged the woman into his den and devoured her, amidst her screams for help. When the door was opened, the woman was not to be seen. An attempt was made to capture the gorilla, but he got away; yet, when the den was again opened, another gorilla was found there—no doubt the assumed woman in the meantime had thus transformed herself. The performer who acted the part of the first gorilla appeared as a countryman, and offered to catch the brute, which was ultimately accomplished. He was put into a cask and locked down, and the countryman put into a trunk, which was locked and securely corded. Both trunk and box were placed in the cabinet and the doors shut, and almost immediately the exhibitors were free and able to make demonstrations. On the second day of exhibition, we understand, one of the exhibitors got into a trunk, locked it, corded it, and canvassed it without assistance.

The performance excited great interest amongst spectators. The exhibitors say that no supernatural means are employed in producing the phenomena, and that any one who is adapted to such performances may easily attain sufficient dexterity to enable him to perform all they do. They say it is the result of long continued study and experiment on their part. Some of the more knowing spectators declare that they have been able to detect the whole matter; and we have heard it stated that some have been successful in achieving a great portion of the exhibition. Mr Coleman and some other spiritualists insinuate that the exhibitors are really mediums, but that they deny it. We have seen no indication of mediumship. It is true they do many of the things the Davenports do, but, in some respects, under very different conditions; while the dark seance, which is the most extraordinary part of the Davenport performance, is not attempted by them at all.

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL.

THE general public, and more especially believers in Spiritualism and in healing by the laying on of hands, have, for some time past, had

their attention directed to what is certainly a singular phenomenon, namely, a girl, of 12 years of age, professing to live for 18 months without partaking of any food. I need not in this article give any particulars of her case, except such as are necessary to a right understanding of the object for which I am now writing, as the newspapers and spiritualist publications have already supplied all that is needed.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from Mr James Burns, of London, wishing to know if, in the event of my expenses being guaranteed to me, I would visit Sarah Jacobs, the girl in question, and try whether I could cure her by the laying on of hands. Having agreed to do as requested, I visited the girl on Tuesday, May 4th. The particulars of that visit I have already reported in the columns of the *North Wilts Herald* for May 8 (a paper published at Swindon), and copies of which I have sent to several spiritualist friends. I failed to cure Sarah Jacobs, under circumstances where success was not to be anticipated. The facts are as follows:—

On arriving at the farm-house where Sarah Jacobs lives, and explaining to the Rev. John Jones, the vicar of the parish, who, at my request, was present, the great object of my visit, the parents appeared to be morbidly afraid lest by any manipulation of mine their child should be injured, and Mr Jones himself shared to some extent that same fear. When, however, I explained to him what it was I wanted to do, and gave him a very solemn promise that I would treat the girl with all possible gentleness, he was re-assured, and expressed his re-assurance to the parents. I asked for leave to put my hands upon the child from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and then call upon her to rise from her bed, and partake of food. All that I was actually allowed to do by way of manipulation was to put my hands upon the scalp of her head, her forehead, eyes, and cheeks; the remaining parts of her body being totally untouched. Even while I did what I did—and it was but little—I saw there was an element of fear working in the minds of the parents, although whether that element interfered with any power I might otherwise have been able to exercise, I do not know.

I have always felt, that in all cases of healing, it is extremely desirable that the mind of the operator and the mind of the patient should come into direct, vivid, and complete contact; and that anything which prevents such a consummation, is so far a hindrance in the way of a cure. Now, in dealing with Sarah Jacobs, I had to address myself to her through the medium of the vicar, who, of course, was able to speak both English and Welsh, and interpreted my English words to the girl and her friends. I sat on the edge of the bed talking to Sarah Jacobs in my own language, just as if she were able to understand what I said, and as fast as I did so, Mr Jones translated my words. Of course, Mr Jones was a medium by which *some* measure of mental contact could be established between myself and my patient, and I most sincerely believe that he did his very best to serve me. But a spiritualist will surely understand that this was the pursuit of a cure under difficulties; in fact, it was Mr Jones' mind, and not mine, which was all along operating upon Sarah Jacobs·

I ought to add here that there was one gentleman in the room, whom I met in the train, and who accompanied me to the farm-house. From conversation with him, I learned that he was utterly sceptical as to all Spiritualism and healing. He was in the room during the whole of the time I was engaged with Sarah Jacobs, and, it may be, that his very presence, though without any blame to himself, created an atmosphere unfavourable to healing. Be this as it may, I have to report that, to all outward appearance, my failure to cure this girl was complete, although I had a strong impression at the time, which I have retained up to this moment, that she could have risen from her bed and partaken of food, had she so believed and willed, and I conveyed my belief to the parents through Mr Jones.

I owe it to my own personal convictions, to add my belief, that the evidence existing up to this time, preponderates in favour of Sarah Jacobs. If people will insist upon so thinking of antecedent improbabilities, laws of physiology, laws of nature, &c., as to assert the impossibility of life being sustained without food, I would remind such of them as are believers in the existence of a living God, who is provider and sustainer, as well as creator and ruler, that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;" or, to translate this dialect into the speech of to-day, "food has no *inherent* quality to nourish, but only a derived one; and the ultimate source of all existence, all sustenance, all nourishment, is God, who, while he never breaks any one of his laws, may yet act by methods which are at present unknown to us." Of course, if any man is prepared to come forward and show that he knows every law of God, and how in every case God acts in reference to his intelligent creatures, let him do so. But in the absence of such a person, it seems very like a piece of pure scientific dogmatism to assume the very point in dispute, and then look down with mild contempt or pity upon those who wish to be logical, and who are fully persuaded that their knowledge has not as yet exhausted all the ways and means of God.

FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG,
Minister of the Free Christian Church,
May 12, 1869. New Swindon.

[The case of Sarah Jacobs is still causing considerable interest in the newspapers, "Physiologus" in the *Edinburgh Courant*, and "Observator" in the *Cambria Daily Leader*, are very hard on those who credit the report of fasting. The logic and knowledge of these gentlemen, unfortunately, cannot settle the question. The whole affair may be easily explained away on paper; but the fact, if fact it be, still remains. Mr Joseph Wallace, of 20 College Square East, Belfast, relates the case of a girl that he saw many times when he was a young man. She got a shock from hearing of two brothers being drowned, became demented, then idiotic, and stupid. She slept much, and ultimately could not be aroused at all, and in that unconscious state she lay for five years, taking no food. Her body became cold, when they considered she was dead and buried her. When Mr Wallace visited her she was warm and plastic. She was also seen by doctors, clergymen, and others, but nothing was done to resuscitate her. Mr Wallace considers

that all such cases could be cured by the judicious application of magnetism. The above case occurred at Portaferry, about twenty-five years ago; and there are many living in the place now, who could testify to the truth of these statements.]

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

THEORIES.

THERE are three theories by which the spiritual manifestations are said to be accounted for by different advocates. First, Paul's theory, which is found in 1 Cor. 12th chapter. He taught they were done by the spirit of God, and did not recognise any intermediate agency. He was a believer in the reality of witchcraft and demons, as we learn from his writings; but the church was not to give heed to them, but be guided by one spirit exclusively. The church afterwards slid into the old pagan idea, only adopting the saints for the gods and demons of the heathen. Neither Moses nor Paul could keep the people from this species of idolatry, although they both tried to do so. The second theory is that of the modern spiritualists, who contend they are done by neither gods nor devils, nor yet the spirit of God as understood by the church, but by the departed friends of spiritualists, who are devoted to the interests of those they have left behind. This is so like the old pagan theory that Paul would have gone wild if it had been broached in the churches of his time. But there is a good deal of merit in it notwithstanding, for it signifies affection for one's ancestors, and shows how strong the domestic ties are in most cases where death has temporarily severed a man and his friend, or broken up the family circle. The third theory plainly denies that the dead are the instruments of the manifestations, whether physical or psychological. It maintains they are all done by the spirits of mediums in various stages of development. The spirits of some mediums have force of one kind, and some of another, but all are learning and progressing, as the spirits of the dead are in the spheres above. The power is strange, and hence the difficulty of conceiving it possible for the living to perform such strange things as are done by many mediums. Then it comes as if it was not the medium, because, in reality, it is not his mind, but his spirit that acts. Your correspondent L. N. thinks Vandyck the painter has come to teach him drawing; but it is only a power of his own spirit which assumes that name, and perhaps may give splendid proofs of identity for a while. John Watt is only a spiritual power too, and may be more or less like the original.

Spirits are the *dramatis personæ*, and are produced by the spiritual power of the medium, so as to be presented to his vision in full form very often. Nay, they become often visible to non-clairvoyants, and speak to the external ear of a circle.

Your correspondent thinks I ought to show the imposition of mediums, but I have never discovered any. Mediums don't understand themselves, or they would not ascribe their powers to any one else.

Genuine mediumship is the most advanced stage of human progress in any age, but it is sadly darkened through false philosophy. It will be hard work to clear the mental vision, I believe, while angels and devils have such a strong hold on many, and while the spiritualists are more under the dominion of the domestic affections than the truth. Those angels and devils are purely mythological creations, and have no existence in nature; and we ought to be wise enough to know that our departed ancestors and friends don't hover about the earth, which would be a bad job both for them and us if they did. The great artists who are supposed to pay daily visits to mediums don't live here; it is only a spiritual power that is so designated in some cases.

It seems, from your correspondent, that my letter had the tendency to "befog and stupify" him—may this have a better effect; but he must look or he won't see: to be plain, he must be a medium, and compare what I say with his own experience, or he won't understand anything about it. I know where the shoe will pinch, and what will be the reply to all this exactly. They will say I am opposed to spiritualism, and that I have no proof to offer for the theory I hold. Spiritualism has always had the misfortune to be bound to some false philosophy or another, which has been its downfall often in the past ages. I don't oppose spiritualism; I befriend it by seeking to detach it from its connection with systems that are not true. As to the proof I have to offer for what I believe to be a better theory, that is easy—I offer all the mediumship in the world. There is not any mediumistic experience that ever I heard of that is not better explained by my theory than any other. There is no sense in saying a spirit from the dead has done this or the other, if I myself can do it; and what is it you may not do, if you are a spiritual man at all, through your own organism, which the dead are said to perform? Surely your own spirit has a better chance of speaking and acting through you than any other spirit, either belonging to this world or the next. But, says one, I don't see how raps can be made if the dead don't make them. I see; they can be made by the living, which is more reasonable. But the raps purport to come from the dead, say you? Yes they do;—and sometimes they purport to come from the man in the moon, and not unfrequently from inhabitants of the other planets. Did you never ask the question why rapping mediums are necessary, if spirits of the dead make them? Take away the medium, and the rapping will cease; but if you take the old spirit theory away, the raps will go on as usual wherever there is a rapping medium, and they will then purport to come from nobody but the medium. So with every spirit manifestation that was ever practised, either in this age or any other. It is always the medium and his spiritual power that does the work. Some will say that is only assertion, and it is contrary to known facts. Perhaps some will say it is contrary to logic and etiquette. I don't care what they say; but I hope they will not leave us in the dark if there be anything tangible to prove that the dead do come back, and that we are indebted to them for all that is going on in the world. I see all the news from spiritualists, but I can see nothing to show that fantastic idea of theirs to be the true one. A. GARDNER.

FLAMES AND FLOWERS.

THE printer of my reply to Dr Chance seems to have found it impossible to believe that I could really mean to write of sounding and sensitive flames; for in spite of my having corrected the proof, he has persisted in printing *flowers* instead of *flames*. No doubt flowers may be easily converted into flames; and indeed, if I mistake not, we have it reported how flowers have been produced or reproduced in the midst of flames. I suppose the typo thought that sounding and sensitive tables was going quite far enough in the regions of the incredible, and that sensitive flames was carrying the joke a little too far. Sensitive plants and flowers of course he had often heard of, and very remarkable and exceptional instances they are, and presenting manifestations quite as anomalous and strange in their way as those produced in Spiritualism by means of the exceptional and special physical conditions of the medium. Now, with the sensitive flame there must be a particular condition and relationship, or *rapport*, between the special character of the flame and the particular note producing the extraordinary and singular effect; and so it is with the spiritual manifestations and those animal magnetic relations between individuals, whether near or distant from each other. Imagine the influence to be from "brain waves," or what you will, still there must be exceptional natures, with their special conditions and special relations, and which it is our first business to detect. Bacon, in his great discernment, was strongly impressed with the scientific value of such facts as are now presented to us in the recent manifestations alleged to be caused by the action of individual spirits, and in regard to the sensitive nature of plants says—"In plants also you may try the force of imagination upon the lighter sort of motion—as upon the sudden fading or lively coming up of herbs, or upon their bending one way or other, or upon their closing and opening," &c. But the whole of his statement with regard to what he terms "incorporeal or immateriate powers and virtues," acting at a distance from the body from which they emanate, are worthy of attention, and are very suggestive. Bacon himself had had very remarkable personal experiences in some such matters; and, in regard to the power over plants, it may not be out of the way to refer to Christ going to the fig tree, and, finding it without fruit and unproductive, caused it to fade away in consequence, which it was found to have done shortly after. Bacon did not altogether discredit the existence and influence of spirits, but considered that their influence, if at all, could only be considered as partial and exceptional, as he hardly set any limits to the power and ability of material nature in its more subtle and magical laws and processes; and those sympathetic influences at a distance between living beings and the action of living beings, of an exceptional character, on plants and inanimate objects, he declared to be one of the highest secrets in nature; but that all natural action was correlated as branches of one tree, one department throwing light upon another, and the ultimate law to be interpreted only by an induction from the whole —and which grand cosmical view of nature I do not understand that spiritualists are disposed to dispute—nature and the powers of nature,

acting under uniform law, they hold to be supreme, including spirits amongst the other natural bodies (whatever may be the supposed magical influences of such supramundane but still natural existence), as the flower still partakes of the nature and substance of the tree; for we cannot go beyond nature, and all nature is of one substance, as so beautifully described by Milton—

> "Last, the bright consummate flower
> Spirits' odorous breaths: flowers and their fruit,
> Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
> To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
> To intellectual; give both life and sense,
> Fancy and understanding, ...
> . . . . . one first matter all."

In these few lines of Milton we have the principle of Professor Huxley's famous lecture, short of the chemical analysis and blundering metaphysics—that is, of the rise from mineral to the vegetable, and from the vegetable to the animal substance, which he terms protoplasms, terminating in instinct and reason; and the hypothesis of Wallace and Darwin, of gradual progression from the lowest forms up to man; and from man to angel or spirit, as the hypothesis is carried out by that sagacious naturalist, Mr Wallace; so that we find Milton not only in accord with Darwin and Huxley, but also with the spiritualists, whilst reflecting the philosophy of Bacon, and all agreeing with the inspired Shakespeare—that man, even in his noblest form and nature, is but "the paragon of animals," "the quintessence of dust." And is man degraded in this conception? Certainly not; but the universe is infinitely ennobled in the sense of the wondrous innate capacities of the substance of which it is formed.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

MIRACLES HAVE NOT CEASED.

(*To the Editor.*)

SIR,—It is one thing to assert, it is another to prove. I state that miracles have not ceased since Christ issued his declaration, "These signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they work miracles." I desire now to give some of the proofs. Miracles were performed through the apostles and by the *members* of the church in their day. Witness the descent of the Holy Ghost on 120 persons on the day of Pentecost. Witness St Paul's declaration, that God hath set some in the church, apostles, seers, workers of miracles, healers, speakers of foreign languages, &c. St Paul lodged at the house of Phillip, who had four daughters "seeresses"—mediums as they would now be called. The apostles and the members of the churches, by signs and wonders as narrated, displayed the power Christ promised to them that believed.

St John passed away about the year 98, but Christians still existed, retaining their gifts after the death of the apostles. Let us take the declaration of Irenæus before the Emperor in the year 192, who, while acknowledging the power of the soothsayers and magicians to perform

miracles by their heathen gods, dared them to produce the kind of miracles performed by the power of the true God. This was his statement as to the prevalence of spirit manifestations in his day:—"Others have foreknowledge of things future and visions, and the gift of seership; others by imposition of hands do restore the sick, and heal all manner of diseases. Moreover, they *now* speak in all languages by the Spirit of God, *even* as St Paul spake," &c.

We have in ecclesiastical history downwards abundant proof of the "signs" being still continued. Let us take A.D. 1582. There was a nun who saw and spoke to angels, who in her devotions was *lifted up* off the ground before the altar, and at the gate of the convent. Her superior was bitterly opposed to the manifestations, insisted that they were of the Devil, and that when the spirit appeared to her she was to spit in his face. She refused, was persecuted, and at last died; but, some time after, the Pope and court of Rome found that she was really a saint, put her on the list, and she is now recognised as St Theresa. Poor woman! what agony of mind she would have been spared if her superior had felt himself less infallible.

Let us now come to A.D. 1700. The Camisards were a mountain people at variance with the French king. He desired to make them Catholic; but they refused. Thousands of troops were sent against them, but prophets, seeresses, workers of miracles, healers, &c., were so numerous that the king was foiled. Stars of light would hover over the mountaineers, and, moving on, guide the people to the spot chosen for worship. The orders of the king, the position of the troops, and their places of going, were made known by the trance-mediums. The children were affected, and spoke pure French while in the trance, instead of their country dialect.

About 1750, Wesley and Whitfield fired the nation. Wesley's journals illustrate the remarkable instances of special providences to him and his people.

If we follow the track of time, we find in the Irish revivals, in 1851, miracles by hundreds. One I will name. When the prayer meetings were going on in different parts of the country, and when hundreds of persons were at them, lifting up their hearts to God, a fire-cloud was seen floating in the air: approaching one throng of praying people, it stopped vertically over them and descended; rose again, floated on, rested, descended in like manner on another flock of praying people; and so continued, in the sight of thousands.

We have now arrived at our own door-steps. The phenomena are around us. The ministers (principally Church Independents and Baptists) first deny the facts, and when compelled to acknowledge their truth; then, as a second proof of their fallibility, say it is "devilish," "forbidden." Such bitter opposition from "ministers" and "pastors" forces us to ask the question—Why so bitter? And the answer seems naturally to arise in the mind—Because they may have collegiate belief, but *not* heart belief; otherwise the *signs* would follow. Christ having joined the two in one sentence, they cannot be severed. If miracles have ceased, salvation has ceased. In the meantime, "godless" men, believing in neither devil nor angel, go fearlessly into an examination

of the subject, and are "converted;" but to them all is new, all is strange; and having no teachers, they often say and do things which "staid" Christians do not approve of. But as of old the order went forth—Preach first to the Jews (those who rejected the truth), and then to the Gentiles; so now it is—Preach first to the Christians: If they reject, go to the materialists, the worldlings, who have never entered a church or chapel door. The result is, the power of God is resting on them; they are working miracles—healing the sick, seeing spirits, &c.

Who Produce the Miracles?

Many say that the phenomena are true, but cannot tell the cause; we therefore find ourselves a stage farther on the journey. I feel the more free to grapple with them through the public press, because throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland, it is taking the question up, not on a doctrinal basis, but as a great vital question. "If a man die, shall he live again?" Nay more—Does he at death come out of his un-inhabitable body, a living entity, with memory and affections in vivid action; with power to act on, and for those who bewail his supposed absence. I, to-day, only take the broad question of *devilism at seances.*

We never heard of the death and burial of a devil nor of an angel; and we may therefore conclude, I think, that they are alive, and as active in and out of the bodies of men as they were when Christ and his apostles moved to and fro in Palestine upwards of 1800 years ago. However evil *we* may be, there seems to be something within us that prompts us in the hour of danger and anguish to cling to the good. Spirit manifestations are rife amongst us from Land's End to John o' Groat's, produced in many instances by "devil" or evil intelligences; and in many by "angels of the Lord." It is with pleasure, therefore, we advise clinging to good and not to evil intelligences; advising *prayer*, not to saints, nor to angels who are our fellow-servants, but to the Supreme, the Creator, and Ruler of the universe. As Christ, the pure, the holy, was tempted for even forty days by a devil; we and others must not be surprised that, occasionally in the *seance* of mixed persons, an evil intelligence should attempt to force himself into their midst, and annoy them by his "lying" sayings, as hypocrites, or devils in the flesh creep into place and power in our churches and chapels, play tricks, and so disgust many, that they throw up religion altogether.

If I were a medium, or, as they used to be called a "prophet," and still further back in ancient times, a "seer," I should assuredly advise, or, perhaps, interdict, the consulting with the witches or wizards of the heathens around—as the "seers of the Lord" did the Jews who were taking possession of the lands of their enemies—as the British took possession of India, and rule over millions of people of another faith, the priests of which even now perform miracles, and prophesy in a way none of our bishops or ministers can do, who go over to "convert" those heathens. Quotations from Leviticus and Isaiah are correct; but the witches and wizards there mentioned are not those of Israel, but of the heathen around. The Jews went regularly in time of need to the "Seers of Israel," to *inquire* of the seer, as to business, domestic and

national affairs; even descending to offering the seer Samuel 3¼d as a fee to tell Saul where his lost asses were. David the Psalmist, kept in his pay, as his "seer," Gad, through whom he inquired of the Lord as to the management of his kingdom, and when to go to battle against his foes. Saul *inquired* of the Lord, but could not get an answer through the "seer," so he inquired of the evil intelligences, through the witch of the heathen.

I assert (and ecclesiastical history, and the biographical narratives of our leading divines in past generations prove) that miracles have not ceased since Christ declared that "these *signs* shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall work miracles;" and I also as boldly assert, that communication with deceased friends and relatives is a principle taught us by Christ and his apostles, and is a privilege we have a right to enjoy as Christians.—I am, yours truly,

Enmore Park, South Norwood. JNO. JONES.

THE LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

FOR the satisfaction of many of our readers, we beg to lay before them some information respecting this society, and the investigation into what is called "Spiritualism," with which it is at present concerned.

The London Dialectical Society was established three years ago, for the purpose, as we read in the prospectus, "of considering all subjects with a view to the discovery and elucidation of truth." The peculiar feature of this society seems to be that subjects not ordinarily discussed either in other societies or elsewhere here receive consideration; and that in the discussion of them "the fullest and freest expression of opinion is permitted." We accordingly find the following among the subjects recently argued:—"The Credibility of Miracles," "The question, Is suicide, under any circumstances, justifiable?" "Trades' Unions," "The Existence of a Deity and a Future State," "Prostitution," "The Historical and Moral Value of the Bible," "The Criteria of Truth," "The Enfranchisement of Women," &c.

We see also, from a list of subjects published in the prospectus, that some of the most interesting questions have been discussed more than once. The society, as might be expected, consists almost entirely of what are called "advanced" Liberals—we might almost say "extreme" Liberals—though it is proper to add that no one is excluded from membership on the ground of any opinion whatever that he may happen to entertain.

Sir John Lubbock is the president of the society, and among the vice-presidents we notice the names of Lord Amberley, Professor Huxley, Mr G. H. Lewes, and Miss Frances Power Cobbe. We should mention that another peculiarity of the society is that ladies are admissible as members.

The inquiry into the so-called "Spiritualism" arose from a paper on that subject having been read at a meeting of the society by one of the members—a physician—in which he narrated some very extraordinary phenomena, which he stated that he himself had witnessed.

His testimony was supported by two gentlemen present, and it was

stated in corroboration that the reality of the phenomena was believed in by Professor de Morgan; Mr Varley, the electrician; Mr Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh; Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall; Mr William Howitt, and a number of other persons of respectability and position, both in this country and in America. A very animated and somewhat acrimonious debate followed, the "spiritualists" being in a great minority. Ultimately it was resolved that the council be requested to appoint a committee, in conformity with bye-law 4, "to investigate the phenomena alleged to be 'spiritual manifestations,' and to report thereon." The council accordingly appointed the committee now sitting, which consists of thirty persons, and comprises members of the clerical, medical, and legal professions, other professional gentlemen (engineers, architects, &c.), and several of general scientific and literary attainments.

This committee—a fifth part of the whole society, and fairly representing the members generally—is, from the tone and character of the majority of persons composing it, certainly not likely to err on the side of over-credulity, but will consider impartially and philosophically everything that may come before it, and is prepared to apply the most rigid tests to verify the reality of any phenomena which may be presented, before adopting any belief whatever on the subject.

In conducting the proceedings, it has been thought desirable, first to collect evidence with regard to what has been witnessed by other persons, whose testimony in ordinary matters no one would hesitate to accept; no evidence, however, being received at second-hand, and the witnesses being interrogated and cross-examined by the committee; a proceeding in which a serjeant-at-law, one of the members, takes a prominent part. With this portion of the inquiry the committee is at present occupied—hence those extraordinary narratives which have found their way into the newspapers.

The committee has likewise thought it expedient to divide itself into sub-committees, consisting of about six or seven members, who are conducting experimental investigations independently, and the results of which will be brought up in the form of reports to the general committee. At some of these sub-committees, we understand, very curious phenomena have been witnessed, but how they are produced remains to be discovered.

There has also been a special sub-committee appointed to investigate the phenomena which are stated to have occurred in connection with Mr Home, who has consented to meet the four gentlemen forming this sub-committee, and to afford them every opportunity of carrying on the investigation, so far as he is concerned, with the utmost possible severity.

In addition to these proceedings of the sub-committees, opportunities will be given for the production of the alleged phenomena in the presence of the whole general committee.

The whole question of Spiritualism will now, therefore, be fairly and strictly examined; and the public will look forward with some curiosity to the appearance of the report, which, whether favourable to the spiritualists or not, will be published at the conclusion of the investiga-

tion, and will contain the evidence collected, together with a detailed account of the experiments.

It may be stated that if any persons have any suggestions to offer, or any evidence they would like to tender (subject to the conditions above-mentioned), the committee will be glad to receive communications, addressed to the Secretary, 32A George Street, Hanover Square. —*Eastern Post.*

[The writer of the above article must be a very sanguine individual, but perhaps he does not take into account the capabilities and conditions required to enable persons "fairly and strictly" to examine Spiritualism. As far as we have heard of the process which the Dialectical committee uses, it has all the appearance of an inquisitorial pantomime or semi-solemn farce. About two dozen gentlemen are seated round a large table—Dr Edmunds in the chair. In an outer circle about three dozen prominent spiritualists are seated, five or six of whom are called upon to give their evidence each evening the committee sits. The consequence is that the Dialectical Committee has had laid before it the cream of the spiritualistic gossip that has been bandied about amongst the families of spiritualists for the last ten years or longer. One of these narratives is being pitched at the hard heads of the committee. The members look with stolid incredulity at the narrator, and their facial expression almost audibly mutters—"Well, 'pon my conscience, what next?" Gentlemen look at each other with gestures and expressions of astonishment. The chairman's ample stock of scientific gravity and professional smiles will enable him to hold out no longer; he hangs his head, and laughs heartily into the front of his waistcoat. By this time the ejaculations of the committee have developed into a hum of conversation. The chairman's hammer is heard, attention is restored, the witness is questioned. If he is a poor fellow and a *parvenu* in polite society, he is considerably hustled and cross-questioned; his statements are "misunderstood" in the most grotesque manner, and sapient querists betray their fitness for entering upon a "fair and strict examination of Spiritualism." Of course the straws on the tide of examination indicate that the spiritualist, true and proper, is a very questionable sort of a creature, and must not only be dealt with sharply, but, if necessary, be brow-beaten, and have his evidence shaped, if possible, to suit the mental circumbendibus of the committee. But there are ameliorating influences even in this dread tribunal. Sometimes the witness is wealthy, or has not allowed his devotion to Spiritualism to eclipse his conventional respectability. Then there is a decided mitigation of the intellectual poignancy of the examiners, and the right honourable witness is referred to on knotty points, with a slight smack of mealy-mouthedness. Let us add, the ladies are treated with considerable gallantry. The examination goes on, the questioners do not even understand the terminology of the subject, and the witness is admonished to tell his story in their way. This he may, perhaps, try to do, but fails. The committee has concluded that certain phases of the phenomena constitute "Spiritualism," and it won't hear anything else. The examiners insist upon facts, and facts alone. Then they suddenly expand into the wide field of theory, and up into the airy *cumulus* of

opinion. A stage further the examination proceeds. Question after question emanates from the chair, and from all round the table. The witness insists upon giving his facts as they are known to himself. He succeeds, and the committee has to swallow the story just as it is, without power to decide on its truthfulness or other merits in any respect whatever. In this way a considerable amount of "stuff" has been raked together. Excellent stuff it is, too. But we ask in all seriousness, what better is it for having been exhibited before the committee of the Dialectical Society? They have no means of authenticating its truth or exposing its falsehood. The effect has been in another direction entirely. The notions of the committee on matters spiritual have been considerably expanded. When the examination commenced, the terms "medium," "manifestation," "phenomena," "spirit," &c., were regarded as vague terms, indicating groundless notions in the dreamy brains of spiritualists. But now the tables have indeed "turned." The committee has unanimously declared that it has no doubts respecting the reality of the phenomena. Here, then, is a result, a useful result. Thank God, and the spiritualists for it, the Dialectical Committee knows more than it did before the examination commenced, and more good is yet to follow. It is proposed to digest all these remarkable stories, and publish the gist of them in a book. If the editors do their work faithfully, and allow these witnesses to tell their tale in their own words and according to their personal experiences, then thousands may fare as the Dialectical Committee has fared, and have some important fragments added to their stock of knowledge of natural, *alias* spiritual, phenomena. But the committee must not "doctor" the evidence too much. Even after years of inquiry they will not be able to criticise and amend to good purpose the experiences of some of the parties they have examined. The results have likewise been fruitful in other respects. Mr Atkinson's sub-committee has really had the satisfaction of seeing tables dance to singing, suspend themselves in the air, and otherwise behave in a very unphilosophical manner. In fact the committee are incipient spiritualists. Like a committee of unlettered rustics, who would essay to examine and define the aims and errors of scientific men—say chemists—they have blundered, and questioned, and misunderstood and befogged themselves into a glimmering of some of the facts and truths of that department of inquiry of which they were formerly ignorant. We most heartily wish them "God-speed," but can't help thinking they have taken a very pedantic, expensive, cumbrous and roundabout way of attaining to the vestibule of spiritual knowledge.]

CAN THE SOUL LEAVE THE BODY?

(*To the Editor.*)

In the struggle in which the infant Spiritualism is now engaged with the giant Science, it appears necessary to clear up, as far as possible, apparent contradictions, which are so many swords in the hands of its adversaries. With this object in view, I would direct attention to a discrepancy between the principle of actual spirit presence as laid down

by A. J. Davis, the clairvoyant philosopher, and the testimony of Mrs Cora L. V. Daniels, as recorded in the *Banner of Light*, No. 24. She gives an instance within her own personal experience of a spirit appearing a thousand miles away from the material body *which was then living*.

On the other hand, Mr Davis, in his recent work, "A Stellar Key," at page 171, says—"No man's soul ever goes out of his body but once; then it never returns, for from that moment the body is dead." "A multitude of spiritualists and mediums are now recovering from the effects of such mischievous superstitions."

Perhaps Mr Davis might be willing to speak further on this point through your columns. I am sure your readers would be much gratified if he would do so. I confess to being much puzzled, although convinced that there must be an explanation which would reconcile the two statements.

April, 1869. A. B. TIETKINS.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

SPIRITUALISM IN ITALY.

To the Editor.

I TOLD you in my last that Spiritualism was here at zero. I must now correct myself, for I have since ferretted out a goodly lot of mediums, amongst whom are two Catholic priests, also a group of votaries belonging to the thinking part of the community; and I have assisted at many most interesting seances. One of these mediums has most remarkable powers, as through him we obtain communications in Latin, French, English, and German, he not being acquainted with any of these languages. Through him we have also had a poem of 200 lines, in the Sicilian dialect—a most remarkable and smart composition. But, alas! the grand philosophy is here studied *sub noctem*, and its votaries hide themselves like robbers, so great is the fear of the censure of an unenlightened and bigotted age. I have spoken to them of the grand mission which has been entrusted to them; I have tried to make them perceive that to every privilege there is attached a duty, and that theirs is to spread the new truth. I hope I have made them a little ashamed of themselves.

I fully intended to go to Scordia and see the interesting mediums there, but the means of travelling are here so inconvenient, the roads so unsafe, and the inns so unspeakably atrocious, that in my present delicate state of health I cannot undertake the journey, and must forego the pleasure.

I think you will be interested in the fact that since the appearance of my challenge in *Human Nature*, I have received numerous letters with kind offers of assistance, in case the great champions of negation come forward. One of these offers I received last month, but I replied to them all that unfortunately their services would never be wanted, as the biggest giants often think discretion the best part of valour.

G. L. DAMIANI.

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

FEW of our readers, we think, will accuse us of playing the sycophant to titles. Perhaps we have too little reverence for "authorities." But experience plainly teaches, that in the reforms which it is our object to advance, little encouragement comes from those in high places. However, when occasion offers, we have no hesitation in speaking a word in praise of men of position who honestly give witness for highly unpopular truths. Of course, they are merely doing their duty in acting so; but the mass of people have little idea how difficult it often is for public teachers to act up to their private convictions.

In the course of a clinical lecture in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, a few weeks ago, Professor Macleod, surgeon to that institution, said he regretted very much they had not a Turkish Bath connected with such a large hospital; he felt confident that many of the surgical cases would be greatly benefitted by it. But the "red tape" and old-fashioned routine of public hospitals made it somewhat improbable that he would see such improvements; but he had no doubt they would come some day. This same surgeon, who has charge of three large wards in the infirmary, uses simple water-dressing in the vast majority of his cases, and with the best results. If a patient comes in with a badly bruised hand, which is a daily occurrence, instead of rolling it up out of sight with oiled bandages, plaster, &c., as formerly, he simply cleans it well, places a piece waterproof on the side of the bed, and causes a continual drip of water to fall on the hand, from a skein of worsted and a basin at the bedside. By this simple means, he believes he has saved many useful limbs, which, under the ordinary plan, would almost certainly have been amputated.

Professor Gairdner, physician to the same instituti on, warmly recommends the Turkish Bath to the students. He has been trying it in some of the infirmary cases with great success, and regrets exceedingly the expense and trouble involved in sending patients to hydropathic establishments outside to get the baths. He also uses the wet sheet packing in his wards.

Dr J. G. Swayne, lecturer on obstetric medicine at the Bristol Medical School, in a recent work on midwifery, says—"The author is in the habit of using the Turkish Bath after he has been exposed to infection of any kind, and he can confidently recommend it as the best means of cleansing the skin and eliminating animal poisons from the system."

Dr Macleod, above-mentioned, in drawing the attention of the students to a young Roman Catholic girl in his ward, who was dying from exhaustion after an amputation, and who had been ineffectually drugged with opiates, remarked, jokingly, that the best hypnotic would be some "crossings" from a priest. They might laugh, he said, at the idea, but he knew a gentleman in town whose life had been saved by the passes of a mesmerist. The gentleman had tried all the usual opiates to procure sleep, but they all failed, and he was dying of sheer exhaustion, when he was recommended to send to England for a mesmerist, who came, and succeeded at the first operation in putting him

asleep. It cost him £100, he said, but he had no doubt it saved his life.

Professor Rainy, of Glasgow University, recently related to his class the case of a gentleman whom he knew who had been cured of paraplegia, or paralysis of the lower extremities, by a mesmerist procured from England. He enabled him at the first sitting to move across the room. (Surely the Glasgow mesmerists are hiding their light under a bushel; it looks like sending "coals to Newcastle" to import mesmerists to Glasgow.)

Professor Simpson, of Glasgow, in lecturing the other day on death by starvation, classed mesmerism among the agents by which life might be prolonged to an unusual extent without food. He made no special remark about it, treating it as if it were a recognised drug of the pharmacopœia.

Rev. P. Hately Waddell, LL.D., one of the most popular preachers in Glasgow, publicly avows his belief that Christ wrought his "miracles" of healing by what we know as mesmerism. He speaks unhesitatingly of the phrenological development Christ must have had to enable him to act as he did. Clairvoyance and lucidity in its various forms he uses frequently as means of illustrating the Bible.

Enough for the present. These are small affairs, but they show that the tide is turning. "Canny" Scotland seems to be making progress in a way that is very encouraging. Let us not despair in our work, but disseminate the truths we possess as widely as possible; never doubting that the books, magazines, and tracts we scatter about, though often apparently wasted, may prove the coal formations of some future day.

CASTING LOTS.

(*To the Editor.*)

Sir,—It appears to have been an ancient custom with religious men when desiring to know what it would be right to do, to cast lots. Lately acting upon the idea, when at a loss for right direction in a matter of importance, I took two slips of paper, and wrote on one—the thing, and on the other—not the thing. I then placed them, folded up, into a deep cap, and well shook them, at the same time offering up a prayer for direction, whether I should proceed in what I was about, and with the divine blessing, or whether I should not. I then drew out the paper having written upon it the thing; and this was repeated with like result. Requesting a friend to do the like, who was also interested in the matter, it was done, and the same paper drawn. Then another friend was requested to, who did so twice with the same result; and another did it once, and also drew out of the cap the paper with the writing—the thing. Thus, seven times in succession was this done, ending in the same, intimating I may proceed. Did all this occur in accordance with the doctrine of chances, or was there a hidden and controlling reality?

Others may be enabled to solve this for themselves by proper trial under similar circumstances, and perhaps may be reasonably recommended to.—I remain, yours respectfully, B. T.

May 13, 1869.

MRS HARDINGE AT ROTHERHITHE.

(*To the Editor.*)

SIR,—I write to record the great success attending a lecture on "Modern Spiritualism" by our kind friend, Mrs Hardinge, whose disinterested zeal for the promulgation of Spiritualism has rendered her so justly popular. The lecture, which lasted for one hour and a half, was a grand display of noble oratory and convincing argument. It was remarkable to notice that those who were the most bigotted previous to the commencement of the lecture, were the most enthusiastic in applause at its close; and the rush for the spiritualistic pamphlets (which were distributed gratuitously by the committee) was characteristic of the great impression that had been made on them by the discourse. Questions were put by several influential gentlemen, and were answered readily and conclusively, to the thorough satisfaction of the audience. We hope soon to establish an association for the spreading of this elevating subject, so that the inhabitants of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe may have the opportunity of fairly investigating it.

JOHN CHAMBERS.

88 Union Road, Rotherhithe, S.E.

VACCINATION.

THE *Lancet* informs its readers that experimenters abroad are now introducing the cow-pox to the human subject direct from the heifer. Dry lymph answered the purposes of fashionable quackery a few years ago. Now it is the purulent discharge from pustulous heifers that is to purify the blood of misdirected humanity. We would recommend, in view of the teachings of that well-established science, comparative physiology, that the promoters of this new mode, before advocating its claims, moisten their tongues with the bland secretion so abundantly produced by the parotid glands of calves!

A public meeting was held in the St. Pancras Vestry Hall, on the evening of May 13, addressed by Drs Pearce and Reid, Messrs R. D. Gibbs, J. Burns, and other gentlemen. A resolution to petition both Houses of Parliament for an inquiry into the subject of vaccination was unanimously adopted.

It will be observed from our advertising pages that Dr Collins' admirable essay on vaccination is about to be republished in a cheap form. We would urge our readers to club together in their respective districts, and have 100 copies for circulation.

SPIRIT WRITING.

(*To the Editor.*)

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers explain to me how it is that a lady and gentleman of my acquaintance, who both developed the faculty of spirit-writing some months ago, can get no communication beyond the two words "Kelle" and "Kren," or "Kreen," repeated over and over again? Is there any meaning attached to these words? and if not, how is an intelligent communication to be obtained?

Cheshire. S. W.

REVIEWS.

MUSICAL GYMNASTICS FOR MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN. By Dr LEWIS, Boston. Illustrated, boards 1s. London: J. Burns.

HEALTH is harmony of function. Our daily duties are continually causing us to overwork one part of our system and neglect others. Hence debility, failure, ill health, disease, and untimely death. The supreme remedy for organic inharmony is physical exercise. It is of great importance to the young in the formation of their bodies, taking a relative position to education with respect to the mind. But physical culture should be continued through life. All the muscles of the body should be normally exercised as nearly as possible equally in succession. This would give balance and strength to the whole system, and ward off disease. Many would be glad to know how to effect this, but their unacquaintance with the subject is an impediment to their taking intelligent action. Gymnasias are expensive and inconveniently situated; walking is not capable of doing all that is required; the velocipede is not suited to the tastes and prowess of all those who require physical recreation; and thus those who are most in want of muscular development have to dwindle down into hopeless atrophy. At such a juncture, Dr Lewis, with his parlour gymnastics in tune to music, is a friend not to be disregarded. His cheap hand-book, with hundreds of exercises which may be performed anywhere, is illustrated with 125 engravings of the positions and movements, so that a teacher is not necessary. Clubs or societies should be formed for the purpose of practising these beautiful and appropriate exercises, the apparatus for which costs something less than a crown.

We consider the subject so important that for a trifle we present Dr Lewis's hand-book to the purchasers of this number of *Human Nature*.

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS; OR, UNION WITH GOD. By HORACE FIELD, B.A. London: Longman & Co. Pp. 444.

A PHILANTHROPIST who procures this book expecting, from the title, to find in it practical suggestions for founding orphan asylums, or dwellings for the houseless poor, will be at first almost as disappointed as the farmer who purchased Mr Ruskin's essay on "The Construction of Sheep-folds," and threw the book down in disgust on finding that it treated solely of ecclesiastical architecture. But as every true philanthropist must, from the very nature of his mission, be more or less a man of spiritual apprehension, a careful perusal of the book before us will convince him that the author has, in directing the homeless soul to its true home in the house of the All-Father, taken the surest means of awakening a practical interest in the material welfare of the human family. Has there ever been known a true philanthropist who did not recognise in human nature a threefold constitution of body, soul, and spirit? Nay, have not those, such as Howard, Mrs Fry, and Müller, who seemed to others over-solicitous about the habitation and welfare

of the spirit of man, taken a more than usual interest in providing for his bodily well-being? It must be confessed that in most cases hitherto man's spiritual home has been represented as so narrow as to admit of but a select few, while the great majority of homeless souls were left without hope to the miseries and horrors of an outer darkness. Happily Spiritualism, among other good deeds for which it fails as yet to get true credit, has been gradually preparing the minds of men to reject with abhorrence such restricted ideas of the love and power of the great Architect. To those who have read a previous work, "Heroism," by the same author, and who have been, as we were, somewhat repelled by the apparent harshness of its leading theory, that book appears to us now as sour grapes which have ripened in this to a fruit sweet and pleasant to the taste, and full of most refreshing juices, making a wine cheering to the heart of God and man, for it brings both into sensible union and communion. We can confidently promise all who read it carefully and intelligently, even should they differ from much of its reasoning, that its suggestive thought will awaken and strengthen many ideas that have lain dormant in the intellect. Regarding Mr Field's book with a critical eye, we feel disposed to question the relevancy of much of the poetical colloquy appended to each of its seven parts; but as we were not the medium through whom the work was given to the world, we consider the author as the best judge of the question submitted to his readers respecting those verses:—"Do they add to the wholeness and roundness of the book? Does the book convey the HUMANITY I wish it to express more fully with or without them?" J.

SOME TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

THE field of progressive literature has been remarkably fertile of late. It is not long since the first of a series of three volumes by Andrew Jackson Davis saw the light, viz., "Arabula, or the Divine Guest," "A Stellar Key to the Summer Land," and later, "Memoranda of Persons, Places, and Events, embracing authentic Facts, Impressions, and Discoveries in Magnetism, Clairvoyance, Spiritualism," &c., &c., (all three published in Boston by White, & Co., the first at 7s 6d, the second at 5s, and the third at 7s 6d).

The last post has brought us from New York another volume by the same author, entitled the "Tale of a Physician" (Boston: White & Co., 5s). Who would have thought that this philosophic, staid writer would have produced a novel, a high coloured romance, with plot, incident, and treatment of the most exciting description? Yet he assures us in the preface that every statement in it is founded on fact, with only a thin gauze of fiction to hide the real personages from the public gaze. His experiences as a clairvoyant must have furnished him with the materials for this volume, which it would have been exceedingly difficult for him to have gathered by any other means. It will probably astonish all who read it, and prove one of the most interesting of the many volumes that have issued from this pen. The revelations of crime which it shadows forth will fill with wholesome horror every well-regulated mind,

whilst its well-directed home-thrusts may inspire those who love "the ways of the transgressor" with denunciations of the author and his book. It unmistakably points out the causes of crime, the conditions which lead to criminality, and thus the remedy is indicated.

Dr Edwin Lee sends us his work on "Animal Magnetism and Lucid Somnambulism, with Observations and Illustrative Instances of analogous Phenomena occurring spontaneously" (London: Longmans & Co., 7s 6d). The author is a voluminous writer of considerable reputation, and his work is a valuable handbook of the subject; but to bring it within the reach of the great body of students and experimenters, he must issue a cheaper edition.

The same field is occupied by Dr Underhill on "Mesmerism, with Criticisms on its Opposers, and a Review of Humbugs and Humbuggers, with practical Instructions for Experiments in the Science, full directions for using it as a remedy in disease, and the Philosophy of its curative powers; how to develope a good Clairvoyant; the Philosophy of seeing without eyes; the proofs of immortality derived from the unfoldings of Mesmerism; evidence of Mental Communion without sight or sound between bodies far apart in the flesh; Communion of Saints or the Departed," (Chicago, 5s). The author is a Doctor of Medicine, late Professor of Chemistry, &c., &c. He seems to be a practical man on the subject of which he treats, and his work has obtained considerable popularity in America. It is given in the form of lectures.

"Seers of the Ages" (Boston: White & Co., 8s), is a goodly volume by Mr J. M. Peebles, lecturer on Spiritualism and Western Editor of the *Banner of Light*, in which the doctrines of Spiritualism are stated and its moral tendencies defined. The manifestations of Spiritualism in all ages are carefully traced through the Hindoo, Egyptian, Chinese, Hebraic, Grecian, Roman, and other nationalities. The work is largely composed of choice extracts from ancient authors, and the experiences and testimony of eminent men in all ages. The subject is then carried through the apostolic, mediæval, and modern times, when the whole question of Spiritualism is fully stated. A well-classified index and list of authors add much to the value of the work. The style in which it it is produced reflects great credit upon the firm of William White & Co., Boston, whose imprint it bears. The same publishers have lately issued a work by J. S. Silver, entitled "The Gospel of Good and Evil" (Boston: White & Co., 7s 6d), consisting of a hundred and thirty short essays, designed to illustrate the nature and uses of the various evils, each treated separately. Amongst much that is good and sound in this book, there seems to be a large admixture of prosy sermonising and wearisome nonsense. The subject is an extensive and important one, and the author's treatment of it is very much to be preferred to the flinty denunciations which have been too plentifully showered upon erring humans.

A genial tractate is "What is Right?" (6d), by William Denton. It forms an admirable companion to his previous discourses, "Be Thyself," and the "Rule of Right" (6d each). "The Crumb Basket" (Boston, 2s 6d), by the same author, is declared to be one of the best books for children.

"Better Ways of Living" (Boston, 5s), by Dr A. B. Child, is a characteristic volume, and harmonises with the views laid down in his other works, "Whatever is is Right," and "Christ and the People" (Boston, 6s and 5s respectively). Thoughtful readers will find much to appreciate in this author's productions.

The most notorious incident connected with Spiritualism of late has been the appearance of a book by the celebrated literateur, Epes Sargent, entitled "Planchette, or the Despair of Science" (Boston, paper 4s 6d, cloth 6s). It is a very full and reliable statement of Spiritualism as to its history, facts, and philosophy. It draws largely from European sources. The views of Mr J. W. Jackson, Mr Leighton of Liverpool, Mr Atkinson, "Honestas," and others are largely derived from *Human Nature*. Several editions have been exhausted in a few weeks, and it is expected to have a brilliant career before it.

Coming down to the realm of the practical, we have much pleasure in noticing an essay read at the Manchester Statistical Society by Mrs Baines on the "Prevention of Excessive Infant Mortality. We would earnestly recommend those who investigate this subject to read Mr Davis's "Tale of a Physician." There is much practical matter embodied in a little work with a long title, by Martin J. Boon, on "Home Colonisation, including a plan showing how all the unemployed may have profitable work, and thus prevent Pauperism and Crime" (London: Farrah, 4d). Here is a subject worthy of the attention of the philanthropist, politician, and, let us add, the ratepayer. If our author could tell us how to get rid of the political and administrative nightmare that treads society beneath the pale of adopting any important reform, then his present work would find a sphere of wider use than merely gratifying the private views of the speculative social reformer.

All the above works may be obtained at the Progressive Library, either to read or to purchase.

MISCELLANEA.

Castelar, in the Spanish Cortes, speaking of freedom of conscience said—"Religion cannot work on our will, if it does not first work on our understanding."

The Glasgow Psychological Society has had a lecture on the "Psychology of Macbeth" from Dr Sexton. The lecturer said, that "witches" ought to be read fairies, which was the original meaning of Shakespeare.

The friends of Human Nature in Birmingham have formed a mesmeric institution for the cure of disease. A correspondent desires to know how to fall about a similar work in Sheffield. He has effected several cures himself.

Testimonial to Mr J. W. Jackson.—We again solicit the attention of the Friends of Progress to the appeal in connection with this object, which appears on the wrapper of our present number. Let us all do what we can to make this a successful effort.

Mr and Mrs Everitt's Circle.—Since our last issue, we have had the pleasure of again visiting this interesting family, and witnessing the very unusual phenomena which take place at their circle. We there met eminent and experienced spiritualists, who occupy important positions both in this country and in America, and the evening thus presented a variety of attractions. We regret to have to report that Mrs Everitt is at present suffering from delicate health, induced, in most part, from the many personal sacrifices she has made for the cause of Spiritualism.

A Simple Cure.—In his early manhood he was terribly afflicted with hypochondria: was frightened at a mouse, fancied himself a tea-pot, and was a prey to other phantasies. Physicians ordered him to eat meat and drink wine freely, which he did. For twenty years, from twenty-four to forty-four, he continued, in this wretched condition, when, at the suggestion of a friend in Hampshire, he gave up both meat and wine, and for the remainder of his life was teetotaller and vegetarian. His hypochondria, and bilious, rheumatic, and gouty ailments wholly disappeared; and in his eightieth year he described himself as a stronger man in every respect than at thirty.—(Thomas Shillitoe, Quaker Preacher, in the *North Londoner*.)

The Association for Preventing Pauperism, Mendicity, and Crime (Offices, 15 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.), are very practical in their operation. We recommend our readers to send for a prospectus. The plan suggested is thus described by W. M. Wilkinson, Esq., in the *London Mirror*:—An admirable and simple system is in operation at Blackheath, of distributing to each house perforated sheets of tickets, resembling postage stamps, to be given to mendicants, by whom they are to be taken to the Society's charity office. There the case is examined by the charity officer, who is in communication with the relieving officers, the police, the clergy, and the district visitors, who readily test its merits, and refer the applicant to the proper quarter. Indiscriminate charity is thus entirely prevented. If a case appears where a loan will save the applicant from becoming a pauper, money is lent. This plan, if applied to the whole metropolis, would probably of itself furnish a sufficient machinery to effect the great object of emancipating the charities from supplementing the poor-law, and kind, wise, and good people would not give less, but more, when they found that their money was expended with sense and discretion, amongst those only with whom private charity ought properly to deal. It is stated that this simple system had the wholesome effect of driving all the vagrants and professional beggars from the district in which it was adopted.

The Case of the Princess Isabean de Beauvan Cradu has been finally brought before the Civil Tribune of the Seine, by a petition on the part of her mother to declare her *non compos mentis*, because of her connection with Spiritualism. The princess had been subjected to family persecution and a long course of litigation, the successive stages of which she defended by letter and by counsel. At the last hearing she appeared in court and defended herself in person, replying to a

crushing speech of her mother's counsel. Her ladylike appearance, perfect composure, and self-possession produced a great impression, and her speech was a very good one. She admitted she had run away, but simply because she knew that her family would have her locked up as insane had she not done so. She then went on to argue very temperately that if a taste for supernatural sciences were a proof of insanity, then some of the highest in the land were insane. She set forth that the ground of the misunderstanding between her mother and herself was exclusively pecuniary, and related to the inheritance left by her father; and wound up her speech by asking the court, now that they had heard and seen her, whether they believed this trumped-up charge of insanity. The crown-advocate took up a whole day to state his opinion on the case. He held that the defendant was of sound mind, and urged that the petition be dismissed. The court, however, took a middle course. It rejected the petition, holding that the state of mind of the defendant was not such as to justify interdiction; but, considering that the princess had a tendency to be extravagant in money matters, appointed a curator, and adjudged her mother to pay her alimony at the rate of 2000 francs a-month.

Hirwain—Professor Burns.—This earnest social reformer lectured here three nights last week. Mr D. E. Williams, J.P., Mr W. Williams, and Mr S. Picton, took the chair on each night respectively, and the meetings were respectably attended. On the first evening, Mr Burns, in his plain, graphic, and masterly style, treated on the necessities of society in relation to health, medicine, diet, etc. He showed with force that beauty, strength, happiness, morality, and even religion depended to a great extent on the observance of natural laws, and the fulfilment of the natural callings of our constitution. Not the least interesting part of this lecture was that on exercise, with practical illustrations done to music, with dumb-bells, rings, and wands. On Tuesday we had the impediments people put in the way of their getting on in the world. This lecture had relation chiefly to alcoholic drinks and bad food, with their blighting effects on energy and clearness of brain—temperance vindicated on physiological grounds. The working classes, and indeed all classes, could not but profit by the hearing of so capital a disquisition on health, wealth, and happiness. On Wednesday, Mr Burns spoke for two hours to an increased and most attentive audience, on love, courtship, and marriage, a most interesting subject, and one we have heard abused ere now by lecturers not alive to its importance. This lecture was exalted, solemn, convincing, and amusing, without the usual extravagance of laughter and levity that the subject might open the way to. Mr Burns has the courage and also the skill to treat the subject from a point of view that a less able man might shrink from. We heard things, new to most people, put with great clearness, power, and effect. We cannot praise these lectures too highly, and if a few gentlemen who love their neighbours are wishful to better them, they cannot do better than join together, stir up the place, and invite Mr Burns to come and deliver a series of his useful lectures.—*The Cambria Daily Leader, Monday, May* 17, 1869.

SPIRITUALISM DEFENDED.—The *Glasgow Herald* of May 18, in a leading article on the Spirit Photograph Case, denounced Spiritualism and its friends in a vulgar strain of bitterness and wrath. On the following day, Mr James Brown, in a bold and manly letter takes the Editor to task, concluding as follows:—"I may observe that this very paltry and childish reasoning [the production of imitations] was the very and only one that has ever been urged to prove the phenomena of the Davenport Brothers to be wicked impositions. For a while they stood masters of the field; the conjurors were out-conjured. Suddenly a desire for imitation seized the tribe, and imitations we had in numbers infinite. But where, I would ask, and when was the Brothers' imposition and jugglery discovered? While their poor imitators are still hawking about their wares in nameless obscurity, the Brothers Davenport are at the present moment the centre of attraction and interest in some of the chief cities of the Western Republic. . . . . In defence also of the position of Spiritualism at the present time in this country, allow me to say that it is very far distant from the truth to assert that Spiritualism only 'maintains a skulking existence,' and that 'there are signs that the game is nearly played out.' In Glasgow, and more especially in London, has it been at no previous time about as popular—the best evidence of that being that a greater indifference is shown now than formerly by many eminent men to the obloquy and persecution which are the attendants always of an honest profession of faith in this beautiful truth. Witness also the scientific investigation which is being prosecuted at the present time by the Dialectical Society of London."

DEATH OF ROBERT LEIGHTON, THE POET.—The newspapers have very generally noticed the departure of Robert Leighton, whose brother Mr Andrew Leighton, of Liverpool, is well known to many of our readers. We take the following extracts from a communication by Mr James Nicholson in the *Glasgow Daily Mail*:—"Robert Leighton possessed to the full all the endearing qualities of the poet, without those humiliating weaknesses which so often render the man of genius an object of compassion to his fellow-men. On this account he was beloved by all who knew him, while his poetical productions are no less the delight of thousands who never came under the spell of his presence, but who have the soul to appreciate him through his writings. His Scottish pieces, by which he is best known on this side the Tweed, are, we believe, familiar to thousands who never heard his name, chiefly from the fact that they were at first published anonymously. But in the more stately English his genius found no less golden utterance, as all may see from the beautiful editions of his poems which have been recently published by Routledge. Robert Leighton, though for years a resident in Liverpool, was born in Dundee, and was by nature no less than by birth a thorough Scotchman. The illness which terminated in his decease on the 10th of the present month, originated in an injury done to the kidneys, caused, it is supposed, by the unmitigated jolting of an Irish jaunting car over bad roads while on a business tour in Ireland, about two years ago. He endeavoured to shake off his growing indisposition by the aid of medical skill, but without success; thinking

that a change of air might have the desired effect, he came down to Glasgow last summer, and took up his abode in the beautiful seaside village of Ascog in Bute. It was at this time I had the pleasure of a call from him, and I must say that I have never seen the man—not to say poet—whom I was so much disposed to love at first sight as Robert Leighton. His intelligence, his pawky humour, the complete absence of everything like conceit or the assumption of superiority, and above all his growing sympathy and enthusiasm, rendered his company on that occasion a treat which I shall not soon forget, the more so that it was destined to be the last. . . . In a letter to me from his bereaved partner intimating the sad event, she informs me that his love of flowers was during his long illness quite a passion. On receiving a sprig of the golden-blossomed whin from his sister in Glasgow, he exclaimed, 'Oh, grand! Oh, glorious! Oh, good heavens, the whin! Now I might die happy.' As he lived, so he died, a pure-minded child of Nature, familiar with her every aspect, and seeing in her the expression of that love which is infinite as it is divine. And now it is no small consolation to those who mourn his loss that his liberated spirit is now realising in full that glorious ideal of which it was his greatest happiness to dream in the intervals of a life of toil and subsequent suffering."

Another Singular Case of Trance.—Another interesting case of trance, in which a girl has lived for six months, and is still living, without food (and which is somewhat analogous to the case reported from Wales), has occurred at Ulverston. It is now occupying the attention of the medical men in the district. A girl, named Addison, eleven years of age, was in October last removed to the Old Hall farm, the property of Mr A. Brogden, M.P., for change of air, and almost immediately she lapsed into a state of lethargy, being totally unconscious of everything passing around her. In this condition she remained until January, her parents occasionally moistening her lips with a little tea, or wine and water. She then regained consciousness for a few days, and was able to converse. She spoke of the happiness she had lately experienced, and of interviews she had had with friends in heaven. Upon relapsing into the unconscious state in which she now lies, her features assumed an ecstatic expression; and, strange as it may appear, that portion of the head which Dr Gall assigns as the organ of veneration has retained a perceptible degree of warmth, whilst the rest of the head, as well as the body, has been perfectly cold. The features are immobile, the eyelids alone showing a reflex action when touched. All the limbs are rigid, and the only sign of life exhibited for the long period of six months has been the continual gentle heaving of the chest; and for the past three months not a particle of food, solid or liquid, has passed the child's lips. The medical men who have visited the case consider it more interesting than any of the numerous similar ones related in Dr Forbes Winslow's similar work on "The Obscure Diseases of the Mind and Brain." Dr Barber, who is contributing a paper on the case to the Cumberland branch of the British Medical Association, holds the theory that the lethargic condition of the child is due to the non-elimination of the urea. She is gradually becoming more and more emaciated, and appears to be rapidly approaching dissolution.—*North British Daily Mail.*

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

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ON PERCEPTION, AS MODIFIED BY THE PLANE OF THE PERCIPIENT.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.

IT would seem that by a law of our nature we are compelled to instinctively regard our perceptions as veracious. The child, the savage, and the peasant never for a moment doubt that the world is other than they see it. That all they can ever know, is their own ideas, has never struck them, and even should it do so, they would still never doubt but that their ideas were accurate transcripts of reality. Our metaphysical refinements about a modifying subjectivity, have happily never entered their unperverted imagination. They see, hear, smell, taste, and touch, and healthily believe in the entire accuracy of the reports so obtained. Slowly but surely, however, this childlike simplicity of thought and feeling becomes undermined by the doubts which accompany profounder knowledge. The evanescent splendours of evening sunset, and the prismatic hues of the waning rainbow, now so vivid, and anon so faint, suggest reflections as to the nature of colour and its relationship to light. This thing is not as it seems, and we begin to suspect that the remainder of the world may, in like manner, prove but a series of dissolving views. So again we begin by firmly believing that the sun really rises over the eastern hills and climbs zenithwards with the approach of noon, till astronomy teaches us that it is all an appearance—like the flying of hedges and trees, which is the child's first interpretation of the motion of a carriage in which it is seated and where everything seems stationary. And so we proceed, gradually discovering the cheats of the senses and the mockery of appearance, till at length, leaping from the physical to the metaphysical, we grasp the grand distinction between ideas and things, the subjective sphere that we know, and the objective sphere in which we only believe. But this process of liberation from the thraldom of the senses is slow. Speaking collectively,

it has taken philosophy thousands of years to attain to a clear mastery of the principles of idealism, and after all, it is only a few exceptional minds that are found to be at all capable of rising superior to the tyranny of instinct and habit. And yet it is not until they have attained to this stage of intellectual liberty, that men are at all qualified for a solution of the profounder problems of existence.

The average man is apparently quite incapable of rising above the material plane. He always remains, even in thought, at the childish stage. He cannot help believing that things are as they appear. He is the victim of instinct, the slave of sensation. He cannot reason on his perceptions. They dominate all opposing forces, and compel the acceptance of their testimony as the only reliable truth. It never occurs to him that there must be a vast difference between things as they *are* and as they *appear*, in other words, as apprehended by a being absolutely unconditioned, that is infinite and universal, and by man, the stringently conditioned, because finite, and so limited in the manner of his existence and the modes of his perception. He has never, indeed, thoroughly realised that there are different planes of being, which translated into other language, means, intelligences diversely conditioned. He knows his own plane, he has had experience of his own condition, and by this, without farther inquiry, he proceeds to admeasure the opportunities and possibilities of every other plane of being, or rather, he assumes every plane to be essentially identical with his own. Now as a preliminary to even approximately conceiving of the universe as it *is*, or shall we say of God and creation as they *are*, let us endeavour to obtain some idea of the various planes of being, and the manner of perception appropriate to each.

At the very threshold of such an inquiry, or rather speculation, we are at once made painfully aware of the limitation of our powers. We talk of the planes of being, and we must begin by admitting that we know nothing of their number. We know by experience of our own, that is the material plane, stringently conditioned by time and space, and where we find ourselves in accurate correspondence, as strictly limited by a corporeal structure and sensuous modes of perception. This is the merely phenomenal sphere of relativity, where, as the Hindoos say, all is maya or divine delusion. And we equally know by reflection, that there *must* be another, constituting the opposite pole of being, that is the plane of the unconditioned, where the infinite and eternal ONE, absolved from relativity, cognises absolute truth. Perhaps the bipolar relationship of these two opposite, yet complementary, spheres, may be yet further illustrated by saying that the latter is central and the

former peripheral; that the one is noumenal and the other phenomenal in essential character, the causal potency of the eternal ultimating itself in the, to us, visible and tangible effects of the temporal. But between these two, which we may perhaps term the divine and the human, who shall say what may be the number of intermediate planes, each distinctly characterised by its own specialities of existence, whereby, though doubtless related to, it is nevertheless contradistinguished from, every other? Perhaps then we cannot do better than sum up these intermediate stages, by terming them, generically, spiritual, meaning thereby all that is superhuman, yet not absolutely divine. With these preliminary remarks, intended to show how insufficient are our powers for an effective solution of the problem in hand, let us proceed to make some remarks on these three great planes of being.

Any plane of being may be co-extensive with the area of creation, and you may be placed anywhere upon it, or you may traverse it in every direction, and yet not alter your mode of perception in any appreciable measure. Thus, for example, if an incarnate intelligence on the merely material plane, that is, if circumstanced as man is at present, it does not matter whether you be in the torrid or the frigid zone, in the new or the old world, your *manner* of perception will still be the same. Nay, could you be transferred to another planet, another solar or even stellar system, it would still be the same, mere change of place would avail nothing to alter your mode of apprehension. You would still be conditioned by time and space. Events would *seemingly* occur in succession, and things would *apparently* occupy particular places, so that you could only witness the events by *enduring* till their occurrence, and could only see the things by moving to the several localities they might respectively occupy. You would still find matter, for the most part, impenetrable and opaque, rather than permeable and transparent, and so would look *at* things rather than *into* them, your "flies in amber" being the exception, rather than the the rule, you being, in every sense, on the outside or periphery of existence, and so, like any other *planetary* observer, seeing things under their *apparent*, rather than their *real* relationship. All this is, of course, only saying in other words, that your objective would hold the same relation to your subjective sphere as at present, which again means, that you would be conditioned as now. But change the plane, ascend from the material to the spiritual, and you at once emerge into new conditions. This perhaps demands explanation.

Whether you adopt the hypothesis of an actual objectivity or of a universal subjectivity, you must still come to the conclusion that while your condition of being remains unchanged, your

mode of perception will continue unaltered. You cannot modify this by travelling laterally or horizontally on the same level (of course, I am speaking figuratively, for the purpose of illustration), you can only accomplish this by an ascensive or descensive movement. Thus, for example, in virtue of incarnation on the temporal plane, you are subject to the laws of matter, in other words, the manner of your existence is physical, with all the limitations which this implies. But supposing that by death, or any other process, you exchange this for a so-called spiritual mode of existence, then presumably, you are no longer subject to the laws of gross matter, nor bound by the strict limitations attaching to a physical organisation. Now, for the purpose of illustrating the ideas we are here endeavouring to enforce, it does not matter whether there be *really* a spiritual sphere of being or not, it is quite sufficient for our purpose, that we, for the sake of argument, grant its existence. Now, what are the predications respecting this spiritual mode of being by Swedenborg, and other seers, of widely accepted authority on the subject? Well, they say that spirits, or as they phrase it, angels, are almost immediately, where and with whom they wish, so that when they think of a person, he is with them, and when they think of a place, they are there. Moreover, material bodies present no obstacle to their progress, as they pass through them as we do through the air. Neither are they subject personally, as we are, to all the conditions of space or the limitations of corporeity, for we are expressly told "the more angels the more room," while on the same authority we are informed that devils in hell and angels in heaven may nevertheless occupy the same place, just as good and bad people may be on earth in the same apartment. Here then we find, or if the expression be preferred, thus then we can conceive, of a manner of being, not conditioned like our own, that is, not limited to the same extent by time and space, with their accompaniments, the sequences of duration and the distances of expansion. Perhaps I may be permitted to remark, that the seers not having so fully and vividly realised to themselves the omnipresence of the Infinite in time as in space, this phase of superiority on the part of the spirits, to our present limitations, is not so forcibly illustrated in their several revelations, the nearest approach to it in Swedenborg being, where he so beautifully says, the oldest angels look the youngest. This dependence of the seer for the essential character of his visions, on the philosophy and theosophy of his time, is well known to profounder students of the occult.

But to return to the spiritual plane of being. We have here an illustration of the connection between a particular psychological condition and its appropriate environment, or, if the terms

be preferred, between a subjective state and its objective sphere. The spiritual condition is presumably higher than the material, and so is subject to less of hindrance and limitation. It is conscious of a less restrictive environment. The laws of space and time have relaxed somewhat of their severity. Matter is no longer so hard and heavy, so intractable and impermeable as on this earthsphere; in other words, the willpower, as a cause, eventuates more readily in its desired effects than with us. But although time and space, with their accessories, be thus modified in relation to the angel, or, if you please, the angel be modified in relation to them, there is nevertheless reason to believe that as a finite being, he cannot absolutely apprehend the former as eternity, and the latter as infinity. My reason for entertaining such an opinion will be best stated in that farther prosecution of this important subject, which necessarily leads us to the yet sublimer heights of the divine mode of apprehending, what are to us, time and space, matter and its qualities.

It has been said that in relation to God, eternity and infinity are simply NOW and HERE. But how, it may be asked, are they thus apprehended by him? and we reply through the absolute infinitude of his nature, which places him above all the limitations, and liberates him from subjection to any of the conditions, necessarily attaching to the essential finitude of creaturehood. More immediately he apprehends, what are to us duration and extension, as eternity and infinity, through the especial attribute of his omnipresence (which, however, when profoundly contemplated, is only a phase of his absolute and universal, infinitude of being) in virtue of which he is simultaneously present everywhere in space, and at everywhen in time. Now he who is present in all places, and at all events (to say nothing of his yet higher phase of omnipresence in the inner consciousness of every individual mind, throughout the entire range of moral creaturehood,) can experience nothing of far or near, past or future, these, as we have said, being swallowed up in the all-present *here* and everlasting *now*. But the elements of thought involved in this high argument, the very data on which we come to this conclusion, indicate that no being inferior to Deity, and so devoid of absolute infinitude of nature, can be thus consciously unconditioned.

The practical conclusion, then, to which we are thus brought is, that time and space are simply the forms under which we, in consequence of the limitations of our nature, are compelled to cognise eternity and infinity. In other words, time and space, as duration and extension, are not real, but only apparent. They have no existence beyond the sphere of our consciousness. The realities that underlie them are eternity and infinity,

whereto the sequences of duration and the extenses of expansion are inapplicable. But the reflections thus suggested, do not end here, they lead to some other conclusions equally important. Let us then pursue the subject somewhat further.

From what has been said as to the divine mode of perception, it must be obvious, if our conclusions are to be accepted, that objectivity ceases on the plane of the unconditioned. In other words, the universe is perceived *consciously*, as a *thought* in the mind of God. Now the unconditioned alone beholds *absolute* truth, that which is apprehended by the conditioned being only relative. Hence, then, the universe *is* a thought—all *apparent* evidence of the senses to the contrary, notwithstanding. Perhaps we may hereafter follow this out into some speculations on the proportion which the objective bears to the subjective sphere in different minds, and the indication thus afforded, as to their respective grade in the scale of being. Suffice it, for the present, that there are here some vast provinces of inquiry and research, still unworked, and demanding only the attention of a competent student of the higher philosophy, to return a rich harvest as the reward of his labours.

In the foregoing paper, as often happens when we attempt to go beneath the mere surface matter of ordinary thought, we have, in endeavouring to illustrate one subject, touched upon others, perhaps yet farther removed from the ordinary current of our reflections. The being and attributes of God, more especially as contemplated from the transcendental standpoint, is doubtless one of these. The relation of time to eternity and space to infinity is another. Perhaps in a future communication we may endeavour to supplement some of these deficiencies.

THE UNITY AND DIVERSITY OF THE RACES OF MANKIND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Author of "The Arcana of Nature," "Physical Man," &c. &c.

HAVE the various races of the world originated from one common stock, or were they primordially created different?

This question has no relation to the account of Genesis, for even if we answer in the affirmative, Adam is only of yesterday. Its solution rests entirely on ethnological grounds, not on revelation.

Agassiz, who now represents the front of science hampered by theology, has rejected the Adamic origin of man, and holds that the principal peoples of the earth were created in nations, not in pairs. He is compelled to resort to miracle, to the direct interference of God, and he meets the issue squarely and unflinchingly. God made, according

to this *savan*, a whole tribe of Red Indians, a tribe of Whites, a tribe of Mongolians, a tribe of Africans, etc. If only a pair were created their defenceless condition would almost insure their destruction, only a tribe could preserve itself. The idea is not a bad one. God could create a thousand as well as one. If he created by direct miracle at all, Agassiz has pointed out the way for him.

But miracle is something we know nothing about. Everything may be possible with God, but he does not work by miracle in our time, but after a given order. Everything is not possible with God. It is not possible for him to annul or order contrary to the laws of nature. Those laws are not for miracle but progress.

It is true that the earth is divided into great provinces which are characterised by certain species of animals and certain races of men. Carefully examining these provinces, we find that in most of them man is severed from the animal by an impassable gulf. We find no intermediate forms. Hence, there is nothing to indicate a progressive advance from one to the other. Look at the Indian, for instance. He is isolated from the animal world,—the highest American type of which is a fossil ape. The Indian is either a foreigner, or has been created by a fiat of God. It is so in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in the fall of the human type and rise of the animal a near approach is made; but in the Great Islands which connect Asia with Australia, which give evidence that they are the wreck of a great continental mass once occupying that part of the Indian Ocean, we find the highest types of the animal and the lowest of man. Isolated by vast oceanic spaces, they have remained at rest, and for the same reasons that Australia preserves the fauna of the Oolitic Age of the earth, these Islands preserve the early age of man.

Here, and here only, does the animal approach man, or man the animal. Hence, if we argue his progressive development, here we must fix the seat of his origin, and consider him as an emigrant in *other* lands.

It is not my intention to argue such a development in this essay, I simply state such development as a received truth, necessary for the understanding of what I shall say on the unity of mankind. True or false, we have but two courses to pursue. Receive it, or receive the doctrine of creation by miracle. Than the latter, anything is more preferable.

The varieties of mankind have been variously called races, species, families or societies, according to varying theories of different authors.

When the term species is employed, diversity of origin is understood. Species has been defined as a "primordial organic form," and the definition widely received. But what shall we understand by primordial? According to the most recent views of naturalists there are no primordial forms. The learned Pritchard defines species thus: "It includes only the following conditions, namely: separate origin and distinction of race, evinced by constant transmission of the same characteristic peculiarity of organisation. Permanent varieties are those which, having once taken place, continue to be propagated. The fact of their origination must be known by observation or inference, since the proof of

this fact being defective it is more philosophical to consider characters which are perpetual as specific or original."

I present these definitions to show you what difficulty invests the subject. Varieties which originated beyond the reach of history must be considered as species; while an equal amount of variation, when known to occur, creates not a species, but a variety. So intimately are the races of men blent at their borders that definitiveness becomes impracticable.

But there are certain tests which can be applied that obviate the necessity of historic data. It has been found that the individuals of a species of animals agree in longevity, in the regularity of periodic changes in their organisation, in their diseases (especially contagious), to which they are liable. As will be seen, all races of men conform to this test, and must be classed as permanent varieties of a common stock. But the distinctions are as great between the members of the bear, dog and feline families, which naturalists consider sufficient to establish specific relations.

Taking into consideration the great variation in the conditions of life of the various nationalities of the world, some frozen in and confined to their ice huts half the year, while others are scorched beneath the tropics, and others experience every graduation of climate from the lofty and cold mountain sides to the warm valleys, from arid deserts to grassy steppes, it is notable that all attain almost the same longevity. Some writers have supposed that the difference in length of life was a distinctive race-mark; but careful investigation shows that among all races individuals attain great age, and that an octogenarian is equally rare among all.

Savage nations are shorter lived than civilised, in consequence of their mode of life. The European in the middle ages was quite as short lived.

Dr Winterbottom states that the inhabitants of Guinea are short lived, and old at forty-five; but the descendants of these short lived, because improvident, negroes in our Southern States, where they enjoy many of the comforts of civilisation, are among the longest lived people of the globe. They often attain the age of one hundred years.

The Indians are said to be short lived, to mature and decay early, but they often reach the age of ninety or one hundred years. In warm and cold climates maturity is earlier attained, heat and cold having the same accelerating effect. The same may be said of the city over the country. But this period differs only by a few years, and there is as much variation in any one race, as there is between those the most remote. Neither longevity nor period of maturity prove any distinctive race-marks.

If we except malarious influences, to which the black race seem acclimated, the different races of men are equally affected by contagious diseases. Some of these diseases are communicated by all warm-blooded animals to each other, as hydrophobia, but generally a disease is confined to a single species. The most contagious disease among sheep will not extend among oxen and swine; nor such as are fatal to the ox, as the deadly pneumonia, affect the sheep.

Plants show the same quality—diseases like the leaf yellow, a curl in the peach, or a black knot in the plum, extending to those species.

Each species has its own peculiar diseases, which are readily transmitted to the members of the species, but wholly incommunicable to members of other species.

In this manner all races of men are shown to belong to one family; for the contagious diseases which affect them, affect them all, though perhaps not equally severe.

Thus, the small-pox has spread from the Arctic Ocean to the circumference of Africa; equally fatal to the Negro as the Kamtschatkian; scourging all races alike. The Asiatic cholera, the rubeola, the plague, spare no race.

The elephantiasis prevails among the inhabitants of particular countries and is produced by peculiarities of food and climate; but when the system is thus prepared, it is no respecter of race. It is common with the negro of Guinea, the people of Java, and the Mongolian.

Europeans visiting tropical Africa have fevers produced by malaria, from which it has been taught that the African is *wholly* exempt. The negro is subject to intermittent and remittent fevers, but rarely and lightly; but those who have emigrated from the United States to Sierra Leone suffer much the most. The Aztecs of Mexico were not exempt from the yellow fever.

These diseases affect all races, black, yellow, red, white, but some more than others. The African cannot withstand diseases that affect vitality like the plague, the cholera, or typhoid, or any morbific poison, with the exception of malaria. He is predisposed to consumption when dwelling in a cold climate, and is more subject than the whites to inflammatory diseases, and will not bear depletion.

The Shemite is peculiarly liable to ophthalmia and cutaneous diseases, such as leprosy; but recent European statistics show that the Jew is less liable to cholera than the Saxon or Celt.

Individual Europeans are as exempt from fevers, dysentery, and other effects of tropical malaria as native Africans; and consumption is as fatal to whites as blacks.

The American Indian will endure a severity of cold almost incredible; but Arctic explorers have shown that the whites can endure this extreme as well.

The African is a child of the tropics, and the whites of the temperate regions, but they are not so far removed as to be subject to different diseases. Diseases contagious among whites will be so among Indians or negroes. As such diseases go no farther than man, and as among animals each disease is confined to a species, how avoid concluding that all races of men belong to a common family?

COLOUR OF SKIN.

The colour of the skin is very diverse, varying from white through yellow and red to jet-black, and so patent is this character to the eye that it has been seized as an infallible race-mark upon which the earliest classification of men solely rests. But there are so many intermediate colours, in fact, every hue is represented, that this is of no value.

There are whites, as the Spaniards, as dark as light Indians, and Indians as dark as some negro tribes—all are blent together.

Colour depends on a pigment excreted from the blood and interposed between the cutis and cuticle, or in cells under the external portion of the skin. According to dissections by Hunter and Sommering, the texture of this membrane exists in the *finest* European, but the black pigment is not deposited, and hence their colour depends on the transparency of the skin revealing the blood beneath. From white to black, every possible shade is produced by the amount of colouring matter deposited in this lamella, or *rete mucosum*. It is an old idea that colour depends on the condition of the liver, and Prof. Draper has revived it in a new form, thus:—"Torpor of the liver, induced by a hot climate, throws the burden of excreting carbon on the skin, and hence the excreted deposit beneath it." There may be truth in this, but there are other differences of race it does not account for. It is only one of many causes.

From the jetty African we pass by insensible degrees to the brunette of Southern Europe. Exposure makes the Spaniard as brown as the Arab or Berber. The women, less exposed, are much lighter coloured. The stimulus of light and heat is required to produce the secretion. The same process occurs with fair races exposed to the weather, as with voyagers and sailors, but to a more limited extent; and as soon as the exposure ceases, the secretion is arrested and the natural colour returns.

The colour of the eyes and hair are correlated, or depend on the colour of the skin. The choroid, or iris, is coloured by a pigment, and passes through blue, gray, brown, to black. Light or blue eyes accompany a fair, and dark eyes a dark complexion.

This is not as unvarying as the colour of the hair. The hair is coloured by a process similar to that of the skin. It grows from bulbs beneath the cuticle. Each hair is formed by an external, transparent, horny sheath, similar in substance to the nails, and an internal pith in which its colour resides. Its structure is the same in all races of men and animals. The bristle of the animal of western form, and the flowing curls of beauty are created on the same plan; nor does the substance of wool differ essentially from that of hair; both grow from similar bulbs. Wool is wavy and scaled, and thus possesses the property of felting. What has been styled "wool of Africans," though resembling that substance, is true hair, only a trifle more wavy than some Europeans possess. If we pass in a direct line from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, across the African continent, we shall find among pure negro tribes, every variety of hair from perfectly straight to the most crisp.

The same variations are seen in animals. Varieties of swine are white, red, and black, and some are covered with long bristles, others with fine wool. Some varieties of sheep transferred to warm climates, in a few generations, become covered with coarse hair. The common goat is very rough, but the cashmere goat has a coat of long hair as fine as silk. Some varieties of dog are covered with wool. All travellers have observed that individuals of barbarous tribes were not of uniform colour. This is not the result of mixture of races, as has been sup-

posed, for the facts are too common to be thus explained, but rather indicates the spontaneous production of varieties, as among animals. *Albinoes* are the extreme of such spontaneous productions. They are as common among animals as man. There is scarcely a species among which they have not been found. A white blackbird and white crow are as common as a white negro. The Pritchard school argue that the white race sprung from such albino stock; a very unfortunate inference. The albino is a diseased condition, and is capable of propagating itself for any length of time. The position of the white race will not admit its origin from a diseased black stock.

With animals as with man, the skin and hair are strictly correlated and dependent, the latter being always the colour of the former.

In anatomical structure there are variations. The arm magnum in Africans is placed nearer to the front of the spinal column than in Europeans, in this respect making an approach to the ape. The ribs are heavier and more arched; the pelvis bones narrower and thinner; the arms longer, as are the fingers and toes; the bones of the leg are bent outward, so that the knees stand further apart, the calves of the legs are thin and high; the feet are flat and broad; the hands thin, the fingers flexible.

All these departures of the African from the European are made toward the anthropoid apes, but they are not greater than can be found among individual Europeans. It is easy to find individuals of the latter with as thin hands, as long and flexible fingers, as thin and high calves, as flat feet, as the former.

On the other hand, no more difficulty is experienced in finding Africans with as short arms as Europeans. Such comparisons might be extended to all races with similar results. None of these superficial characters are sufficiently permanent or different to be valuable as race-marks.

All the races flow together at their borders, and it is at the centre, and not at the margins, of their broad streams that distinctions are discernible.

I will present the races in another point of view, that of their intellectual development.

The skull by indicating the size and form of the brain is particularly valuable. On the skull and teeth the comparative anatomist bases distinction of class; and he finds no mark as permanent or reliable.

Between the teeth of the different races of men there is no essential distinction. Those of Egyptian mummies are broader than those of Europeans, but no broader than is sometimes found among the latter. Instances of double front teeth, and correspondingly large molars are by no means rare.

Even the skull furnishes no specific character. From measurement made from the celebrated Mortonian collection of skulls the following is given:—

Of thirty-eight skulls of the Teutonic family, the internal capacity of the largest was one hundred and fourteen cubic inches, the smallest sixty-eight. Of nine skulls of the Tchudic family, the largest was one hundred and twelve, the smallest eighty-one inches; of Celts, the largest

ninety-seven, the smallest seventy-eight; of Arabic, the largest ninety-eight, smallest eighty-four; of Chinese, largest ninety-eight, smallest seventy; of Indians, largest one hundred and four, smallest one hundred and one; of Negroes, largest ninety-nine, smallest sixty-eight.

The smallest capacity, fifty-three, is observed among Peruvians, the largest, one hundred and fourteen, among the Teutonic family. Here is a wide difference, one brain being twice the size of the other. But the largest Peruvian skull has a capacity of one hundred and one, while the smallest Teutonic has only sixty-five, or a trifle more than half the former. The smallest negro skull has a capacity of sixty-eight, or about half that of an average Teutonic, but the largest negro skull has ninety-nine and the smallest Tentonic but sixty-five. These comparisons suggest others, and it will be found that they yield like results when applied between all the families of mankind. There is as much variation in capacity of skull, that is, size of brain, in any one race, as exists between the various races.

It is unessential whether races are called species or permanent varieties, or simply varieties; what I desire is to show their relationship to be sufficiently close to prove their common parentage.

I have applied the same tests which naturalists employ to fix the position of species of animals, and their requirements have been fully complied with. In duration of life, and the periodic functions of the system, in predisposition to contagious and epidemic diseases, in size and structure, in colour of skin and hair, in capacity of skull, the races of men differ no more than we find among families of animals; they differ in as many respects and in precisely the same degree.

If the races, varieties, and types of mankind are thus associated in one family, they must be bound together by the ties of a common origin.

The objection is urged against this unity of parentage, that the delineations of races on the walls of Egyptian temples, made at least four thousand years ago, or more probably six thousand, preserve the expression of each, as they appear at present.

The Copt, the Shemite, the African, are perfectly portrayed. If for four or six thousand years so little change has been effected, urges a certain ethnological school, are not the races permanent?

Granting the Mosaic chronology to be correct, the Egyptian paintings show a diversity which cannot be reconciled with a common origin. But science has shown that six thousand years is only a single day since the introduction of man on this earth.

I have heretofore noticed the antiquity of the valley of the Nile. Old as are the temples and pyramids, stretching back into the dim twilight of mythology, beyond the ken of history, they rest on a fossil structure which indicates ages to which they are only on the threshold.

The Nile at its annual overflow deposits a film of mud, and thus year by year elevates the overflowed land. The rise of the land from this cause is 2,088 inches a century. Linaut Bay in artesian borings brought up fragments of red brick from a depth of seventy-two feet. If deposited at the rate of 2,088 inches per century, seventy-two feet represent forty-one thousand three hundred years. But he had not

reached the beginning. A burned brick is indicative of a people already advanced to a high civilisation. Thus it is presented with almost positive force that fifty thousand years ago the valley of the Nile was inhabited by a people far advanced in the arts and sciences. Hence the objection of time falls to the ground.

It so happens that the races pictured on the temples, the Shemite and African, are the ones which change the least. They belong to the stationary races. It is probable that a portrait of a Chinese three thousand years ago would be good for a Chinese to-day. The great changes which yield to the civilisation of the present, belong to races then unknown. That these races constantly change no one can deny.

Do not understand that the races are mutually convertible—that a white man placed in Africa will become a negro in time, or that a negro can become white. I advocate no such doctrine. Each of the races as they stand to-day represents the infinite character of conditions which affected or moulded them to what they now are; and represents great lines of progress in diverging directions, and never can be interchanged. What I mean will best be understood by an illustration: Suppose at some remote time in the past a tribe of men of some intermediate type between the present well-defined races should emigrate from Asia to the eastern shore of Africa. Subjected to an entire change of climate, water, food, temperature, electrical influences, and compelled to adopt entirely new methods of gaining subsistence, slight changes would occur. These changes would not be on the side which rendered them less adapted to their situation, but the reverse, better fitting them to maintain successfully a resistance to the climate. Every such gain would be held by hereditary transmission. The offspring, however slight the advantage gained by the change, would be more likely to survive. They will in themselves change, and by hereditary transmission give *their* offspring the whole store. Thus we see two forces are at work, one causing change, the other preserving its beneficial results.

We can thus understand how variation thus began would go on for a certain time, perhaps several thousand years, and would be limited only by two causes, hereditary transmission, by which the offspring resembles ALL the infinite line of its ancestors, thus compelling it to be always fashioned after the human type, and the other the advantage derived from the change. In the case supposed if colour conferred advantage, colour would be attained, and with it correlated a dependent change of form and structure. We know that colour is an advantage in warm climates. It is the prevailing tint of tropical animals, and the dark races of men are exempt from tropical diseases almost in exact ratio to the darkness of their complexion.

Now a type of men thus produced would go on perfecting itself in its own direction. It would go on growing of darker and darker hue until the perfection of blackness was reached, or if red, of redness, or it started in the direction of white, until the circumstances calling for that hue were satisfied. In the process of ages, after the type had become in equilibrium with its conditions of being, it would cease to change, or change imperceptibly, and thus become a *permanent race*. These variations were almost wholly effected long before the historic period, and of

course there has been no change from one type to the other given, nor is such change to be expected.

It is like two brothers setting out on journeys, each taking a diverging road. They were together once, but every hour they travel takes them further apart. So the races travel. Their component individuals die, but offspring go on from the exact point they leave off in a continuous line. It was easy to blend in the early ages when the material was soft and plastic, but now impossible. You can mingle the soft clay, but divide it in masses and after hardening in the forms you give you can blend them no more.

If a traveller, ignorant of our geography, should start from the mouth of the Columbia, and after travelling around Cape Horn, enter the Gulf of Mexico and explore the *embouchure* of the Mississippi, and thence after thousands of miles sailing enter the St. Lawrence, would he dream that these great streams have their origin in the bosom of the same mountain clime?

So we, looking across the present terminations of the great stream of races with all their past advance as it were blotted out, cannot realise that once they were all savages, manifesting none of this differentiation. The day when one man can change into another is past. Hence the attempts of pseudo-philanthropists to prove the European a developed African, or more ludicrous, the African a degraded white man, are absurd. If of common parentage we should decide *a priori*, that a strictly scientific classification would be impossible, and I have already pointed out the insurmountable difficulties in the way, and the failures of those who have attempted it.

The blending of languages should follow the same rule; and we find all languages insensibly fade into each other, either through intermediate dialects, or those of the past.

The present types of man converge into each other in the indefinite past, but they cannot meet in the future. Each race has its destiny to fulfil. In its long and continuous history it resembles an individual. It also has its periods of childhood, youth, maturity and age. Some races have a sickly life and die out early; others are wonderfully tenacious, as the Jew, who has been a wanderer on the earth for two thousand years, and yet maintains his numbers and untarnished type. Some races die young, others are destroyed by luxury and vice. The same grand laws of justice and retribution control races as individuals, nor can they with impunity be disobeyed.

But it is objected, "Look at the Jew, or the Teuton, inhabiting all climates, and yet holding fast to their characteristic types! Does not the exception thus made invalidate your claims for the power of external nature?" Not in the least. There is one element to be considered, one of great power which has no force with savages, being called into action only after a certain stage of civilisation is attained: The moral and intellectual element.

Look at the Jews, for two thousand years from brutal theological prejudices they have been an outlaw among the nations. Yet from the rigid Mosaic law they have been a *very* moral people. You never hear of a Jew on your criminal docket. They need no prisons, no retreats

for fallen women, no houses of refuge, no work or poor houses. They are all wealthy, for they help each other. Their dealings with the world are no criterion of their morals, for their laws from time immemorial recognise two standards, one for themselves, one for Gentiles. Their religion prescribes their food and drink, and compels cleanliness and regard to the laws of health. This, with the law of intermarriage, the combination of physical and moral forces, preserves the Jew intact from the frozen regions of northern Russia to the hot plains of southern Africa.

So of the Teuton. He is the least governed by passion, has the highest moral perception of any people. He is most intelligent and inventive. If he penetrates the colder countries he carries fire, light and material for warm clothing and comfortable dwellings; if he penetrates the tropics he finds means to shelter himself from the sun, and imports ice from the frigid zone.

Thus he in reality carries with him the facilities of his native climate; for the guardian of his moral character and the solidity of his constitution cannot wholly negate external nature.

A glance at HISTORY will show how narrow the area is it really covers. With the exception of England, where the gulf stream bounds the isothermal lines to the north, History is confined between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels of north latitude. Outside of this narrow limit, which does not comprise one-sixth of the globe, History does not exist. The black and red races have no history. They have never given birth to any civilisation; the yellow race only a partial, stagnated, abortive growth.

The history of the African continent, of North and South America, of a greater portion of Northern and Southern Asia, would be like that of flocks of animals. Pass within the narrow lines I have drawn and see the magnificent flood of empire roll westward. Beginning on the table lands of Asia, concealed by the mists of immeasurable time were vast Shemitic and Hamitic Empires leaving only ruined arch and column in ghostly grandeur in the now arid deserts, nameless in their long repose. Then Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Carthage, Rome and Europe. Then crossing the Atlantic, bordered by almost the same lines the United States span across the continent. The open plains of the south allow it to extend itself further in that direction, but northward it fades rapidly out in the mongrel border stock of French and Indian amalgamation. With the exception of Mohammed, outside of these lines a great man never has been born. The entire Southern hemisphere is without a name sufficiently important to live in history; without a tribe worthy of being chronicled. A foreign civilisation is growing up in Australia, in South Africa, in South America, in a belt corresponding to the northern; but its growth is feeble, and little can be expected of this exotic and forced advance.

I have no theory to support but truth, and endeavour to present both sides of these grand questions fairly, and from the maze draw the conclusion carefully and without prejudice. I do not belong to the school of Ethnology which has of late been drawn into politics. Gliddon and Nott, before the war, sought to sustain slavery by science. I hope you

will not construe anything I have said in that way. Science is as far from politics as heaven from hell, and would blush to touch its polluting garments. Though the at present permanent varieties cannot mutually change they originally were from one common stock, and hence are a brotherhood. Before the law they are equal. In the divine being they are all immortal, and each and all after their own type, capable of eternal spiritual progress.—*From the Spiritual Rostrum, Chicago, Illinois.*

(To be continued.)

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

RHADAMANTHUS.

GOD AS THE DIVINE AVENGER—THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

JUSTICE is only truth in action, as conversely veracity is simply rectitude in thought. They are the web and woof of universal being, the pillars of the celestial temple, the foundations on which all things rest—even to the throne of God himself. The eternal is also the absolute, while the temporal is mortal because partial and so imperfect. It is quite justifiable to affirm that the Devil is the father of lies, which is only a figurative way of saying that all evil rests on falsity, and so carries the seeds of destruction in its very constitution. It is only weak men who think they can circumvent destiny; or, as theologians say, cheat God. Right and wrong are separated by an absolutely divine demarcation. All debts must be paid, sooner or later, and only fools think that payment can be postponed indefinitely. The law of compensation is universal. As you sin so you suffer, now or hereafter. Veracity and integrity are your only safeguards. Armed with these, hell cannot hold nor heaven exclude you; while devoid of them, angels would disown and fiends would claim you as of their brotherhood. It is simply owing to the imperfection of their faculties, that men do not see and feel these things daily and hourly, and so make them, both theoretically and practically, their rule of life. All religions teach them after a fashion, some in one guise and some in another, and we are quite justified in asserting that they will always do so to the end, albeit the fashion of the thing may, nay *must* change with the lapsing centuries.

The law of compensation is simply a phase of cause and effect, action and reaction, which are of necessity equal and opposite. It is only the debit and credit sides of the universal ledger which must balance in the end. Evasions may be possible with men, but not with God, in whose scales all things are weighed, whether

religions or empires, individuals or worlds. The ancients placed Rhadamanthus in hell, but he also reigns in the heavens, where, too, justice is administered, if not in the way of punishment then of reward. Here, indeed, we see the superiority of the divine law over that which is only human. The latter deals chiefly, and we may say, solely in punishment, and so is not absolutely just; while the former rewards the good as it castigates the evil, having the resources of the universe for either purpose.

But Rhadamanthus is not only a judge, but also an inquisitor, compelling confession of the deeds done in the flesh. This opens rather a deep chapter. Most men seem to think they can in some way deceive God, doing things in the dark. Foolish ostriches, that put their heads behind a bush, and then fancy their huge bodies are hidden from the foe. Of course, they have heard of "the book of life," as they have heard of much else in the spiritual sphere; and believe it, as they do the church catechism—on Sunday. But they do not seem to have fully realised the stern and terrible fact, that every man writes his autobiography on the eternal tablets, which God holds in keeping for ever. And yet, even our physical structure might have taught them some wholesome lessons in this matter. What is physiognomy, more especially in that spiritual aspect of it which implies expression, but the lineaments of the soul beaming through its tenement of clay, and so revealing to a duly gifted observer, the grander outlines of the inner consciousness. All things indicate that in the court of Rhadamanthus, accuser and accused are the same person, victim and executioner but one individual. As the organic laws fulfil themselves in the material sphere, so do the moral laws ultimate themselves through appropriate effects in the spiritual sphere, the plane and aspect of the soul being determined by its condition.

In these things, as well as in some others, we fear there has been retrogression rather than progression in these later centuries. Not only Judaism but even Heathenism, taught a sterner morality than ours in reference to retribution. They did not encourage the belief in facile exculpation. They rather inclined to the doctrine of expiation. Above all, they did not deal in legal fictions as the conditioning elements of man's spiritual futurity. "Imputed righteousness" would have been as incomprehensible to Socrates or Plato, as "vicarious suffering" to Moses or Aaron. The tortuosities of Augustinian and Calvinistic theology were utterly unknown to the robuster generations of the primitive world, whose minds were too simple and too healthy for the entertainment of such refined perversities, which like the logical subtleties of the mediæval schoolmen, were the befitting product of an age of intellectual effeteness and pedantic formalism. Rhadamanthus knows nothing of the just suffering for the unjust,

or the innocent expiating the offences of the guilty. He is a stern judge of the olden type, who takes no excuses, and holds no defence valid save that which disproves the crime. He is an impersonation of the moral law, demanding and enforcing an irrevocable fulfilment of those enactments which, being but an expression of truth and justice, claim the forces of the universe as their resistless executioners, and employ the very conditions of being for the infliction of their penalties.

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER LI.

I READ this letter many times over, and fancied I could see Eleanore exhorting, with her daring eyes and intense gestures, that degrading confession from her cowardly defamer.

He had spread it, too, I'll warrant, said I to myself; mean men love to crown themselves with lies, if their base deeds are not sufficient; but she will not know the outside reports till some one is there who will be a medium between her and the world she does not enter.

I felt certain that my next letter must bring me news of Colonel Anderson's arrival, and I waited more impatiently for it, I believe, than for any of the preceding ones. It came at the fortnight's end. Her heart was over-ruling this writing, I thought, for here was neither date nor address:—

"He is coming this afternoon," she began. "How he found me out I do not know; but two hours ago a messenger came to the house requesting to see Mrs Bromfield. Josepha was dispatched to the school-room, and as she tripped in, she said, '*Hombre*-man want you, Signorita.'

"It gave me 'such a turn,' as our Mrs Brown used to say, for I have been looking hourly for him the last three days, though I had not seen his name in the passenger lists. I was foolish enough to think it must be himself, and so it took me several minutes to prepare myself for the sudden meeting. I was only thinking, it is true, with my hands idly folded; and I do not know of what I was thinking; but at last I went, quite deliberately, taming my steps as I moved, with many recollections of our short and varied acquaintance, and ready for—I know not what line of conduct, had he, indeed, been there: when, just as I entered the hall, I confronted—whom do you think, now, dear Anna?—whom

but Antonio, with brimming eyes and both hands outstretched to grasp mine.

"The poor boy! It was a great proof of my hearty feeling towards him that I did not frown upon his beaming face for being his, and not another's. We shook hands; he asked for Phil, and I sent him to the school-room, after he had delivered his note, with the proud and happy words, 'From my master Colonel Anderson.'

"The envelope contained his card, with the words underneath the name: 'Will call at four, if agreeable. Antonio will wait a reply.'

"I sat down to write it, requesting Josepha to look after the children. I said it would be agreeable—not much else, I think, beside that; but that was enough, was it not? Think what a state of mind I must be in, dear Anna, and do not expect me to write now.

"Eleven o'Clock in the Evening—He has just gone, dear, and I am wishing that, instead of these peaceful, contented people, I had some of the miserable and suffering of the earth about me, that my happiness might overflow into their desolate souls.

"I got through with the lessons early, and sent the children away with Josepha, keeping only Phil at home, for Antonio had promised to come out in the afternoon and take him a walk. I told Signorita that I expected a visitor at four, and would like her to assign me the drawing-room or parlour to receive him in. It should be the parlour, she said. I dressed myself in a black silk, with a collar of broad lace, and that white head of Raphael at my throat—the only ornament about me. I restored my hair to the fashion I wore it in—how long ago it seems now!—on the Tempest. I gathered bunches of the sweetest and loveliest flowers—fragrant petunias and heliotropes, nodding at me with their sparkling, violet eyes; regal lilies and fuchsias; and pansies, whose purple and delicate beauty both contrasted and blended with the meek grace of the lily of the valley; verbenas and geraniums, and queenly rose-buds, and some odorous orange and lemon flowers; and set all but one tiny vase, of the most beloved ones, in unobservable places about the room—for I love sometimes that fragrance should come to me, like the white May leaves, from

"'Blossoms out of sight, yet blessing well.'

"And thus I cheated myself into preparation, instead of waiting, till my watch told me I had but a few minutes left. Then I sat down to compose myself.

"There were horses' feet: I looked up, and he was at the gate; the next moment the door opened, and we stood face to face.

"I spoke first: 'Dear Leonard!'

"'Dear Eleanore!'

"There was a long silence. 'No reproof awaits me now, I hope,' he said, bearing his hand heavily on my shoulder, that he might look into my eyes, which were dimmed, like his own, with the mist of deep joy; but the next moment I was folded more closely to his bosom, and I heard, softly breathed, the words: 'Art thou indeed my Eleanore, or a phantom, like the soulless and voiceless one that has mocked me so long? Is it a dream that I hold thee thus—thy breath upon my cheek,

and thy bosom-pulses treasured in the hollow of my hand? Speak, and reassure my doubting soul.'

"'It is no dream,' I whispered, 'but such a sweet reality as proves our Father's utmost love.'

"'Thou art, then, my own, Eleanore?'

"'And thou mine, Leonard.'

"'Kneel to God with me,' he said, reverently. And we knelt.

"Dear Anna, what a prayer was that he uttered! Every word so distinctly and deeply spoken, that my ear waited for its utterance, and my soul treasured it among the things never to be forgotten.

"'O dear and beloved Father whom we adore, it is thou who givest us all blessing, and all capacity for enjoying it. For the inestimable gift with which thou hast enriched my life, read in my soul, O Father, the thanks which cannot be uttered. For the one life which is henceforth ours, be the praise thine, who hast formed and united the two. In our great happiness, may we be tender and compassionate to souls less blest; and as thou art thyself love, and hast given this, thy highest attribute, to ennoble our earthly life, grant us that worthiness in receiving, which alone can give purest joy in possessing. And be thou, just and holy Giver, above even the precious gift, evermore adored!'

"My amen was a living response to this heartfelt thanksgiving and prayer; but my own soul had also its petition, and I drew the strong, encircling arm, a little more closely, while I uttered an inmost aspiration for a life not less noble than the noblest; not less pure than the purest imagination of our hearts; for a life so faithful, that it should embody the ideal of our souls, and be one in harmony, while in individuality each should grow into the perfect stature of the man and woman living near to God and to all good.

"'And thus we are wedded before Heaven, Eleanore,' he said, as we rose. 'It is enough so for the present. Sit here, now, very near me, that, seeing, hearing, and touching you, I may keep myself assured till I am grown familiar with the thought of having you mine. I knew I should,' he added; 'said I not so in my last note?—that which brought me this precious sheet, and this symbol, which has spoken to me of you every hour. Ah, Eleanore, if you could know the comfort of heart it gave me—

"'I think I could have appreciated it,' said I, demurely, 'if the opportunity had been afforded me; but I have had no such comfort.'

"He detected me in the tones of my voice, and said: 'Silence, you queen of the unmerciful! I will have not so much as a word of your badinage, till I have been heard myself.'

"And then he told me very seriously of his suffering until he wrote that first letter. 'I was inspired to do that, I believe,' he said; 'for your silence made me victor over all your—pride, was it? If you had not loved me, you would have answered my letter, would you not, dearest?'

"'Yes; courtesy would have constrained me to speak, where love made me dumb,' I whispered.

"'And when did this precious experience dawn upon you, ungracious one?'

"'I knew your step,' I answered, 'weeks before that daring and ill-mannered salute on the Tempest. I remember words spoken by this dear voice before I dreamed it would ever utter such precious ones to me, as it has. You came to me with power to take what I could not withhold, dear Leonard.'

"'And why was I so long denied this sweet confession?'

"'Because you could not be trusted with it,' I replied.

"'Eleanore! do you doubt me so?'

"'Not in any wise to wound or pain you, my beloved. I do not doubt the true heart of man beating in this bosom; but I feared it would claim too much of me if I confessed its power. I wished to come freely to you, Leonard, without so much as a silken thread of gratitude, or obligation, or dependence, to draw me. I loathe all bonds but such love as we have for each other, and my heart bade me wait till such an hour as this, when we could forget everything but the deep emotion in each which seeks to enfold the other.'

"'I see it was worthy of thee,' he murmured, 'so to chasten and distil the love that blesses us. All that I have suffered is repaid; I have no word of chiding, such as I meant to shake thee with. Thou knowest our treasure better than I, and how it could be brightened.'

"But I cannot tell you all we said. It is very common to call the talk of lovers foolish; but I believe the love-talk of any two souls will be their best and deepest, if it ever rises at all above the personal. I am sure there was little foolish talk between us; but there were often silences that were voluminous in meaning.

"'I am growing,' said Leonard, breaking one of these pauses with those inimitable tones of his, 'to a sense of my wealth. When we are not speaking, my soul is hovering about absorbing you with infinite joy. Do you understand? Do you feel how the sudden assurance of this hour taxes all the capacity of my life to take it in? Sudden prosperity and success have made men mad ere now; but my new treasure is of another sort, and I grow strong and clear in appropriating it; quiet and thankful, as a man might emerging from the doom of darkness to the glory and beauty of the day. Dearest Eleanore, we are stewards of a great trust. Our life must be rich in good works to repay the munificence of this dealing with us.'

"'Good works ought to be the testimony of all happy lives,' said I; 'but some good work must have preceded this happiness, Leonard. We could not possibly be to each other what we are, except we were in the main a true man and woman, with just purposes and some right aspiration, which is as well the fruit as the seed of righteous doing.'

"'Ah! with you,' he replied, 'I know those pages of life are bright and beautiful; but since I have known you, my past seems an unblooming waste—a succession of idle, though not, thank God, in any worse sense, misspent years. You have so appealed to all there is of good in me—so shamed my apathy by your enthusiasms—so shattered my armour of self-complacency, that I feel myself a naked soul in the world, having yet, after thirty-four years of life, to seek wherewith to clothe myself. Is it any wonder I take refuge here? Dear heart, lead me and guide me henceforth.'

"The last words were whispered on my cheek in a voice of intense emotion. I was deeply moved, Anna, by this earnest prayer of that strong soul, and more painfully by my own sense of inequality to his generous conception of me. I did at the moment the best thing I could see to do. I raised my head from his shoulder, and said, 'Nay, but you will have your full share of that to do also, Leonard. I am as perverse as the winds, and as obstinate as the rocks. I am sometimes harsh and ungracious, even to those I love best. I am unforgiving to meanness, and occasionally I am sorely tempted to do some daring thing, just to prove to myself where the kingdoms of propriety and impropriety, of right and wrong, of tenderness and cruelty, do actually join. Dear, steady soul, keep me from all this,' I prayed, mocking him, and looking from my own misty eyes, deep into the half-puzzled and half-smiling ones that were fixed on me.

"'It shall be a compact, then,' he said, 'and when I fail in all other means of performing my part of it, I shall do it thus.'

"'It will be a shame,' I said 'because Nature has given you a strong arm, and me a weak one, to imprison me with it.'

"'Ah!' he said, 'you say that; but there is more *power*, Eleanore, in this soft slight hand which I could crush in mine, than in my whole frame. Strength, which is mine, is narrow and special; power, which is yours, is broad and universal.'

"'You shall depreciate the man I love no more, sir,' I said. 'I will not hear it. Come into the garden with me;' and I walked by his side, Anna, with hypocritical quietness, looking demure and meek, I suppose, when there were pride and victory enough in my breast to have defied the world. When one has such a soul to flee to, dear, independence does not seem to be worth so great a struggle after all.

"I showed him my school-room; but he was less interested and pleased with it than I expected him to be.

"'How long,' he inquired, placing himself by my side, 'dost thou intend to occupy this house?'

"The question was adroit and somewhat embarrassing. I thought for a single moment of evading it; but I did not, and looking straight into his eyes, I said, 'till I go to yours. But let us not speak of that to-day.' At that moment I heard the dear Phil's voice, and my heart smote me greatly for having forgotten his right to share my happiness. As they drew near the gate we heard Antonio explaining that 'Turnel' had come on that horse, and the gleaming eyes and dancing feet of the child reproached me afresh. He looked toward the school-room, where we stood in the door, and with a great flood of feeling rushing visibly over his face, he started forward. Leonard met him at the gate and picked him up, dusty as he was. Such a meeting, and such fervent kissing. Dear Anna, it moved me almost more than my own happiness. He brought him in and placed him on the little table which Phil calls his, and in the torrent of question and answer that followed, I, standing apart still at the door, have in mind only this: 'You won't go away off any more, now, will you?'

"'Ask mamma if I shall,' was the answer. But I was there before the answer was fully spoken, and putting my lips to the fair forehead

of the man, I said, 'There now, Phil. Do you think he will go away again?'

"'No, mamma, we love him. Don't we?'

CHAPTER LII.

"It was almost sunset when he rode away, saying that he would return at eight and bring an old friend with him, whom he wished to introduce to me. I was glad to be alone for a little time, to calm the sweet tumult of my heart, and from the riches of those hours to select a few of the gems that were to pass into its imperishable treasury. I was sitting, dreaming over my happiness, when I heard Phil urging Antonio—poor, almost forgotten Antonio, whose presence at any other time would have commanded my most grateful notice—in, to see me. I looked towards the front door, and there they were, Phil tugging at his hand and literally dragging him within.

"'Yes, come in, Antonio,' said I. 'I have scarcely seen you. Come in and sit down. I must have a talk with you about San Francisco.' The boy dropped upon a chair near the door, and in a moment's silence, while I was recalling myself to the earth and to unenchanted life, Phil said, 'I did tell Antonio, mamma, that you love Turnel, and he's going to stay with us now. Isn't he mamma, dear?' looking anxiously into my confused, frowning face.

"'We shall see, darling,' I replied, not able to speak harshly to him —not even to reprove the wounded, doubting soul which looked earnestly into mine out of his eyes.

"Antonio felt the awkwardness of the position, as keenly, I think, as I did, and gazed steadily upon the ground. In all probability, I thought, the child has told him the proof of his belief—nothing more natural, in the joy of his open heart than to do it, and so, justified by a sort of necessity, I made Antonio the first confidant of my happiness, by answering Phil's question in the affirmative, and then adding, 'You will remain with Colonel Anderson, I hope, Antonio.'

"'Yes Madame, long. He like me. I more like him, and Master Feelip and you, Madame. I have so great joy,' he said, stepping forward and falling on one knee before me, and kissing my hand. 'You all so good, so love—you be very happy, and I happy, too, Madame.'

"'You have a good heart, Antonio,' said I, moved to tears by the poor fellow's simple words and earnest tones; and more, perhaps, by the sad recollections they summoned from the past. 'You will not speak of Colonel Anderson and me to any one, till—till—'

"'Me understand, Madame. Me never speak; me talk not much—speak not much anything to strange man.'

"'That is right. Come to us when your master can spare you, and take Phil out, and we shall always be glad to see you. You may go now.'

"'Thanks, Madame; I take Phil one more leetle walk in the garden;' and they went off, leaving me alone again.

"But I was destined not to reach an island in the violet sea I was floating on yet, for Senor Senano came in the next moment, and asked

me, after a deal of ceremonious talk, if Colonel Anderson would return this evening; and when I, blushing like a fool, I suppose, said, 'Yes, at eight o'clock,' he was much pleased, and said he wished a few minutes' speech with him.

"'I will claim him only one very little moment, Signorita,' he said, with a smile which I have no doubt he meant to be arch, but which was sardonic, rather. He appeared to have some guess of my good fortune, which, I suppose, they were entitled to, from the length of the visit he had already paid, and the quick repetition of it.

"When eight o'clock came, Phil was not yet asleep. He wished to see the Turnel for a good-night kiss, and seemed unable to understand why he should not come to his bed there, as he had often on the island, and sometimes on shipboard. Poor child! the proprieties had not yet walled him in.

"When I heard that footfall, I said: 'Now, Phil, I must go. Good night, darling; you shall see Turnel to-morrow.'

"His lips were quivering as I kissed them, and his eyes were moist with irrepressible tears.

"'I want to see him to-night, mamma,' he whispered.

"'But you can't, dear Philip. Now be a good boy, and lie still and think of him till you go to sleep.'

"I hastened away to receive my visitors, and to my glad surprise, found the friend was no other than the old American gentleman, whom I have already mentioned as acting a friendly part by me in the affair with that wretch, Byfield. Colonel Anderson had not told him my name, and when I entered the room, he was no less pleased, I think, than myself.

"'I am glad you two are acquainted,' he said; 'for though I know but little of you, Madam, that little has convinced me you will rarely find a soul more congenial to your own than my old and dear friend's here. We were together at Bombay, and afterwards in Mauritius, and now here we are at the antipodes of those places; but in all my wanderings, I have not met the man whose hand it would give me greater pleasure to clasp.'

"It seemed as if so much must be said by Mr Hedding, and no less would serve the occasion. Of course I must reply, too; and that I did: that I was glad to hear an 'esteemed friend' so highly spoken of by a gentleman whose opinion and judgment I had such warrant for trusting—and so on. 'But,' I added, 'perhaps our friend had better not be further burdened with his own praises at this time.'

"I was the more impatient of long speech, because I heard—and I could scarcely believe my ears as I did—Phil roaring at the top of his voice. The sound came softened to us, by the heavy walls, but I had left the doors ajar, and there was no mistaking the cry, or the direction from which it came.

"I rose to go to him, apologising by reference to it. I knew what he wanted, and looking at the tenderness expressed in Leonard's face, I did not wonder the child's heart demanded him so keenly.

"'He is crying for a good-night from you, Colonel,' I said. 'He

begged for it before I left him, but I hoped he would be reconciled to sleep without it. Shall I bring him in his wrapper?'

"'Certainly. Phil and I are too old friends, and have seen too much hardship together, to be divided now by a matter of mere ceremony.'

"I pinned up his long night-gown, therefore, put his feet into a pair of tiny slippers, which Antonio had given him in San Francisco, and sent him tripping along before me to the parlour.

"What a hilarious meeting they had! How they rejoiced together, and gave and received tossings up, and laughed and talked, and finally parted with a long hug and kiss! And Phil was so thankful and happy and quiet, when he again laid down in bed, that I could not reprove him for crying, nor wonder that he did it. I felt that I should behave more unreasonably, perhaps, if I were denied the pleasure he had asked for.

"I invited the Senanos to see my visitors. La Signorita was not well, and excused herself. She had a handkerchief bound about her forehead, and was keeping company with a violent headache; but Don Alexandro came in, and after saluting Mr Hedding, was introduced by him to Colonel Anderson.

"Some general conversation followed the introduction, and then the Don asked for a private interview with him, to which Leonard assented, and they repaired to the drawing-room.

"During the quarter of an hour's absence, Mr Hedding informed me —volunteering the same—that his friend had been sent for by a company of capitalists, who had taken a heavy job in hand in the southern mining district, with an incompetent man to conduct it. 'I knew Anderson was on this side of the globe somewhere,' he said, 'and as he was not here, there was but one other place where he could be, so we wrote to California for him; and I am glad he has come; for if any man could save us, he can.'

"I could ask no questions—such as whether this business would take him permanently from the city or not, nor how soon, nor how long. Much as I wished to know, I kept quiet on these subjects, and merely acknowledged by my remarks an ordinary friend's interest in what he had told me.

"When Leonard returned, unaccompanied by the Don, I begged, at the risk of having some woman's curiosity imputed to me, to know how he had found us so soon, Mr Hedding having said that he had landed late last night.

"'I accidentally met a friend at the Hotel du Nord,' he replied, 'who told me where you were.'

"There was a glance of intelligence between him and Mr Hedding at the moment, that piqued me; but I would not recognize the meaning look. I talked of his voyage, of California, of you, dear Anna, and any other of the thousand things which help people to conceal themselves in speech. It was not late when Mr Hedding drew a large, old-fashioned watch from his pocket and said, 'It is my time for going home. Do you walk now, Colonel Anderson?'

"'Not yet, sir, if you will pardon me for letting you go alone.'

"'I beg you won't mention it. I am a little ancient in habits as

well as in years, Ma'am,' he said, 'and am never, willingly, up beyond my stated hours. If I had the same reason for forgetting my rest that my friend has,' smiling towards him, 'I dare say it would be different.'

"'I can say nothing so kind as to wish you may have, some day,' said Leonard, drawing near to me—his countenance beaming with the frank affection of his heart.

"'Ah! Thank you. No, it doesn't belong to us old men,' he said, and with the words his face lost its playful gaiety. 'Good night. God bless you both.' And with a cordial clasp of our hands, he was gone, and we were alone again.

"'You will pardon me, I hope, my own queen Eleanore,' said Leonard, folding me in his arms. 'I was like Phil, and could not part from you to-night with the eyes of a stranger upon us. Have I trespassed by remaining?'

"'The social usages are very arbitrary here,' I replied, 'and adapted to low natures, as all arbitrary rules of action are; but they will no less have to be observed by us, I suppose. If I must affront society, Leonard, I would rather do it in a great than a small thing. Therefore—'

"'Yes, I see. Therefore I must not sit with you a half hour, though to do so were the greatest and purest happiness I could know. Then, Eleanore, do not chide me if, even so early, I think and speak of that time and relation which will remove all hindrance to my coming and going. I cannot lose you any more, dearest. Life is too short, and time, so freighted as ours, too precious to be lost in these poor conformities. Is it not so to you as well as me?'

"'My heart,' I replied, 'rebels as deeply as yours, beloved, and I ask your strength to aid me against my own weakness. Ah! though you smile so incredulously, I am weak, as I fear you may find in the coming days; but there is no time to prove it to you now.'

"'I shall have to leave the city soon, Eleanore.'

"'For a long time?'

"'Some weeks at least—perhaps months.'

"This was a heavy thought to come so soon; but while we talked, the time was passing.

"'Dear friend,' I said, 'there is much to be understood between us yet, that we take not the future at disadvantage. Let me see you daily while you are here. My school-hours are from ten to three; so there is a long morning of delicious peacefulness in the outer world, and all the evenings after four. Remember, you are not to rob me of one of them. No invitations to late dinners shall you accept but at peril of my displeasure.'

"'This school could not possibly be given up, I suppose?' he said.

"'On no account,' I replied, 'at this time; but I am detaining you. Good night.'

"'Good night, Eleanore. I suppose you are right to send me away; but I almost wish you had not the strength—or the weakness—to do it.'

"So he went, Anna, and I came in to write you, and I have reached the end of the letter and the night together, I believe; for there is a

cock-crow from the yard. You will not receive another such epistle in a year, from ELEANORE."

I felt great pride and satisfaction in this letter, and not a little concern also that everything connected with the happy events it foreshadowed should come and go harmoniously. I had a strong feeling that I ought to be with my friend, and I almost wondered, sometimes, how she got along without me. Nearly four of the six months I had engaged to stay were already gone. The rainy season was far advanced, and the country a glorious spectacle from sea-shore to mountain-top—a miracle of verdurous and varied beauty. I felt so much life and health in the sunshine and winds, the rains and the dry days were each such a joy to soul and body, that I now wished we were all quietly settled again in the land of health and plenty; and I began to inquire if it would ever be so. I should go to her there—that was certain; but should we not all return again? I spoke a good deal of this in my letters; but if it was ever referred to in hers, it was so vaguely and generally as to give me little satisfaction. She seemed equally indifferent to all places, in the possession of wealth that would enrich any.

Her next letter said she was alone. Colonel Anderson had gone on his contemplated journey—had been gone a fortnight, and she had heard from him but once.

"The barbarians," she added, indignantly, "having but a semi-monthly post, and that not the most reliable, between this seaport and their richest mines. We settled nothing definitely as to the future, Anna," she continued. "He thought he should not be absent more than three weeks at this time, and as so many are interested in his return—Don Alexandro among them—I hear his name daily coupled with wishes for his coming, which I echo away down in my heart.

"Phil nearly took to his bed upon it. I never saw a young child mourn so inconsolably as he, for 'Turnel' and Antonio. After the pleasure of the daily visits, walks, and drives, he seemed unable to bear their loss, and indignantly asked me, 'Didn't I love 'Turnel,' and say he was going to live with us?'

"I am writing, though, to tell you something beside all this. Mr Hedding paid me a visit a few days ago. He is fully informed of our engagement, and as pleased with it as if one of us were his own child, and he told me that on the morning after his arrival from California, Colonel Anderson was sitting at breakfast, at the Hotel du Nord, among a company of gentlemen who were entire strangers to him, Mr H. himself not having been present, when his attention was attracted to a little group in earnest conversation, at one end of the table. They grew louder as they went on, till at length one of the speakers, striking his hand decisively upon the board, exclaimed, 'By Jove, I say she was right, and I'll maintain it!'

"'Hurrah for Huntley, the champion of the Yankee school-mistress!' said a mischievous fellow among them.

"'If she is a Yankee school-mistress, she's a true woman, I'll swear, and I admire her pluck.'

"'So do I,' said a third. 'Byfield was always a coward and scoundrel, though he has fought two or three times with devilish good luck. It must have been capital to see him finished and actually sent from the country by a woman, who never, as far as I can learn, has left the house she lives in. Have any of you ever seen her?'

"'No, no,' was answered by the voices of the party, to which Colonel Anderson was now giving the keenest attention, unobserved by them.

"'I never saw her,' said one, 'though I have dined at old Senano's three times lately, and, since this affair, have kept a sharp look-out for anything feminine—except La Signorita—but in vain.'

"'Hamilton, who was invited there with Byfield, told me all about it,' said another, 'and he said her speech was as direct and trenchant as a Toledo blade, and that he'd rather face a six-barrel revolver, than have to stand what poor By did. And the best of it was, that it was done as gently and quietly as a lady would entertain an agreeable visitor, but with such eyes, he said, as he never saw before. Ham, I believe, was quite captivated with her.'

"At this moment Mr Hedding said he entered the room. He did not at first see his old friend, but, walking toward this party and exchanging salutations with them, one said: 'You are a guest at old Senano's, occasionally, are you not, Mr Hedding?'

"'I have had the honour of dining with him a few times,' he replied.

"'Have you ever been so fortunate as to see there the heroine of the Byfield tragedy?' asked the mischievous young man. 'That is what these gentlemen wish to know. We are all fresh from the mountains, yesterday, except Hall and Huntley, who has thrown down the glove for this modern Rebecca. If one of our artists could get a portrait of her now, and exhibit it, he'd have the custom of this whole party.'

"'Nobody attends to your raillery, Brydges,' said Huntley. 'It falls everywhere, and hurts nothing.'

"'And I can tell you, gentlemen,' said Mr Hedding, 'that if you saw her portrait, you would see the picture of a noble woman. She comes from my State, and I am proud of her.'

"'Can't you contrive to show her to us? By Jupiter, I should like to see the woman who could make a man eat his words in presence of others, as she did—and do it, too, without noise or tears: that's the miracle! I should like to be introduced to her.'

"'She doesn't receive visits,' said Mr Hedding.

"He was touched upon the arm as he spoke, and looking round, there stood Colonel Anderson at his elbow—a commanding figure and presence which arrested their conversation till the two moved away to an unoccupied part of the room. Presently they returned, and the stranger was introduced to Huntley, but no one else, and then they walked away. 'And when we had reached his private room,' said the old gentleman, the Colonel took Huntley's hand, and said: 'I am under

great obligation to you, sir, for the service you have done a lady this morning in that room. The person of whom you spoke is an acquaintance of mine, and no approval that you could express would exceed what I know to be her desert.'

"'And that was the way he found you, ma'am, added the good Mr Hedding. 'He inquired for Byfield, whom it proves that he knew years ago at home, but that gentleman was safe out of harm's way. He couldn't stand the fire which your defeat of him provoked, and being an idle vagabond, with nothing to do and money to spend, he went off to Panama, I believe.'

"I am glad, dear Anna, that Leonard heard so favourably of this mortifying affair at the first. It might have reached him in some less pleasant manner, and been a source of pain or chagrin to both of us. Very delicate and considerate in him, was it not, to leave it to me whether it should ever be mentioned between us?"

Four days later: "Leonard is confidently looked for early next week. I do not know how long he will stay, and sometimes I feel doubtful whether or not I shall stay behind him. I have come to think lately that it would be very pleasant to live down there in the mountains, which he describes as very grand and imposing, and have him coming and going many times through the day. I am talking foolishly to you, I know, but one must be sometimes allowed to do that. You shall hear from me after his return, and then I will tell you if I think I ought to ask you to come here.

"Do not think, dear, I want you less than I once did. No, but more; for I could speak so freely to your good sense and honest heart of what I am now obliged to suppress, except in these fragmentary, poor letters. Think of all the meetings and talks I have not even alluded to, in which we are daily becoming better known to each other, as you will be glad to hear, to my perfect satisfaction.

"Thine, without change, ELEANORE."

"Did I not tell you," she adds, in a postscript, "that the weather topic is enriched here by the additional item of 'shocks?' We had a sharp one two days ago, but I was less alarmed by it than I thought I should be, from all the talk I have heard about them."

A BRIEF LECTURE ON BUSINESS.—A calm, blue-eyed, self-possessed young lady received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither. "I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr D. Now, if folks inquire again whether you are or not, what shall I tell 'em, I think?"—"Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive feature of her interrogator, "tell them that you think you don't know, and you are sure it is none of your business."

TO A WILD DAISY.

By JAMES NICHOLSON, Author of "Father Fernie, the Botanist;" "Willie Waugh;" "The Curse of Kilwuddie;" and other Poems.

DAISY darling! pet of flowers,
Playmate of our youthful hours,
Shining on the verdant lea
Like a pearl amid the sea;
All the night long dews distil,
Stealing down thy tinted frill,
Glittering on thy clustered leaves,
Like the network fairy weaves.
Changing never—still the same
As when first I lisp'd thy name:
Human faces will grow strange,
But in thee we find no change:
Making glad the desert way,
Springing most where children play,
Like a cup when skies are blue,
Folded up when falls the dew.
Chaucer, in his quaint, kind way,
Named thee well, "Ye eye of day;"
First to leave thy mossy bed,
And uplift thy dewy head,
First to catch the kindling rays,
Slanting through the golden haze.
Sweet to me thy gladsome greeting;
Hardly can I help repeating—
Wealth and fame, now ye may go!
Bliss ye have not to bestow;
O'er my soul ye have no power—
More I love this simple flower.
Earth, however fair and wide,
Hath no other power beside—
How it comes I cannot tell—
Holds me with such witching spell.

Star-like blossom, eye of day,
Shining on earth's darkling way,
Not in vain methinks thou'rt sent
To this nether firmament.
Though ten thousand heedless pass
Thee unnoticed 'mong the grass,
None the less thy boss of gold
Hath a story to unfold.
Something in thy look I see
Speaks of God's great love to me;
Something that methinks doth tell
Of a world where all is well;
Something in thee bids me trust
All things crumble not to dust:
To my silent questionings,
To my soul's deep whisperings,
Still thou giv'st this mute reply—
"Things worth loving cannot die."
Daisy! canst thou tell me ought
Of this spirit deep inwrought,
With its fiery waves of thought?
Does the mystery in me
Solve itself in things like thee?
What is life? is it akin
To form without or thought within?
Say, may we in nature trace
Something of a scheme of grace?
May I in God's mercy trust,
Manifest in Christ? or must
I in fires eternal toss?
Or love prevail, and burn my dross
Till like thee, white-robed, I glow?
Daisy, canst thou tell me? No!

When the cold earth wraps my head,
Wilt thou dapple my green bed?
And from some lone passer-by
Draw the tribute of a sigh?
And when little children run
Out to bask them in the sun,
Should they wander to my grave,
Where thy snowy blossoms wave,
And some one in accents low—
Half in sorrow, half in dread—
Ask who owns that narrow bed,
Tell them this, this only tell—
"He whose ashes sleep below,
Loved both flowers and children well."
Lastly, daisy, tell me this—
Shall I then find happiness?

Ne'er a word the daisy said.
From her bosom, sun-ward spread,
Shone a golden radiance round,
But no syllable, no sound:
Only in her lifted eye
Could I read this mute reply—
"With humility and meekness
God abideth—strength in weakness,
Beauty shrin'd in meanest things,
Music in the simplest strings.
To the haven of the blest,
Choose the path that seems the best:
This at least will lead thee to it—
'Learn thy Maker's will, *and do it.*'"

Glasgow, June, 1869.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

A MODERN PAPAL MIRACLE.

THE intelligent psychologist has never far to look for subject matter. If he does not find "sermons in stones," he can always rely on getting excellent discourses in our social customs, our popular superstitions, and our religions. Nowhere is there more room and greater need for the psychologist than in the religious field. The "miracles" of all faiths form an interesting investigation, and one promising great results. Nor need we fear that "the age of miracles is past," according to our orthodox friends, and that we shall have to rely on volumes written by nobody knows whom. The devout Roman Catholic knows better; *his* God is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" and if miracles were wrought in Jerusalem in ancient times, they can be repeated in Rome to-day.

The study of psychology, in its wider sense, has a peculiarly liberalising tendency. It enables us to look with charity and judge with compassion in subjects rarely spoken of without rancour or contempt. Especially is this the case in regard to the miracles or wonders of all religions. These have been greatly misapprehended, both by the believers and the sceptics; and though both are doubtless in error, we think it the lesser evil that the phenomena should be believed in, though its character be not understood, than that we should be so blinded by prejudice as to deny the evidence of our senses. Psychology frequently enables us to see where "both were right and both were wrong." By it we see both sides of the shield, and can satisfy ourselves, if not the disputants, that the one is silver and the other copper.

It is scarcely necessary for us to show that there can be no such thing as miracles, in the ordinary acceptation of that term. Few, we should think, even in the Church, believe in "violations of the laws of nature." To assert anything to be at variance with the laws of nature, assumes a knowledge of these laws no sane man would claim. The "miraculous" and "supernatural" are continually receding before the tide of science. "Every general law is only a particular fact of some *more* general law, presently to disclose itself. There is no outside, no finally enclosing wall. The principle which to-day seems circumferential, to-morrow appears included in a larger."

The Roman Catholic branch of the Church has always been prolific in "miracles." Scarcely a saint but has been the instrumentality for some wondrous work, and great has been the influence exerted over millions of our fellow-creatures by these representations. The church has appealed to these "miracles" as evidence of its divine origin and supremacy, with a success but too apparent. Their Protestant opponents meet these statements with a flat denial, and point in triumph to several petty tricks in which they have been discovered. But the facts are too numerous and well authenticated to be argued or sneered down. No, our Protestant friends must try other tactics. Let them carefully study the phenomena embraced by mesmerism and spiritualism, and

they will soon be in a position to understand in some degree the majority of the so-called miracles. We do not assert that they will thus be able to *explain* all the whys and wherefores of such phenomena, but they will be enabled to accept them as facts without having recourse to "special providences" as a cause. They would find such miracles to be common to all ages and religions, varying in detail with national idiosyncrasies. Many of them, too, are reproducible almost at command, varying only in degree. Surely to the properly constituted mind this would be preferable to denying them altogether, simply because we cannot satisfactorily explain them. It is always uncomfortable and irritating to call a man a liar.

The above remarks have been suggested by the appearance in Belgium of another "Estatica." This peculiar phenomenon has been observed several times on the bodies of devout members of the Catholic Church, according to credible authority. It consists of marks on the body in imitation of the wounds received by Christ at the crucifixion, and is looked on by the faithful as a token from God of his special presence among them, and as proof of their being *the* Church. Science has not yet enabled us to say exactly how such phenomena are produced; and although it is unlikely we shall ever be able to reduce them, as it were, to an equation, enough is known to take them out of the category of the miraculous. The effects of impressions, or the power of the mind over the physical organism, is a deep subject, and one of vast importance. It is yet in its infancy. We are principally acquainted with it in its destructive manifestations; but as a writer on the subject says—"Action and reaction are equal; and if you can tell me the exact amount of injury which fright, grief, or any other maleficent impression is capable of producing on the health, then I will tell you the exact amount of benefit which an impression of an opposite character, and rightly directed, is competent to effect in the way of cure."* A magnificent example of this power was recorded in the February number of this magazine, the case being that of a woman who gave birth to a child having an extraordinary resemblance to a rat; the cause being, that from conception, and during the whole time of utero-gestation, she had been frightened by the presence of rats in her house. All who have experimented in mesmerism know the wonderful effects which can be produced in susceptible subjects, mentally and physically, by the will of the operator.

In the case under consideration, and the majority of such, we have all the elements desirable for the production of such phenomena. Again to quote from Mr Jackson, "they were the natural and necessary effects of a fixed, or shall we say often recurrent idea, acting on an organisation more than ordinarily susceptible to the influences of the nervous system. Now, what was this idea? The agonising scene of the crucifixion, impressed in all its horrors, first by a physical presentment of the image, carved, coloured, and set forth with all that efficiency

* "Mesmerism in connection with Popular Superstitions," by J. W. Jackson—an excellent work on the above and cognate subjects. London: Progressive Library.

and force of representation for which the Roman Church has long been celebrated in her more imposing ceremonies; next by the fervent and eloquent address of the priest; and lastly, by the frequent and prolonged meditation of the devotee."

The following deeply interesting narrative is from the columns of *The Tablet*, one of the most respectable periodicals of the Roman Catholic Church in England. It is noted for its trustworthiness and non-sensational character, so that the reader need have little hesitation in accepting the facts reported. We give it *verbatim* :—

THE "ESTATICA."

We feel some difficulty in noticing the details of a case so full of delicacy and mystery, and in a journal which may fall into the hands of readers of all classes, including many to whom such a narrative can only be an occasion for profane mockery. But certain considerations, which seem to us decisive, induce us to do so. It is precisely at a moment when the world is more than ever hostile, and its impious maxims propagated with more audacity than ever, that the Vicar of Christ has chosen to summon a General Council, with the object of reproving with greater solemnity its falsehoods and impieties, and of providing a remedy for the evils which afflict society. Why should we wonder if Almighty God, wishing to rebuke the madness of the world, should choose the same moment to produce another "*Estatica*"—one of those mysterious beings in whom, if we may so speak, the Passion of his Divine Son is reproduced? Our account is derived from the ancient Dominican who was appointed by the Bishop of the diocese to investigate the case, and from whom we have received the following report:—He arrived at the village of Bois d' Haisne, at the House of Lafans, about one o'clock in the day. Louisa was at that very moment in one of her mysterious trances; but the venerable Provincial was only disposed to doubt, since her appearance was perfectly natural. However, the parish priest, who accompanied him, soon convinced him of the reality by shaking her violently, and then sticking pins into her arms and legs without producing the smallest effect upon her; nor did blood flow from the punctures, though they were deep. Finding that she was entirely insensible they proceeded to examine her hands and feet, in which they found the distinct marks of the *stigmata*. There were also marks of the Crown of Thorns round her head, but there was no trace of blood in any of the wounds. After about a quarter of an hour's observation, the priest recalled her to consciousness by the simple words: "Well Louisa!" She opened her eyes quite naturally, and then saw the Provincial. The priest explained to her that he had been sent by the Bishop to investigate the matter. In answer to his inquiry as to what she had seen in her ecstasy, she replied that she had been assisting in the bearing of the Cross. He was very much struck both with her simplicity and ignorance: she was merely a peasant girl, and nothing more. The priest having left the house, the Provincial resolved to remain and watch the case; but that he might not appear to be doing so, he took out his Breviary and began to say his office. He remarked only that she turned to the east, and that her expression was one of singular modesty and recollection. At a

little before two o'clock she gave a deep sigh and lifted up her hands. Soon her watcher perceived a stream of blood to issue from the wound in the left hand, which could not have been caused by any instrument or other agency, as she had not moved from her arm-chair, and her hands did not touch each other. Tears flowed from her eyes and fell unheeded on her cheek. Her expression changed to one expressing great anguish, a kind of foam escaped from her lips, and filled her mouth. At a quarter to three she fell, her arms being extended in the shape of a cross and her feet separated, while her head was lying on the ground. Her sister ran to put cloths under her head and feet, the former being lifted with great difficulty. Her face was warm, but her hands and feet were icy cold and as if dead, while the pulse apparently ceased to beat. At three o'clock she moved, crossing her feet a little, and assuming exactly the attitude of Christ on the Cross. Thus she remained till four o'clock, when she suddenly rose, knelt with clasped hands, and seemed to pray with the utmost fervour. Her body during this time appeared as if it scarcely touched the ground. After about ten minutes she seated herself again in the arm-chair, resuming her attitude of modest recollection, and the Provincial thought she would soon be herself again; but the most curious phenomena were yet to come. After a few seconds, her expression became painfully distressed; she lifted her arms again in the shape of a cross, sighing heavily, and greenish foam again escaping from her mouth; while the mark of the Crown of Thorns on her head became more and more distinct. Suddenly she burst forth in a loud cry, and bowed her head. At that moment her body had all the appearance of death, her face was deadly pale, and even cadaverous; her lips were black and livid; her eyes glassy, open, and apparently without life. At a quarter-past five, she closed her hands, and her whole body assumed the appearance of our Saviour when laid in the sepulchre. A few moments after, the colour returned to her cheeks, and her face assumed an expression of intense beatitude. The parish priest came back at this moment, and, taking a lamp of petroleum, put it close to her eyes without her perceiving it. The Provincial pricked her feet, both on the soles and on the upper parts, without her feeling it in the smallest degree. At a quarter-past six she suddenly became perfectly natural, the pulse began to beat as usual, and she was "herself" again. The Provincial then proceeded to question minutely as to what she had seen and felt during the three hours of ecstasy. Her answers were simple and straightforward as those of a child. She had been allowed to participate, as it were, in the whole Passion of our Lord. Her description of his person, and that of his mother, and her dress, &c., &c., were in exact accordance with the tradition of the Church. When asked anything beyond this, she simply replied: "I did not remark," "I don't know." She had no recollection of anything she had herself done during her ecstasy. She seemed to think little or nothing of these extraordinary visions, and did not attribute to herself any merit of holiness in consequence. She is a Tertiary of St Francis, but knows very little of his history. In answer to some further questions which were put to her, she replied that she had never been spoken to by our Lord, and that she had seen the evil

one under various forms; but when she mentioned him she seemed filled with a great fear. The following morning she was at the parish church, and received the Holy Communion at the hands of the Provincial with the greatest reverence. The priest's housekeeper being absent, she came to the presbytery to prepare the breakfast. The Provincial was struck with her brisk and healthy appearance, and could scarcely imagine that he beheld in the bright, simple, servant girl before him the "Estatica" who in a few hours probably would again be undergoing this mysterious conformity to the sufferings of our blessed Lord.

SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the Eastern Post.

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a report of my evidence before the committee of the Dialectical Society in a recent number of your issue. I request, in the cause of truth and fairness to myself, that you will publish the following.

Upon the earnest request of several members of the committee I reluctantly consented to help them in their attempts to get to the bottom of those phenomena called "spiritual," on the understanding that nothing was to be published without my consent, and until I had had an opportunity of revising the reporters' notes. Believing that I was, in a measure, before a private committee, I detailed a great many things of a personal nature, which related to the alleged phenomena, and I have to complain of these things being put before the public. The very nature of the subject, the most extensive and intricate with which the mind of man has ever had to deal, makes it one which the general public cannot understand, and the attempt of your correspondent is of necessity incomplete.

My statements, which referred to the relations between the known physical forces, and those phenomena which the Dialectical Society is inquiring into, are either omitted or abbreviated.

My real statement about Mrs Manchester was to this effect—

I had recently arrived in New York—was then acquainted with no Spiritualists in America, but had heard before-hand in England much of the clairvoyant power of certain people who work at it as a profession. I called at the office of a seller of Spiritual books, where I was wholly unknown, made a purchase, and asked where these media were to be found; receiving then the addresses of five or six, I determined to see whether they could describe my condition of health, as a test of their powers. I called upon three of them in succession; they all told me correctly the state of my health, and Mrs Manchester volunteered information that I should have important legal documents, &c., by next mail. Now, I had no communication with my solicitors since my arrival in the States, expected none at the time, and was greatly surprised at the contents of my solicitors' communication when it arrived. I received this information by clairvoyance on the Monday, and on the following Wednesday it was confirmed by the mail from England.

This was a case in which collusion was impossible. The entranced medium could not have obtained the information by reading my thoughts,

because no such thoughts were in my head. All persons acquainted with the labours of Dr Elliotson and Dr Ashburner are aware that clairvoyants often have the power of reading the thoughts of others. This I have repeatedly tested for myself.

I was careful to explain to the committee of the Dialectical Society how necessary it was in this intricate investigation not to rely upon one's own evidence, unless it is supported by collateral proof, it being so easy for the unwary to be deceived or deceive themselves.

I gave cases in which I and others at a distance from each other, and neither of us expecting any communications, had simultaneously received the same news from the communicating power.

I have never courted publicity—on the contrary, have avoided it as much as possible, and have only volunteered to detail the results of my investigations, extending over a period of more than twelve years, when people anxious about the matter have pressed me to help them. The fate of Socrates, Galileo, Baron Reichenbach, Dr Elliotson, Dr Ashburner, Dr Grey (who is now the leading physician of New York), and many others, is sufficient warning to all not to avow publicly convictions dissonant with popular prejudices.

The day has gone by for the infliction of social persecution upon those who investigate the facts of the material universe. Human knowledge has progressed during the last fifty years to such an extent that he seems ridiculous who attempts to indicate any boundary beyond which man's intellect will never be able to pass. Who would have believed in the commencement of this nineteenth century, that light, chemicals, and lenses, would produce portraits, that anybody could travel from London to Glasgow in a comfortable carriage in ten and a half hours, or that messages could be rapped out from London to San Francisco on the one hand, and to China and India on the other, in less than an hour? I have sent a message from London by my own hand direct to Omsk, in Siberia, and received an answer back in less than three minutes. This message was rapped out by electricity in Siberia in a manner not much unlike that by which "spiritual" communications are often transmitted by sounds through living media, the only difference being that while in the former case the power used has received the name of "electricity," and the channel that of "metal wire," in the latter case the power employed has not as yet been christened, its nature is not understood, and its medium of communication is only partially known.

In my communication to Dr Tyndall, who had requested a detailed description of some of the phenomena I had seen, I told him the subject was not ripe for publication, even for scientific men. If the reading portion of London residents could be polled I don't think you would find five per cent. of them accquainted with the ordinary phenomena of somnambulism, the odic force, and mesmerism, and until one is somewhat familiar with these it is impossible to comprehend the much more intricate phenomena comprised under the names of clairvoyance and spiritualism.

You can scarcely select hap-hazard a dozen families, without finding one or two members of them who have received at the moment of the

death of some near relative a communication announcing the fact at a distance. These communications are often made by the dying person appearing to some member of the family at the moment of passing away. The death-moment seems the most easy one in which to make such communications. Notwithstanding the enormous number of such cases, some of them supported with such striking collateral proof as to remove all doubt, the possessors of such information are afraid to narrate these interesting facts except under the seal of confidence, because the world at large ridicules that which it does not understand.

In Plato's divine and moral works, subject "Theages" or "Wisdom," Socrates tells Theages—"I have had by the favour of God, ever since I was born, a genius that always accompanies and governs me. This genius is a voice which, whenever it speaks to me, always diverts me from what I have a mind to do," and much more to the same effect. Socrates boldly told the truth, and for exposing the superstition of the day was killed, but not until he had demonstrated, on the morning of his execution, the immortality of the soul.

Joan of Arc, who led the French successfully against our soldiers, was burned to death, not because the English were beaten, but because she declared that she was instructed by a voice from an unseen intelligence which she called "God," and as her conscience would not allow her to recant she was burnt, and as the flames approached her she exclaimed, "Yes, my voices were from God!"

Galileo, who taught that the earth rotated on its axis and revolved around the sun, only saved his life by going down on his knees and recanting.

These are sufficient warnings of the state of public opinion respecting those who have the courage to avow a knowledge of facts, dissonant with popular prejudices.

Wesley, the founder of a religion bearing his name, was a witness of the spiritual phenomena called raps, which occurred in a marked manner in his own family, one or more of whom were rapping media. All the details are perfectly authenticated by documents written and signed upon the spot, and many of the facts will be found in "Southey's Life of Wesley." Swedenborg, again, a scientific writer of no small power, had most remarkable experiences as a conscious clairvoyant.

In the case of the Seeress of Prevorst, many instances are given, attested by declarations of medical men and state functionaries, of remarkable phenomena similar to many I have personally witnessed. Dale Owen's list of cases in his "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" are well worth perusal.

The Indian Government some years since caused an official inquiry to be made into the reality of certain mesmeric phenomena among the natives, and the result of the inquiry confirmed the truth of the facts of mesmerism. Notwithstanding all these and many other existing records of unusually well authenticated cases, it is surprising how few people in this country have attempted to inquire into or know anything about the subject. I know many medical men who, when the study door is locked, freely and earnestly discuss these matters, and tell their own experiences, but at the same time confess that they dare not open their

mouths to others, fearing the fate of Dr Elliotson, who lost a practice of thousands a year for telling the truth.

How many are there in London who know of the existence of the Mesmeric Hospital? In the spiritual works of which there are hundreds of volumes, principally of American authorship, and kept in stock only in this country as far as I know by Mr Burns, of Wellington-road, Camberwell. In these works the nomenclature is greatly at fault. The word "spirit" is most frequently used to express that which Plato meant by the word "soul," and the word "magnetism" for the power by which a person is entranced or influenced by some other person. But the upper end of a large piece of rock-crystal produces the same action upon many people, and the force is not magnetism. The word "electricity" is used to express a great many unnamed scarcely recognised powers, which operate in plants, animals, and men. "Time" and "space" are frequently referred to express metaphorically "correspondences" which we are unable to comprehend, though having some distant relation thereto. Spirits of higher intelligence than ourselves seem not to know of space and time in our sense of these words, hence the student of such literature is sorely perplexed at first.

Notwithstanding the vastness of the field of inquiry, there are certain facts which almost anyone can with care and patience establish.

1st. That those who have died so far as the flesh and blood body is concerned, do still exist, and can under certain conditions make known to those still in the earthly body that they live and retain their identity and individuality.

2nd. That the next stage of our existence is one of progress—rapid with those who have been kindly natured and active here, and who act up to the law promulgated by Confucius 2,300 years ago, and adopted by every great subsequent lawgiver, namely—"Do you unto another what you would that that other should do unto you." Progress is slow with those who have been brutal, slanderous, and guilty of high crimes causing great suffering, such, for instance, as that imperfectly expressed by the phrase "sharp practice."

3rd. It further *seems to be beyond doubt* that in man's next stage of existence he is unable to conceal his true nature, his body in that state being formed of what was his memory in this life. The whole of his acts and thoughts while on earth, are constantly before himself and his neighbours so long as the consequences of these acts and thoughts remain in action.

In conclusion, when I was pressed by the Dialectical Society to explain to them the results at which I had arrived, I cautioned them not to accept them as anything better than the merest conjectures or attempts at hypotheses. That spiritual phenomena exist, any man possessed of common sense can prove for himself by experiment. The best existing explanation of them is probably as wide of the truth as alchemy was from chemistry; nevertheless, the pursuits of the alchemists have in the form of chemistry led to the production of much more wealth than entered into their wildest dreams, and the discoveries of some of the causes of contagious diseases have already lengthened the average term of human life. I have yet to learn that it is irrational to

endeavour to discover the causes of unexplained phenomena, and no amount of adverse public opinion will deter me in my endeavour to clear up this question.—I am Sir, yours truly, C. F. VARLEY.

June 6, 1869.

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

THE world is already very much indebted to the ladies and gentlemen who constitute the Spiritualistic Committee of the Dialectical Society. By their recent acts and opinions, they have answered the somewhat obscure and momentous question—What is Spiritualism? On Tuesday evening, June 15, a seance was held at the house of Dr Edmunds, 4 Fitzroy Square, London. The *Eastern Post* thus reports what took place:—

Some forty persons, including many of rank, some savants, and literary celebrities, assembled to meet Mrs Marshall, a medium credited with the possession of considerable powers. Mr Coleman introduced the medium, and explained there was no possibility of collusion between her and any person then present.

Mr Jeffreys was then asked to write out the names of ten persons, and fix that of one in particular in his mind. The spirits had given some negative raps upon a few of the names when pointed to, when Dr Edmunds stated that he could tell from an involuntary movement on the part of the writer which was the name expected. This turned out to be correct. A second list was prepared, and the spirits proved to be as exact as Dr Edmunds had been. They were successful in giving the name of a person whose initials Mr Levy wrote privately on a piece of paper. It was difficult to explain this, for the medium had not seen Mr Levy writing. A sheet of paper was marked and put under the table with a pencil. Those present were told by Mr Coleman not to look under the table, and this injunction was followed by a command from the spirits that all not sitting at the table should retire into the next room. The spirits were very loth to write; they blamed the pencil, and even when another was given them, nothing beyond an illegible scrawl was produced. Some small coins were then placed under the table beside a glass. Presently the chink of the money being transferred to the glass was heard. Dr Edmunds found the glass moved about six inches from where he had put it. In answer to a question, it was stated that the medium wore shoes, not boots. A sheet of paper was then held by the medium and some others; a number of distinct raps were made on it without any perceptible movement being noticeable on the part of those that held it.

A different class of manifestations then set in. A small round mahogany table was brought from another room. The medium and three others sat at it, and placed their hands on the top. It tilted so violently that those present had to rise, and it then jumped some six inches into the air. Presently it began to move off around the room, the little circle experiencing great difficulty in keeping their hands upon it. Mrs Marshall, however, kept her fingers on the top all the time.

On its way it jumped on to an ottoman, and then made for the door, against which it knocked with great determination. By this time only one gentleman kept his hands on it with Mrs Marshall, and he leant heavily on the table when it rose to strike the door, but the upward pressure was not to be overcome. At length the table knocked one of its claws off, and then balancing itself on the remaining two, made a jump at the shoulder of a lady standing near. It leapt some two or three feet from the ground, and, coming down heavily, broke off another claw. It was then laid up in hospital, and staid quiet for the remainder of the evening.

The medium then took her stand next a grand piano, and Mr Coleman asked the spirits to rap on the wires. This they did not do, but they rapped on the piano with great energy. "Is there anyone here," said Mr Coleman, "who thinks that these things are done by the medium? Let them now say so, that they may be satisfied." Dr Edmunds said that, as a challenge was thrown down, it would certainly be satisfactory if the medium would move from a part of the piano where her toes were within two inches of the foot. Mrs Marshall at once complied, but the raps changed their character, and the spirits could not be persuaded to give forth the distinctive sounds which were so marked before an unworthy suspicion caused them to sulk. However, raps were given at a cupboard door, and at a folding-door, no one being at the other side, and the medium's feet not being in contact with the vibrating surface.

The circle at the large table was then reformed. The medium's dress was very forcibly pulled under the table. Mr Dyte held down a handkerchief, and it was nearly pulled from his grasp.

We abridge the description very much in some places, as the questions and tests were for the most part of a very paltry kind. The *Eastern Post* concludes thus, and we congratulate him on his much-improved manner:—What was the general effect produced by the manifestations? Simply this, that the spiritualists attributed everything, mistakes and all, to the spirits, and the sceptics ascribed everything to magic. Seeing is not always believing. But there were many things which the most hardened sceptics present would have felt considerable difficulty in accounting for on any theory satisfactory to themselves. How did the spirits come to know the name of Mr Levy's absent friend? By what means did the table become so animated that it danced its legs off? We do not profess to know; we therefore do not profess to believe. We describe facts, and leave the public to draw their own conclusions.

STRANGE STORY OF AN "APPARITION."

On Wednesday last week (which was celebrated in Dundee as the Queen's Birth-day), a mysterious affair occurred in the Wellgate; so strange, indeed, that had the facts not been authenticated by the most reliable witnesses, we would have at once pronounced them incredible, attributing the phenomenon to the influence of glamour. The facts are

these:—On Wednesday, about eleven o'clock at night, two ladies, holding a most respectable position in society, were returning from a friend's house to their own home in Wellgate. To reach their house they have to walk through an entry leading from the street; and it was after they had gone through this close, and when about to walk up the steps leading to their door, that they beheld the figure of a woman standing at a few yards' distance from them, but within a high paling which encloses the green at the back of the house. There was something bewitching, yet weird-like, about the woman; she was tall and handsome, her features wore a melancholy cast, and her appearance was enhanced by the glossy raven tresses which hung over her shoulders and back. Her head was uncovered, and she wore what seemed to be a brown wincey dress. Holding a lighted candle in one hand she stood motionless, and gazed intently at the two ladies. The latter having recovered from their astonishment at beholding such a supernatural-looking being, asked her why she was standing in such a place, and at that time of the night; but the "figure" deigned not to reply. Lifting her disengaged hand in front of her breast, she made some mystic signs with her fingers, then let her hand fall down, and she was again the same motionless figure as before. The ladies upon this became quite excited, and ran out to the street and procured the aid of two constables; but though they searched every part of the premises no trace of the "apparition" could be seen. The gate of the paling was locked, and the paling itself would be very difficult to climb, being five or six feet high. A very short time had elapsed from the moment the ladies saw the figure till they procured the services of the policemen, and no one could have come out by the close without observation. The affair altogether is very mysterious, but in whatever way it can be explained, the above may be relied upon as a true statement of facts.—*Dundee Courier.*

CURE OF NEURALGIA BY MAGNETISM.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—Having been a great sufferer from neuralgia, I should be neglecting my duty if I did not make known how, under God's blessing, I have received so much relief. For twelve years I had been tormented with the neuralgic affection in the principal seats of the fifth nerve of the face. My condition was such that the slightest movement of the jaw, the least pressure on the cheek, warm or cold fluids, would throw me into excruciating agony. I was compelled to take my food in a fluid state, and the slight effort required in swallowing this would cause a return of the pain. I had used all the appliances considered to be good in such cases, and taken an immense quantity of medicine, but without success, and have been under the most skilful physicians, who all agreed in pronouncing mine a hopeless case. Through my intense suffering my life had become unbearable. I was recommended to try Mr Humby's system of magnetism. I felt relief from his first attendance, and the paroxysms have now left me entirely—it seems like a

miracle. I am convinced that the judicious use of magnetism is a most powerful remedy for nervous complaints. My case is well known, and I should be happy to answer any inquiries.—I am Sir, yours truly,

JOSEPH WALDEN,
2 Clifton Cottages, Denmark Street,
Camberwell.

May 17, 1860.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

THE SPIRITUALISM OF BACON.

THE belief of Bacon in spirits is naturally a sore subject to the positivists; but one would think it would be better for such to accept an inevitable necessity rather than attempt to apologise for what cannot be avoided, especially when the apology seems by no means commensurate with the object.

Mr Atkinson, in *Human Nature* of June, says—"Bacon did not altogether discredit the existence and influence of spirits, but considered that their influence, if at all, could only be considered as partial and exceptional, as he hardly set any limits to the power and ability of material nature in its more subtle and magical laws and processes."

It is certainly more than evident that "Bacon did not altogether discredit the existence and influence of spirits." It may be true also that he considered their influence as partial and exceptional; but this is all that is contended for by the spiritualists themselves, who know that only mediums, "exceptional" persons, are influenced by them in any outward form whatever.

Judging by what Bacon believed in his day, we have quite enough evidence, I think, to justify us in the assertion, that if he were alive now he would acknowledge the spiritual phenomena of the present time to be what it asserts itself to be, as proceeding, in great part at least, from the action of spirits not in the flesh,—whether good or bad, we may hope he would judge by evidence.

In the last chapter of the "Sylva Sylvarum," the last book written by Bacon, and published in 1627, the year after his death, he says—"If a witch, by imagination, should hurt any afar off, it cannot be naturally, but by working on the spirit of some, that cometh to the witch; and from that party upon the imagination of another; and so upon another; till it come to one that hath resort to the party intended; and so by him to the party intended himself. And although they speak, that it sufficeth, to take a point, or a piece of the garment, or the name of the party, or the like; yet there is less credit to be given to those things, *except it be by working of evil spirits.* The experiments, which may certainly demonstrate the power of imagination, upon other bodies, are few or none: for the experiments of witchcraft, are no clear proofs; for that *they may be, by a tacit operation of malign spirits:* we shall *therefore* be forced in this enquiry to resort to new experiments: wherein we can give only directions of trials, and not any positive experiments."

Here is something on the side of spiritualists certainly stronger than Mr Atkinson's expression would imply when he says, "Bacon did not altogether discredit the existence and influence of spirits;" still further modified as is Mr Atkinson's assertion by the expression that "their influence, *if at all*, was only partial;" for Bacon actually asserts, in the the above quoted paragraph, that credit is not to be given to certain phenomena, some of which are not uncommon in the present day, *except* it be by the working of spirits. Indeed, without the spiritual theory Bacon here confesses he can give no positive experiment in questions of imagination. It is true he refers to "evil spirits" in this instance, but that does not touch the theory, and the evil is an evil imagined by himself—that of a witch hurting persons afar off. It was not safe in those days to admit that ordinary mediums had any other than evil intentions and evil helps from evil spirits; and it is to be regretted that Bacon considered himself necessitated to truckle to the times, and to assume the dark side as a necessity when the mediums were persons of inferior rank. But when Bacon comes to safe ground, and the medium is no less a person than a pope, of course it is all the other way. Here is a case of "divine" mediation. Bacon tells us—"Pius Quintus, at the very time when that memorable victory was won by the Christians against the Turks, at the naval battle of Lepanto, being then hearing of causes in consistory, brake off suddenly, and said to those about him—'It is now more time we should give thanks to God for the great victory he hath granted us against the Turks.' It is true that victory had a sympathy with his spirit, for it was merely his work to conclude that league. *It may be that revelation was divine.* But what shall we say then to a number of examples amongst the Grecians and Romans? where the people, being in theatres at plays, have had news of victories and overthrows some few days before messengers could come."

One thing appears to me perfectly plain, viz., that if Bacon, as Mr Atkinson says, "hardly set any limits to the power and ability of material nature in its more subtle and magical laws and processes," yet he did draw a line somewhere; and that line was drawn where Spiritualism intervened, and where Spiritualism appeared to be the most reasonable solution of a difficulty; and that he, moreover, utterly repudiated the theory of Mr Atkinson, that what mediums assert proceeds from spirits is merely the unconscious action of their own minds, or what Mr Gardner calls "doing it themselves." The following passage from the same chapter of the "Sylva Sylvarum," will, I think, set the matter at rest. Speaking of certain ancient philosophers, "who did first plant a monstrous imagination," he tells us that "they did insinuate that no distance of place, nor want or indisposition of matter, could hinder magical operations; but that (for example) we might here in Europe have sense and feeling of that which was done in China: and likewise we might work any effect without and against matter: *and this not holpen by the co-operation of angels or spirits*, but only by the unity and harmony of nature. There were some also that staid not here; but went further and held, that if *the spirit of man* (whom they call the microcosm) do give a fit touch to the spirit of the world by strong imaginations and beliefs, it might command nature; for Paracelsus,

and some darksome authors of magic, do ascribe to *imagination exalted* the power of miracle-working faith. With these vast and bottomless follies men have been (in past) entertained."

Now what this "imagination exalted," this assumption of the power of the individual man himself, to work wonders only "by the unity and harmony of nature," and "not holpen by the co-operation of angels or spirits," can be, if it be not Mr Atkinson's "conscious and unconscious action of the mind," and Mr Gardner's "doing it themselves," I am at a loss to conceive. The assumption of the old magicians, like that of the material philosophers of the present time, who hold that people here can, by powers invested in themselves, through the unity and harmony of nature, and without the co-operation of angels or spirits, have a sense and feeling of what is done at a distance; or that the spirit of man, unassisted by external spirits, could by strong imagination and belief command nature with the power of miracle-working faith, was the very fallacy which Bacon condemned, and yet the very fallacy which Messrs Atkinson and Gardner assume or imply.

Mediums invariably assert and believe their works and communications proceed from spirits, and not from their own power or the conscious or unconscious action of their own minds, because the communications which they receive assert this. Messrs Atkinson and Gardner, by assuming the contrary, go a step farther than the old philosophers, for they do not even call in as aid the unity and harmony of nature in this instance; for what can be more contrary to nature's harmony than the assumption that all which spiritual communications assert concerning themselves and their origin is false?

It is to be regretted that Bacon did not live to carry out an expressed intention: it might have given more than one new lesson of inductive philosophy, spiritual as well as progressive. "Men," he says, "observe when things hit and not when they miss, and commit to memory the one and forget and pass over the other. But touching divination and the misgiving of minds, we shall speak more when we handle in general the nature of minds and souls and spirits."

W. R. Tomlinson.

THE "UNKNOWABLE" PHILOSOPHY.

(*To the Editor.*)

A new school of philosophy is the "Unknowable." Apart from the absurdity of predicating the existence of any thing, condition, or power which is "unknowable," this new school appears to know much more than the party whom it opposes. Mr Atkinson, a distinguished exponent of this sect, seems to infer that your discussion with him is a personal one, and he would narrow the question to a passage of arms between the editor of *Human Nature* and himself. In this he is greatly mistaken: it is not a conflict of that kind at all, but one of far greater extent, involving two opposite views of creation and existence. The popular theological school affirms that out of nothing God created all things, an absolute creation. This proposition seems to my

mind to be very near the truth. Modern science points to the time when no "thing" existed. The organic forms, or "things," we are every day acquainted with, were "no-thing" before they became things or objects. The substances of which things are composed may become objectively shapeless, and take on a gaseous, radiant, or dynamic form, for an indefinite period of time, and be again created out of their nothingness into "things" as we know them. Was not the universe, as we now see it, in this manner created at the beginning of the present order of things? and does not the operations of nature from day to day bring about a similar result? The Spiritual philosophy teaches that intelligence, or what you call "mind-power," spirit, preceded objects which are, so to speak, absolute creations of intelligence, God. But what saith the school of the "Unknowable?" They stand up for an absolute creation also; not of forms, objects, worlds, flora, and fauna, but of intelligence, which they make the result of organisation—the effect of creation, and not the cause of it. Here is a far greater miracle than the absolute creation of objects, namely, the absolute creation of mind, intelligence. It was to be regretted that you omitted, no doubt unintentionally, Mr Atkinson's phrase, "and God of Nature," yet by so doing you preserved his logical consistency. The philosophy of the "unknowable" has no function for such an unknowable being, and the exhibition of him is only a superfluous affectation. ANTHROPOLOGOS.

[Mr Atkinson thinks we have treated him unhandsomely in introducing counter-arguments to his letters, and in ridiculing the philosophy of Positivism. The dogmatic sound which these writers give forth renders it necessary that their affected position, as well as their arguments, should be assailed. Mr Bray is also particularly sore upon us for "abusing" Mr Atkinson. Mr Atkinson is one of Mr Bray's idols, and he is, like all other idolaters, very angry when his gods are attacked. We rejoice at this little exhibition of feeling, as it shows that our arguments were otherwise unassailable. We are not idolaters ourselves, and are quite unconscious of the claims to greatness which our censors imply. Truth is our champion, whom we dare not offend; all others are as chaff and stubble, and must give way whether they like it or not. We never solicited Mr Atkinson's literary aid. He favoured us with communications, and we gladly inserted them. He said, "Shall I give you my thoughts on this subject and that subject?" and the reply was, "Yes, thank you." We had no intention, however, of muzzling the editorial mouth because of our polite concessions to receive Mr Atkinson's thoughts. The *Coventry Herald* thinks we held "the balance with a very catholic hand" till now. We ask—Must a magazine be ashamed of the truth, and be dubbed "sectarian" because it has arguments and convictions which the blind and bigotted opponents of "Spiritualism" and "Teetotalism" heartily hate, but can't refute? Is it not rather a proof of catholicity and liberality that a magazine having such convictions, and able to back them with facts and arguments, can at the same time allow the opposite side to be heard? If there was no truth, reason, nor argument, one mass of rubbish would be as good as another; and the tactics of an editor

would be to fall down and worship the ephemeral stocks and stones set up for the time being by the popular party. By claiming free speech for ourselves, we establish the same right to all others. We further beg to assure all those who would favour our readers with their contributions, that they may expect to see their arguments assailed, if such a process is thought necessary. We maintain that when an editor admits arguments against any question, he is bound to admit counter-arguments, produce such himself, or give up the question to the assailants. We have no notion of being party to a mutual admiration clique composed of editor and contributor, who would sacrifice the truth and betray their readers at the shrine of a childish conventionalism. And what is more, we do not admit certain contributions because of what may be learned from them, but merely as an element of discussion. We could fill our pages to better purpose at all times than by admitting writers on Positivism, were it not for the use which can be gained by presenting the opposite side, and offering all thinkers a free platform. The foregoing letter and remarks were written for the May number, but were crowded out. In the *Spiritual Magazine* for May, Mr Atkinson complains that "Mr Burns refuses me permission to give Dr Chance the information he desires." To this statement it is our duty to give a positive denial. We explained to Mr Atkinson that the matter was of very little interest to our readers, and that we could not devote much space to it. And, besides, Mr Atkinson had his say of upwards of three pages in our May number. We have other communications on Mr Atkinson's views, which we hope to find space for soon.]

DO DISEMBODIED SPIRITS VISIT US?

(*To the Editor.*)

Sir,—My last letter on "Who produce the miracles?" was for those persons who are ever calling out against spirit manifestations and use the words "devilism," "forbidden," &c.; though as a rule, I have found that their practice of the principles of Christianity is very feeble. Perceiving the readiness to lay hold of an unguarded expression, and ring the changes thereon, I desire to explain one word used last month: *prayer* at seances. I did not mean the lengthy prayers in chapels, or the forms of prayer in churches; but that kind so beautifully expressed by Montgomery—

> "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
> Uttered or unexpressed."

Driven by the unfair and illogical method of dealing with Spiritualism now in use: "Oh! don't quote the scriptures; oh! don't quote secular history; oh! don't quote your friends' experience; oh! don't quote your own," I continue to act on my own plan, guided by one leading thought—The greatest good, to the greatest number.

I go therefore to those Christians who have they know not what opinion of life after death; and who feel *amazed* at the idea that our loved relations are our ministering spirits in many cases. As the Bible

is to them the light they trust, I would recall to their remembrance that the angelic appearances mentioned are often distinctly named as *men;* thus, Lot entertained two *men* (angels). Jacob wrestled with a *man* till the break of day. Samuel appeared to Saul; and moreover said, "To-morrow thou and thy sons shall be *with me;*" proving that disembodied Samuel was not usually far off. Manoah and his wife saw a man (not a vision), and while the kid was burning on the rock, the *man* (angel) rose over the flame and disappeared. Now we pass on to the New Testament: Christ distinctly recognised the *principle* of communion with disembodied human spirits, when *Moses* and *Elias* came down, and appeared to Peter, James, and John, and communed with Christ. After Christ arose the third day, a *young man* appeared in the sepulchre. When Christ was taken up at the ascension, *two men* in shining dresses spoke to the crowd of men gazing up. Disembodied prophets attended on, and were the revealers to the seers in the flesh. St Paul states, the spirits of the seers are subject (or helpers) to the seers; and the illustration is forcibly presented to us, when the spirit of one of the prophets appeared to St John, and revealed to him things that were to come. St John was awe-stricken by the glorious appearance; the disembodied human spirit said, "The Lord God of the *spirits* of the holy seers sent *me*, his angel (messenger) to show unto his servant the things that must shortly be done." And when John, overcome, fell down to worship, he said, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy *brethren* the seers; worship God." Philip's four daughters were seeresses. An angel appeared and spoke to St Paul, respecting the ship that was to be wrecked; and gave him directions. An angel appeared to Philip, and instructed him to join the chariot of the Abyssinian noble. Bible authority is therefore clear, that disembodied men are our assistants. Irenæus, in 193, stated to the Roman Emperor, that all the spiritual gifts in action in St Paul, were in full action in the church at that date. He challenged a trial of miracle strength with the diviners and sorcerers of the empire. I have copied the extract as to St John and the disembodied prophets from the Sinaic (A.D. 320) version of the scriptures, rather than from our authorised version, which was translated from the Greek copies of the eleventh century, that is 700 years after.

I have effected my object, and proved the assertion, that it is a principle of Christian religion that we hold converse with, and obtain *knowledge* and *guidance* from our friends who are related to us by the ties of sympathy, whether in the family or in the Church.

Read the biographical narratives of our leading men of mark in past generations, religious and political; and we note that angel guides are ever near the "destiny men" who were working and elaborating in their then present, the history of man. Unless all past history is a myth, and we are a myth, let us accept the evidence of the *past* and the *present*, even if our circumstances in life have not enabled us personally to witness those spirit incidents, which have been witnessed by so many thousands of our fellowmen. A new reading of man's privilege is opened up; let us as parents, children, and friends lay hold.

I could unveil the privacy of home life, and narrate hundreds of

instances of help given to me and to others, even to giving recipes for curing diseases, which, being used, were effective. To sum up what may be obtained from disembodied ministering relatives who are in sympathy with us; think what minute items of care are given to us by loved ones in the flesh, and then you have a perception of the minute items of help given to us by our "angels of light."

In days gone by, disbelieving the principle of "special providence," I had intensely and in a prayerful mood, desired proof; and to my surprise a series of proofs, of a personal character, were given, which, to deny, would simply be spoilt childishness. I assert that if we were less self-conceited, less inclined to think ourselves and our doings equal and superior to Christ, his apostles, and the early officials of the Christian Church; if we were to accept the New Testament as our text book of Spiritualism, and its ethics and its spiritual phenomena as superior to ours as the sun is to the moon, we would, by using the invocation there recommended, and practising the principles there demanded of its adherents, be able to attract to us those "ministering spirits" who would, in hours of need, whether in sickness or in health, in business or in home life, be the messengers of that power, that wisdom, that love we are privileged to call "our Father." So I believe, for so have I proved.—Yours truly, JOHN JONES.

Enmore Park, South Norwood, June, 1869.

P.S.—I have often been saddened by the parasites who attach themselves to Spiritualism. As adulteration is the order of the age in food, in clothing, in physic, so also is it for spiritual phenomena. Skulking, snivelling cheats pretend to be mediums, and try to deceive many, and do irrevocable mischief to the minds of learners. The wrong-doing is often assisted by ignorant women, who, knowing little or nothing of mesmeric action, take any result of sensitiveness in the sitters, as produced by spirits, say John Stone and Mary Clay, and the accidental or intentional tilting or creaking of a little table, as a satisfactory proof of the goodness or badness of some communicating spirit out of the flesh. Away with such rogues from our houses! Away with such drivelling nonsense from our family circles! Spiritualism is come to make our Christianity practical, instead of theoretical. To send our full-hearted women into the highways and byeways of active life; to help our fellow-mortals on, as providence opens the way, not to sit hugger-muggering round a little table, chattering like magpies about they know not what. J. J.

IS IT BIOLOGY OR SPIRIT POSSESSION?

(*To the Editor.*)

MR J. W. JACKSON, in his work on popular superstitions, explains (p. 34) the phenomena of supposed spirit possession as being "simply the symptoms of a paroxysm of epilepsy," in which condition the "unfortunates, although ignorant, would occasionally speak with astonishing volubility on the most abstruse topics," and reveal "the secret thoughts or past actions of by-standers, reply to questions put

mentally, and occasionally foretell impending occurrences;" in all of which cases, he says, "the experienced mesmerist has no difficulty in recognising the effects of sympathetic re-action," the whole being a "delusion not as to the facts but as to their causes," which are misapprehended.

Mr A. J. Davis, speaking on the same subject, says in his "Stellar Key," at page 171, "the supposition that spirits enter personally the bodies of mediums, as though these were automata, is unphilosophical. A multitude of spiritualists and mediums are now recovering from the effects of such mischievous superstitions."

Here we have the evidence of two highly intelligent witnesses, who, although radically opposed to each other on the question of Spiritualism, are yet in accord upon the point of supposed spirit possession. Both attribute the "possession" theory to a delusion, but from different sources; one to the biology of human beings, the other to that of both human beings and spirits disembodied—mesmerism, or human magnetism, being the means in all cases alike.

"Whoever has seen," Mr Jackson says, "a good biologist operate, will be at no loss to understand how the most substantial sorcerer might remain intact and unseen, by any number of his surrounding disciples, although in the very midst of them," all the effects being merely "impressions *on the mind*, not the *senses* of the percipient." On this theory it is to be presumed Mr Jackson would explain the Davenport phenomena, considering the large audience of sceptical and dissentient persons, as "disciples" under biological influence, and against the wishes and convictions of a great portion of whom, are yet made to witness identically the same effects, not through the senses but simply through mental "impression."

It may also be presumed that Mr Jackson would apply the same theory to the Mumler portraits, by saying that the mental image of the deceased person being in the mind of the person sitting to the artist, the sun's rays not only delineated the sitter but also the mental image of his deceased relative, through the biologic law. If this be the theory, it would be interesting to know whether there is any record in mesmeric experience of the production of a *permanent* result like that of a photographic picture—a result unlike the "money which turned to nothing in the hands of those to whom it was paid," but like the so-called spirit photographs, which are current coin of sterling value to the persons and their families who have been fortunate enough to receive them.

A. B. Tietkens.

A WOMAN'S WORK IN WATER CURE, AND SANITARY EDUCATION.*

The second edition of this well known American work, stereotyped by Fowlers and Wells of New York, under the title of "Experience in Water Cure," and sold for many years and in many thousands, has just

* London: J. Burns, 1s, or 8d as a supplement to *Human Nature*.

been issued, with a careful revision by the author, and some interesting additional matter. Mrs Gove Nichols, the author of this work, of Scottish and Welsh descent, a near relation of John Neal, the celebrated American poet and novelist, whose contributions to "*Blackwood's*" were the sensation of a past generation, has not written solely upon water cure. Her biography in Mrs Hall's "Woman's Record" gives her a high place in general literature. She has published tales, novels, and poems in America, and her "Uncle Angus," a novel with a Scottish hero, in England, and has been a contributor to *Frazer's Magazine*, *All the Year Round*, and other high class and popular periodicals in both hemispheres. But the more earnest work of Mrs Nichols, as a teacher of health, is chiefly to be considered in a notice of the work before us; and her claims in this respect are of no ordinary character. She was, we believe, the first woman in America—perhaps in the world, in modern times at least—who, by a thorough and enthusiastic study of medicine as a science, qualified herself for the work of teacher and healer. She was the first, urged by an overpowering sense of duty, to give public courses of lectures to women on physiology and health, a collection of which lectures was published by Harper Brothers, the largest American publishers. She was also among the earliest to study and adopt the hydropathic system of treatment, at first by herself, and later aided by her husband, an educated physician. This book, compactly but very neatly printed, at a cheap price for wide circulation, is the record of a very large and remarkable experience in the treatment of both acute and chronic disease: and in its clear statement of methods, must be of great value in home treatment, especially to mothers of families, in their own cure and the treatment of their children. On the appearance of the first English edition of this work, after thousands of copies of the American edition had been circulated in this country, it was widely noticed and extracted from by the press, and the *London Review* gave an admirable *resumè* of the work in an article of several columns length, in which the writer says—"The grand feature in water-cure is its simplicity. Every person can practise it—the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned. Wherever can be found a sponge, a pail, and a pump, there are the instrumentalities of water-cure; and whoever makes a daily practice of more or less extensively cleansing his body, is a practical student of the hydropathic system. In truth, water-cure seems natural to man; and it only required a wide and careful observation of facts to prove that incalculable stores of curative power are wrapt up in the commonest and cheapest of the elements—fresh air, pure water, and unobstructed light. A word in conclusion. Many women are crying out for votes and work of various kinds. Let them take up this little book of Mrs Nichols, and they will find—many of them at all events will find—the very thing which they wish or need. Mrs Nichols began her career from the right point. She had no theory of women's rights to promote, though 'the wrongs of women, in destroyed health, wrecked constitutions, and shortened lives, were but too apparent.' Not to demand rights, so much as to teach how wrongs can be redressed by the power which women already possess, has been the aim and end of this lady-physician.

Her case shows, if that is needed, how much excellent and beneficent work is accessible to ladies who have intelligence, tact, and an honest desire to put their hand to it."

Seven years ago Mrs Nichols came with her husband to England, where, excepting some visits to the continent, they have since resided, engaged in literary and scientific pursuits. They are living at present in the congenial hydropathic locality of Great Malvern, and though quite unconnected professionally with the practice of water cure, Mrs Nichols gives her advice, and the benefit of her intuitive or magnetic faculties, which appertain to the gift of healing, freely, and of course disinterestedly, to these who come into the sphere of her sympathies. But those who carefully study these records of her work as a physician, and aspirations for a higher work of integral education, which shall make health universal, and all healing therefore needless, may gain at the slightest cost, and with very little of trouble and self-denial, a life-long, perhaps a long life, benefit.

We have much pleasure in offering this work as a supplement to the present number of *Human Nature*, and hope it will be widely taken up by our readers.

SOCIETIES' MEETINGS.

LIVERPOOL ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE institution of this Society seems to have followed close upon the delivery of a course of lectures by Dr Hitchman on the correlations of consciousness and organisation. The following is the prospectus issued :—

"*Objects*—Established January 1st, 1869, for the acquisition and promotion of a better knowledge of the true Science of Man—Spiritual, Mental, and Physical—by the formation of a Comprehensive Book Club, embracing these three departments of human nature, and by the delivery of lectures—reading of essays—papers, &c., together with casts, crania, or other illustrative specimens of organic remains, both recent and fossil—and by fellows or non-fellows, British and Foreign.

"*President*—C. Piazzi Smyth, Esq., F.R.S., Astronomer Royal for Scotland.

"*Vice-Presidents*—Sir George Ramsay, Bart., M.D.; William Osburn, Esq., F.R.S.; Barnard Davis, Esq., F.R.S.; Sir Duncan Gibb, Bart., M.D.; Thomas Inman, Esq., M.D.; Rev. George Bartle, D.D.; Rev. Joseph Taylor Goodsir, F.R.S.

"*Council*—Rev. David Hirsch, M.A.; Rev. Charles Voysey, M.A.; Dr Hugh Doherty; Dr Dawson; Dr Podmore Jones; Dr Hitchman; Mr Frederick J. Jeffrey; Mr Thomas Ellison; Dr Slack; Rev. James Turnbull, M.A.; Dr Harris; Mr Robert Wood; Mr George Shaw; Mr Richard Williams; Mr James Plastow; Mr John Thomson.

"*Treasurers*—North and South Wales Bank, Monument Place.

"JOHN FRASER, *Honorary Secretary.*

"Gentlemen desirous of joining this Society, or contributing, in any way,

to its support, may leave their names and addresses at Mr Young's library, 12 South Castle Street; or, with Mr Scragg, 83 Renshaw Street (Church of England Societies' Depot.)"

The following extract is from lectures "On the Thinking Principle," by William Hitchman, M.D., F.L.S., Liverpool:—

"In thus contemplating the present discoveries of astronomical science, I find this planet shrinking to a less conspicuous station in the universe of God than is occupied by the humblest individual upon its surface; one is constrained, therefore, to assure you, that this material globe, and all that it inherits, are subservient only to THE THINKING PRINCIPLE IN MAN! Physical science is not made to rule the philosophy of mind with an inexorable rod of iron, but to *subserve* where wisdom bears command, and both are handmaids of true religion. . . . . Our modern physicists are determined to know absolutely nothing out of the domain of mathematical and physical science; and they virtually confess that there *are* no subjects of knowledge outside their own physical category. . . . . But, surely, it is an awful self-delusion to ignore the universal consciousness of mankind, and seek to perpetrate the erroneous belief that no certainty can be found except in physical demonstrations or in the testimony of human senses. Depend upon it, there exist truths other than the truth elicited by the science of outward observation — stern realities, above and beyond all material phenomena, evinced by the science of internal observation—the philosophy of mind; even consciousness, clad in organisation because of its temporary adaptation to the materiality of this planet, as well as the soul immortal and disembodied, eludes the field of mere physical research alone. Although alike invisible and intangible, the human mind presents to us facts incontrovertible, and incomparably more important than the discovery of protoplasm or any of the scientific results so ably elaborated by professors Tyndall and Huxley; for, awakened into the sensible world, this conscious life of ours is more essential to natural phenomena than are the material realities of one physical science to those of another. Mental science, in short, is *the* science by which all physical sciences are respectively illuminated—all eye, all ear, ethereal and divine. It is mind that sees and hears, that touches or communes, in heart or intellect, with all that is visible or invisible—things real yet intangible. . . . . Self-consciousness is the first condition of moral knowledge, the power of deliberation in the human soul either to do right, or wrong, logically involves choice, which latter must, of necessity, also imply responsibility. Yes, responsibility—to whom? Both to God and our fellow-man. The highest form of this sentiment is called religion, and exists the world over, in savage and in sage, in heathen or in Christian breast, inducing acts of devotion to the Most High, and a corresponding life on earth of uninterrupted good works, by *faith*, which is the human sense of the Divine idea—a relationship, through inspiration of present hope and blessed charity, which eventually realises the promised certainty of eternal life in heaven. The soul of man, being immaterial, is unextended, and contains within itself no principle of lasting dissolution; and though material creation change from one geological age to another, giving rise to structureless as well as mathematically arranged beings, built up from similar homogeneous living matter into structures of extraordinary complexity and most singular beauty—generation after generation falling into one common tomb—the future development of our spiritual nature remains unimpaired by past time, and its glorious faculties, advancing evermore to heavenly perfection,

Flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crash of worlds."

GLASGOW MESMERIC AND PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE first social meeting of the Glasgow Mesmeric and Psychological Societies was held on Tuesday the 8th June, in the Wellington Rooms, Sauchiehall Street. Mr J. W. Jackson—who is the president of both societies—presided. After tea, he congratulated the members of the societies present upon having entered upon a new career, and referred to the recent combination of the two societies—the Mesmeric Society having previously existed for eight years in its separate capacity, while the Psychologists had had a briefer history, and were known up till January last by the title of "The Glasgow Association of Spiritualists." Addressing himself, in the first place, to the mesmerists, he observed that the question of the establishment of mesmerism as one of the branches of the healing art was a question of life and death to thousands, as a great variety of diseases had been cured by mesmerism where the conventional remedies had failed. Their object was also to prevent disease as well as to cure it. The most of the diseases that afflicted humanity had no right to exist in the form in which they were observed. The spirit of the age being a grossly material one was against them; people wanted to see and to taste all their medicines; but it was their duty to persevere and enlighten the age as to the truth of their science. While the mesmerists had been devoting themselves to the practical part of the subject, the psychologists had been endeavouring to investigate the mental constitution of man. While great progress had been made in the realm of physics, little or no progress had been made in psychology and metaphysics. He considered that the great progress in physical science was caused by the adoption of the inductive method of investigation by the physical philosophers, and he was happy to say that the Psychological Society had also adopted the inductive method in their investigations into man's mental constitution.

Mr Cyrus Gracie, secretary of the Mesmeric Society, on reading his report, said they had been labouring hard for the last two sessions, doing what they could to enlighten the public by public meetings, and teaching the science of curative mesmerism to classes, and referred to the healing work and the various operations in which the society had been engaged.

Mr George Duncan addressed the meeting on the present position of spiritualism in Glasgow and the controversy regarding it in the Glasgow Herald. He considered that the Herald's conduct was very unfair—it allowed correspondents to make charges against the spiritualists, but would not allow them to reply. He had sent two letters to the Herald, but they were not inserted. When he was writing against spiritualism and opposed to it he could get his letters published, but they would not publish his letters now that he was in favour of it. The present position of spiritualism in Glasgow was very satisfactory. Mediums were being developed, and they expected to be able to have public seances in their rooms next session.

Dr George Sexton was the next speaker. Although he had not, like Mr Duncan, become a convert to spiritualism, or rather to the spiritual theory, he had studied curative mesmerism for over 25 years, and had advocated it because he was convinced that it was an agency that was calculated, if properly applied, to do an immense amount of good; and although the medical faculty and clergy had opposed it, and were still opposed to it, great progress had been made. He urged them to pursue their labours with renewed earnestness and vigour, and then truth would ultimately triumph, as a body of men, even of small talent, whose heart was really in their work, would do more towards moving the masses than corporations composed of men of great talent who were simply playing a part. The men who in all ages had accomplished great results were men of genuine earnestness and sincerity.

Mr G. B. Clark, in addressing the meeting, spoke in favour of a more in-

timate union of all the students of the occult sciences in Glasgow, showing some of its advantages, and referred in a humorous manner to the agitation for union in the Presbyterian Churches of Britain and America, and the Pope's invitation to the bishops of the Eastern and Western Churches.

In the course of the evening the intellectual part of the entertainment was varied by duets and songs, which were very effectively rendered by Miss Eliza Kinnon and Messrs Kinnon and Wilson, and Mr Andrew Cross gave two recitations—"The Raven" and "The Bridge of Sighs." The proceedings, which were of a very pleasant and agreeable character, terminated by a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the singing of "Auld Langsyne" by the company.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY IN LONDON,

At the Evening Meeting held on the 1st June, Dr Beddoe, President, in the Chair, Frederick King Green, Esq., M.R.C.S., of Burford, was elected a Fellow, and M. Emile Cartailhac, of Toulouse, was elected a Local Secretary.

Mr J. Park Harrison exhibited native relics, flints, implements, etc., exposed by the sea at Arica, Peru, during the earthquakes of August, 1868; and sketches by Lieut. Harrison of sculptured monuments in Easter Island.

A paper was read by Mr G. Harris, F.S.A., on "The Distinctions mental and moral, occasioned by Difference in Sex." The difference between the sexes was asserted to be one of a material nature only, affecting not merely the organisation, but also the texture and temperament of the material frame, which could not however be supposed to extend to the immaterial part of our nature. A great difference prevails in different departments of nature in regard to sex. In the case of some animals the female is larger and more powerful than the male; and however great the difference between individuals occasioned by sex, that occasioned by age, education, and other causes, are wider still. Among mankind moral as well as mental differences ought to be considered; and the establishment of a difference did not necessarily imply a superiority on either side, though one sex must necessarily assume the rule. Among animals the greatest feats in the way of instinct have been performed by females. Although women have, in many respects, greater opportunities than men for literary efforts, especially in the large amount of leisure at command, they have not equalled men either in philosophy, poetry, painting, or music. But if they have not equalled the men as composers, they have rivalled them as vocalists, and also as performers on the stage. In history and fiction female writers have been below the rank of male authors; in the art of letter-writing they have perhaps, in certain respects, exceeded them. As regards certain moral qualities, however, such as courage and constancy, experience might lead us to doubt whether the females might not claim the superiority; in deeds of heroism they have rivalled, if not eclipsed, the men. In respect to their capacity for government, the instances adduced of great female sovereigns showed that here also the softer sex is fully capacitated for the highest duties. As regards professions fitted for females, those which embraced the care and instruction of the young, and ministering to the sick, women are peculiarly adapted to fill; and in many branches of literature, as well as in business of several kinds, they are well fitted to engage. Nevertheless the differences between the sexes are both essential and extensive, and such as no artificial attempts can lessen; that difference, however, may not be one of actual mental or moral superiority on either side; each sex has its proper sphere of exertion and and its sphere of duty, in which, and in which alone, it is calculated to excel.

Mr. J. McGrigor Allan, F.A.S.L., then read a paper "On the Real Diffe-

rences in the Minds of Men and Women," which was intended as a challenge to the advocates of the intellectual equality of the sexes. It entered into elaborate arguments in support of the proposition, that "There must be radical, permanent distinctions in mental and moral conformation, corresponding with those in the physical organisation of the sexes." The writer held that man excelled in reason,—woman in intuition; and adduced as a proof of woman's inferior reflective power, her superior instinct, in which man is surpassed by most mammalia. Girls are quicker than boys, because woman reaches maturity sooner than man,—a strong argument against the alleged equality of the sexes. Woman is always more or less an invalid. For physiological reasons, which underlie the whole question, no woman can pursue uninterrupted mental and physical labour, like man. The paper contained details as to relative size and conformation of the crania and brains of man and woman. The assertion, that women are successful rivals of men in the fields of intellectual labour, was disputed. Women are not first-rate novelists. In the highest branches of art they cannot compete with men. Of all public professions, the stage offers an opening the most legitimate for female energy and talent. Women excel as singers, dancers, actresses, and musical performers. Here there can be no invidious rivalry of sex. All women are more or less actresses; for nature and habit combine to render them proficients. In the highest realms of literature and science, man reigns supreme. The inventing, discovering, creating, cogitative mind is pre-eminently male. In the domain of pure reason, it is extremely doubtful whether women have contributed one profound original idea of permanent value to the world. Women who fulfil conjugal and maternal duties properly, are the finest specimens of the sex, and are working far more efficiently for the mental and moral progress of mankind, than those who complain of the tyranny of man and the slavery of women. We dare not ignore the lessons of experience. Thousands of years have amply demonstrated the mental supremacy of man; and an attempt to revolutionise the *status* of woman, on the assumption of an imaginary equality, would, as Dr Broca says, "induce a perturbance in the evolution of races; and hence it follows that the condition of women in society must be carefully studied by the anthropologist." Women who claim equality of the sexes are, in reality, contending for empire. They want masculine in addition to feminine privileges. They wish to be both men and women, but are nondescripts. The study of nature leads us to scout the palpable falsehood, that there are no real distinctions in the minds of men and women.

ADMISSION OF WOMEN TO THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

A RATHER curious, but decidedly interesting and pleasant meeting took place at the rooms of the London Dialectical Society, in George Street, Hanover Square, last night. The chair was occupied by Mrs Dyte, and a paper on the above subject was read by Miss Washington. Equality of the sexes being one of the principles of the society, it was not at all strange to the members to be presided over and addressed by ladies, nor, beyond the novelty of the circumstance, was there anything to distinguish the progress of business from that of similar assemblies conducted by men. Miss Wallington, speaking in a manner neither too diffident nor over-dictational, but with firmness and lucidity, divided her subject into three parts, to show, first, that a large number of women have the requisite powers of mind to enable them to fulfil the learned professions, with advantage to themselves and benefit to humanity; secondly, that such ladies ought to be allowed to exercise their faculties in those professions if they desire; and thirdly, that the objections raised are founded more on prejudice or fear than sound argu-

ment. Referring generally to eminent women, she pointed out that high powers of intellect in them have resulted from only accidental development; while, in the case of men, the results are brought about by a system which has been in use for ages in their favour. Nevertheless, they had instances of high intellectual eminence by women throughout all ages. Beginning with Hypasia, daughter of Theon of Alexandria, in the fourth century, and mentioning Aspasia of Myletus, an instructress of Socrates, she came to the eminent women of our own day, noticing particularly Mrs Somerville, Harriet Martineau, and Caroline Herschel. Having thus proved the capabilities of woman, the next point was, whether she should be allowed to exercise them. The principal difficulty to be met was that men have for ages arrogated to themselves the right—thank God not divine—of reserving certain walks of life for themselves. There was no reason why women should not enter the learned professions as well as men. Nay, they had already begun in medicine. It was asserted that woman would lose her morality if she left home. Did Florence Nightingale carry less of this morality to the Crimea than had given beauty to her domestic circle? Although she implied that single women would be most available for the professions, yet widows left with families would frequently find the knowledge previously accquired useful to them. In medicinal practice women now act as nurses. Why should they not be trained to help men in the higher branches, so that the exertions of both may be more effectual? As to preaching, there were instances of sermons being written by the minister's wife, delivered by him, and praised for excellence; and in the legal profession one of the leading members of the bar, whose name she was not at liberty to mention, attributed to the prompting of his wife the eminence he now enjoys. Willingly granting that the majority of women are in nature essentially domestic, and having no wish to see them otherwise, there were at the same time a large number of women not fitted for domestic life, and to whom such a life is fraught with misery for themselves and whoever may be connected with them. At any rate, there are not men enough in the United Kingdom to marry them all, so that clearly many cannot get married, whether they like it or not. A spirited debate followed the reading of this lady's very able, concise, and well-written paper. The president said it was admirable, and she was sure it would afford ample matter for discussion. Mr Vincent, after complimenting the reader, believed that women can be most useful in the silent use of that influence which they exercise now. The women of England—he said, in excusable forgetfulness of the masculine and feminine—have not the same confidence in woman as a "medical man" as they have in the more regular practitioners. Men would be more inclined than women to place themselves under female treatment. (Laughter.) Dr Edmunds, who, committing the same sort of lapsus, always addressed the chairwoman as "Sir," said it was as reasonable for ladies to attend on gentlemen as for gentlemen to attend on ladies, but not more reasonable.—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE friends of an International Congress of Spiritualists held a series of meetings at the Progressive Library, 15 Southampton Row, London, W.C., on Saturday and Sunday, June 19 and 20, when it was resolved to call a general meeting of spiritualists at the same place on July 15, at 7 o'clock, P.M., to form a committee to carry out the object of promoting an International Congress of Spiritualists. Ladies and gentlemen interested are cordially invited to attend this meeting.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

AUGUST, 1869.

TIME AND ETERNITY—SPACE AND INFINITY.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian,"
"Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

WE have said that Eternity is an everlasting *Now*, and Infinity an all-present *Here*. They are so, however, only to him who is omnipresent and eternal. By no being of inferior attributes can they be so cognised as an experience of the consciousness. Thus, for example, we apprehend eternity as time, and infinity as space; in other words, these are the aspects of the infinite as apprehended by the finite. From this statement it must be at once obvious that eternity (as to duration) and infinity (as to extension) are, the one as much as the other, above and beyond us. All deep thinkers admit this as to eternity, but they do not seem to so vividly realise it as to infinity. They confess that by no amount of experience as to life conditioned by time, could we even approximately realise the consciousness of being essentially eternal—the two states being fundamentally diverse. They know that a temporal existence means much else as its unavoidable corollary. There is an apparently objective by environment composed of phenomena, subject to the law of sequence, and so in unresting procession, where everything is past or future, gone or to come, except that evershifting and momentary revelation of the infinitesimal fraction, even of the timesphere, which we term the present. They know, moreover, that in this phenomenal timesphere, we are on the material plane of effects, whose causes, in the deep and true, that is the metaphysical meaning of the term, are hopelessly hidden from our sensuous perception. They also know that in this timesphere we see not "the eternal veracities," but only their symbols; not the everlasting reality of things, but only their evershifting and perishing shadows—their *phenomena* as we Hellenically phrase it, as if to hide from our-

selves the mortifying truth, that we live here confessedly only amidst *appearances*. Thus then it is that no well-trained thinker ever confounds temporal with eternal life, or vainly supposes that by any prolongation of the former we could realise the latter.

But we fear it is somewhat otherwise as to infinity, which even deep thinkers are prone to confound with that (stellar) *space*, into which we corporeally gaze, when looking up into the "blue inane" of day, or the ebon, yet golden-fretted dome of night. Even in comparatively correct language, that used in the best society, we are then said to be looking out into "infinite space" —a term as self-contradictory as infinite time. The mere fact that we thus cognise it through the senses affords adequate assurance that we do not, because we could not thus apprehend the veritable infinite. *That* is not, under any possible circumstances, or on any conceivable condition, a matter for *physical* perception, which, as the function of a *material* body, is of necessity limited in its range to the simply phenomenal sphere (of appearances), the noumenal sphere (of reality) being altogether above and beyond it. In truth, it matters not whether you cognise this "space" through vision, as to its larger extenses, or through touch and motion, or shall we say feeling, as to its smaller—the THING is the same, that is, appropriate subject matter for *sensuous* cognition. Moreover, this "space," which we so foolishly call infinite, is divisible into "parts." Thus the Solar System occupies one part of it, and the system of Sirius or Aldebaran another. And as a result of this, all things conditioned by "space" are subject to the law of *place*, they hold certain relationships of *position* to each other, which are direct and unmistakable evidences of finity, that is of spatial limitation, precisely as all temporal events hold certain relationships of *succession* to each other, the evidence of their subjection to the law of sequence and the limitations of time.

What, then, is the conclusion to which we would lead the reader by these remarks? Why that (visible) space is no more infinity than time is eternity, and consequently, that ideas derived from or arguments based upon the supposed infinity of *objective* extension, rest on a fallacy none the less hollow for its plausibility or its almost universal acceptance.

After perusing the foregoing, the reader will be at no loss to understand that we object to the phraseology employed by Locke and his followers when they speak of every part of the infinity of extension, existing in every part of the infinity of duration; and conversely, of every part of the infinity of duration, existing in every part of the infinity of expansion. Strictly and literally, infinity and eternity have no *parts*. They are essentially indivisible integers—wholes unsusceptible of partition. The infinite

is the all one—the divine unity—the spheral monad of universal being.

If disposed to be hypercritical, we might even declare that the phraseology here employed is otherwise objectionable, the terms duration and expansion or extension, being inapplicable respectively to eternity and infinity, the former involving the idea of procession and the latter of enlargement, both radically false—eternity not admitting of procession, which implies sequence, and infinity not permitting of enlargement, which postulates a previously existing finity. Here again we are reminded of the imperfection of language, and its inaptitude for the expression of abstract ideas, of which we are thus compelled to treat in terms derived from, and so constantly suggestive of, the concrete. But to return, Eternity and Infinity are IDEAS, not *things*. They appertain to the subjective sphere; they are subject matter for thought, not observation, or even imagination. Hence the absurdity of those who say that they cannot conceive of infinity of extension without something extended. It is of course impossible to conceive of an abstraction, or vision forth the absolute, in the sense of forming an *image* of them in the mind. This is only saying that the finite cannot grasp the infinite, that you cannot reduce the abstract to the limitations of the concrete.

Again, we may say that Eternity and Infinity are not being, but the conditions of being; they are the predicates of that which is eternal and infinite—in other words, of that which is not subject to the conditions of time and place, that rises above the limitations of sequence, and the relationships of position. As common predicates of that which is eternal and infinite, eternity and infinity are co-ordinate, and consequently the one cannot serve as a substratum to the other. They are not substances but attributes, not entities but qualities, the attributes and qualities of the one eternal and infinite substance, the divine substratum of all being,

GOD.*

We have spoken of God as the eternal and infinite substratum of all being, implying that he is the (noumenal) reality underlying all (phenomenal) appearance, the divine unity as opposed to creational multiplicity, the ONE cause of every effect, the grand and pivotal centre of every order of peripheral and dependent existence. Hence from the objective and physical standpoint

* It is almost unnecessary to say that this is simply a succinct statement of "The Argument *a priori* for the Necessary Existence of God," of my able friend, Wm. Honyman Gillespie, Esq., applied on the *subjective* in place of the objective hypothesis. To this work, and to its appropriate continuation, "The Demonstration *a priori* of the Moral Attributes," I would refer the reader who desires an exposition of the Theistic question on purely logical grounds, by a master of Dialectics, who has had few rivals in any age.

he may be regarded as the universal agent, whereof all things are the apt and obedient instruments; as the one all-pervading and all-sustaining life, of which the cosmos is the organism, and all its varied forms and types of being but the appropriate organs; as the first principle of universal being, partially manifested to us in ultimate forms on the sensuous plane of perception. While metaphysically he may be contemplated as the absolute and unconditioned, and theosophically as the good and the true, —that is, as the infinite perfection, self-sustaining and self-sufficing. The religious sentiment of humanity culminates in Deity. A being, eternal, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, and morally perfect, is the grandest conception that has yet dawned on the mind of man, and the higher mystics were perfectly justified in affirming that only a divinely-related nature—that is, a child of God—could entertain an idea so overawing and sublime.

Strictly speaking, however, these are the ideas of sages and philosophers—that is, profound and abstract thinkers—rather than prophets and religious teachers; and it is from the revelations of the latter rather than the speculations of the former that the multitude have in all ages taken their conception of the divine nature. Hence, as a practical fact, the religious idea of God is an historical growth, whereof many of the successive stages may still be traced. Not to mention Fetishism and Tree and Serpent worship, and other forms of idolatrous religion attaching to the Negroid and Turanian races, there is no doubt that even the Caucasian nations have been and are still undergoing a process of gradual yet very perceptible development in their conception of the divine being, and the relation in which he stands both to his moral and physical creation. Thus, among the Semites, the limited and national, the jealous and variable Jehovah of the Pentateuch, is a very inferior being to the grand and unsearchable Adonai of the Psalms, the All-Father revealed by Christ, or even the stern yet invariably just Allah spoken of in the Koran. While among the Indic Aryans, the merely elemental gods of the Vedic hymns largely overshadow that faintly dawning and as yet nameless SUPREME, who as Brahm or Aum in the abstract, and as Brahma, Vishnu, and Seeva in manifestation, looms out so largely in the later systems of Hindoo theosophy.

These limitations of the religious idea of Deity are indeed still perceptible in many, if not most, of our existing and authoritative creeds. Thus, for example, the entire predestinarian scheme is based on the stupendous yet transparent fallacy that God *fore*knows and *fore*ordains; whereas with him there is neither far nor near, before nor after, time and space existing in him and not he in them. But ordinary divines, despite their metaphysi-

cal training at the university, are apt to forget this; and so in their popular discourses, perhaps in lowly accommodation to the limited capacity of their hearers, habitually speak of the Deity as if, like his limited creatures, he were subject to the conditions of time and space. This inability to deal with the infinite is a part of the general inaptitude of ordinary minds for abstract thought, itself the result of that imperfect development of the reasoning powers, which might be expected from beings whose primary intellectual function is perception, and whose daily necessities demand rather the recollection of sequences as a matter of experience, than the intelligent cognition of law as a conclusion of the understanding.

And what can we say to such conceptions of the divine nature as are implied in "imputed righteousness," "vicarious suffering," and other legal fictions, even of the Arminian school, that run counter to the first principles of rectitude, and are in direct opposition to the eternal necessity and fitness of things, involved in the simple declaration, that "as ye sow so shall ye reap." Nor can we frame any very exalted conception of the Deity of the Catholic Church, whose treatment of souls is largely regulated by the number of purchasable masses, performed by a hireling priesthood on their behalf. Thus, then, it is scarcely unjust to say that the popular Deity, even of Christendom, although constituted on a vaster scale as to knowledge and power, is still morally, on a plane decidedly inferior to that of any great, good, wise, and holy man; and hence we may remark, the Protestant worship of Jesus and the Catholic adoration of Mary, as the humanitarian complements of an otherwise admittedly imperfect Godhead.

Here it may be observed we touch upon the source of much of the Atheism of our own, and in truth of all other times, this being in most cases simply and fundamentally, a revolt from the usurpation of a false, that is, a pretentious infinite. The atheist begins with an inadequate conception of Deity, and then revolts from this inadequacy. His God may be the traditional idol of the multitude, with the preferences, predilections, sympathies, antipathies, anticipations, and regrets, which popular ignorance so freely attributes to its accepted divinity; or he may be some impersonation of law, the cold and colourless abstraction of material science or metaphysical speculation; but in either case limited. Now it is from this limitation that he revolts, if he did but know it, in the process of renewing his allegiance to another and higher revelation of the divine, whenever it shall be mercifully vouchsafed to him. The atheist is never anything more in reality than a contemner of the HEATHEN *Gods*—that is, the false semblances of divinity set forth for worship in the creeds of men; and so at bottom is not uncommonly a brave, inquiring,

truthful, and *devout* soul, who says, "I would rather go bare than be clothed with lies;" and so puts off the foul rags of tradition or the motley of a shallow philosophy accordingly.

We have spoken of a false and pretentious infinite. Alas! what other is possible to the limited faculties of man. The grandest conception of God that ever dawned on a human mind could not fail to fall immeasurably short of the truth; for it is impossible that the finite should comprehend the infinite, that the creature should understand his Creator. The utmost that we can hope to accomplish in this way is, not to even remotely reveal the greatness and goodness, the power and the glory of God, but perchance to elevate and expand, even though it were but to an inappreciable extent, the limited and inadequate conceptions of men in relation to the character and attributes of their divine Father. We have said that the God-idea has grown from age to age during the past, and we may be quite sure that it will continue to grow in like manner during the limitless ages of the future. In a sense, perhaps in the highest sense, it may be said that his God is the measure of the man: it is so as an embodiment of his ideal of supreme power and excellence. To this, in his moments of profoundest thought and sublimest aspiration, has he attained. This is the revelation vouchsafed to him in his hour of most ardent devotion and most rapt adoration. In this his wisdom as a sage and his inspiration as a prophet culminate. It need scarcely be said that, strictly speaking, these remarks apply in all their force only to those few original minds that dare to think for themselves even on Deity, the multitude, whether of the rich or poor, being apparently but too happy to accept their God uninquiringly from the authorised expounders of faith.

It is in this connection that we see the unspeakable importance of establishing the most exalted possible conception of God; for the Deity you worship is largely the model on which you are formed, reverence being the most plastic of all the sentiments. Not to mention deities like Belial and the profligate denizens of Olympus, if your God be stern and relentless, you will tend to be harsh and cruel; but if he is merciful and long-suffering, slow to anger and ready to pardon the returning and repentant sinner, you will also strive to be patient and gentle, kind and affectionate. Now any one who has carefully studied the psychological characteristics of the various sections of the religious world, must be aware that there are considerable diversities in the prevalent conception of the divine character, so that at the present moment there are many among us who fear God as a tyrant, some who regard him almost solely as a judge, while a happy and enfranchised few prevail to love him as a Father. This diversity in the God-idea of different individuals, sects, classes, nations, and

races, is a subject worthy of the profoundest investigation, and may be pursued at home and amongst one's kindred and neighbours, as well as in foreign countries and among alien races. Such a question, exhaustively treated, would constitute a most important chapter in Historic anthropology, and would demand not only one but many papers for its effective illustration.

Without attempting then to go into minute details as to racial proclivity and individual speciality on the present occasion, we may remark that modern Europe and its colonial extensions, constituting the vanguard of civilisation and the hope of the world, is at present divided into three great schools on the subject of Theism—the negative or atheistic, the affirmative or deistic, and the dogmatic or religious section, each, of course, separable into manifold sub-divisions. Now we do not intend to meddle with the last, who, properly speaking, are not amenable to reason but revelation, and who, in any doubts as to the character and attributes of God, appeal, not to the erring judgments of men but the unquestionable authority of Scripture, and whose cry in any controversy is, like that of the scribes and pharisees of old, "to the law and the testimony." But it is otherwise with the two former; they have accepted their conclusions presumably as the result of investigation and reflection, and are, therefore, we may suppose, amenable to suggestion and argument.

Theism and Atheism imply much more than belief or disbelief in the existence of God. The acceptance or rejection of a dogma is by no means the summation of the whole matter, which, when probed to its profounder depths, embraces the manner in which we regard causation, and the character and status which we attribute to effects. It involves the aspect under which we contemplate the entire scheme of being, as radically material or essentially spiritual, and so affects the opinions we hold, whether as to the origin and destiny of the universe, or of ourselves. It is probably from some dim perception of these, its stupendous corollaries, that the world has always stood in such terror of Atheism, and according to the good old recipe, has generally endeavoured to stamp it out by persecution.

We have said that God is the grandest and sublimest idea which has ever dawned on the human mind. But this grandeur and sublimity are by no means adequate proof of its truthfulness, for it may be, notwithstanding its grandeur, simply a sublime delusion. And if a delusion, then its very vastitude will only render it the more potent for evil, so that the primal question for us, that which dwarfs all others by its overwhelming magnitude and importance, is not so much *what* God is, but whether he be at all. A most momentous question—the greatest and most searching that any man can possibly ask, for according to the nature of the response he obtains, will his whole after life be

coloured. These are strange, and we may say, terrible utterances, whether for the author or the reader. It is, indeed, only in exceptional ages and among exceptional minds that the existence of God is ever questioned. Atheism is simply a phenomenon of transition. It has never been developed to any marked extent, save at those periods of crisis, when an old faith is expiring and its predestined successor is struggling into manifestation. It is only the death song of the expiring Phœnix to be exchanged for anthems of rebirth, on her inevitable resurrection in youth and beauty from the ashes of the past. Not doubt, but belief, is the normal condition of the human mind, whose sceptcism is but the passing shadow of an eclipse, or, at most, the midnight darkness which falls like a veil of mystery between the vesper glories and matin splendours of two effulgent days of living faith.

We have already spoken of eternity and infinity as attributes which imply an eternal and infinite being as their substratum, that is, as the entity of which they are the predicates. Now an infinite being, or rather to use correctly distinctive phraseology in this case, THE infinite being, for he must from the very terms in which he is predicated, be the ALL-ONE, inclusive of the totality of existence, such a being we say must be ABSOLUTELY perfect, that is, he must possess all the attributes of being in their highest excellence and in harmonic relationship to each other. Hence his knowledge is omniscience; and his power, omnipotence; and his presence, omnipresence; they are so *necessarily* as harmonic attributes of the eternal and infinite one. But an absolutely PERFECT being must also be all-wise, all-good; and, therefore, in accordance with his other attributes and characteristics, perfectly happy. And now it will be at once seen that if the foregoing statements are admitted, we cannot deny him consciousness and personality, for these exist within the sphere of our own experience, and consequently they exist in God as their primal source. Nay, as simply *derivative* beings, intelligence and personality must exist in us partially and imperfectly; while as the PERFECT, he possesses these attributes, not relatively as in our case, but absolutely, so that in a certain, and that the highest sense, he is the sole personality in existence.

(To be continued.)

IS THERE A SPIRIT HOME?

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

OF all subjects of human interest, those which spring from the life of the soul take precedence. And of all benefactors of the human race, they are most universally revered who have helped to solve the problem of spiritual being that is stated in the

questions, Whence? What? and Whether? In their own day they may have been called fools, dreamers, or insane, as were Mahomet or Swedenborg, or classed with malefactors and outlaws, as were Socrates and Jesus; but the question of ESSENCE ever brought mankind back to its fealty, and the martyrs of one age became the saints and redeemers of the next.

Spiritualism is the prophet of the nineteenth century, and, like Moses and Zoroaster, it works directly on the world-old problem. As its first effect is to free and individualise the mind, the questions which arise receive answers, not from one favoured personage alone, but from thousands of minds more or less inspired. Hence, shades of difference, and even contradictions on vital points appear, which may be owing to different degrees of insight, to individual idiosyncrasies, or to the lack of a mutual understanding of terms.

Has the spirit a future locality? is one of the questions concerning which there are these differences of opinion and testimony. As an instance I venture to cite the following letter addressed to my companion by a highly valued and intelligent correspondent, who possesses that spirit of inquiry indicative of the sincerest love of wisdom:—

39 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD,
LONDON, ENGLAND, *4th May*, 1869.

A. J. DAVIS—*Respected Brother:* I have read your "Stellar Key," and also the *Banner of Light*, No. 1, of the 20th of March, in which latter is the report of a discussion purporting to have taken place between a disembodied spirit (Father Henry Fitz James) and sundry embodied persons, in which the former tells them that "the notion that many teach of a distinct locality set apart for departed spirits *is entirely erroneous*. Do not believe," he is reported to have said, "that there is a locality set apart for departed spirits, *for there is not*."

At page 159 of the "Stellar Key" are the following words: "The first Summer-Land *is found* to be revolving near the grand orbit of the Milky Way."

Probably you may be able, as I feel certain you will be willing, to enlighten myself and others, who are attached to the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, upon the cause of the above contradiction. Is it a distorted communication of the medium? or on what principle is it to be accounted for? The discussion alluded to appears extremely rational.

Yours fraternally, A. B. TIETKENS.

To ascertain whether the spirit has locality hereafter we should inquire concerning its circumstances here, and on this point the reader will find a statement in the volume entitled, "Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions," of the Harmonial series. Commencing on page 57, the author says:—

"The spirit of man is never out of the spirit-world. [By the 'spirit-world' we do not mean the Second Sphere, or Summer-Land.] By the term 'spirit-world' is meant the 'silver lining to the clouds of matter' with which the mind of man is thickly enveloped. There is no space between the spirit of man and this immense universe of inner life. Man's spirit

touches the material world solely by means of spiritualised matter, both within and without his body. Thus the five senses come in contact with matter: 1. The eyes by *light*. 2. The ears by *atmosphere*. 3. The taste by *fluids*. 4. The smell by *odours*. 5. The touch by *vibration*. . . . By such conditions and attenuations of matter your spirit (yourself) comes in contact with the outward world. Interiorly you are already in the spirit-world. You feel, think, decide, and act as a resident of the inner-life. Death removes the 'cloud of matter' from before your spiritual senses. Then you see, hear, taste, smell, and touch, more palpably and intelligently, the facts and forces of the world in which, perhaps as a stranger, you have lived from the first moment of your individualised existence. It is not necessary to move an inch from your death-bed to obtain a consciousness of the spirit-world or inner-life. Instantly you perceive *the life of things*, and the shape and situation of the things themselves are also visible in a new golden light. . . . The Summer-Land is a vast localised sphere within the universal spirit-world."

According to this view, the spirit-world, like the "universal ether" of which philosophers discourse, is not pent up in any locality, but surrounds and permeates all places, persons, and spheres. "We lie open, on one side, to the deeps of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God." Interiorly we exist in a boundless realm of essential being, and it is all accessible to us at every hour. What prevents us from being mingled with this infinite ocean to which all the attractions of the spirit tend? It is the material environment, by means of which we obtain the boon of individual consciousness. Let that be stricken out, and there would follow what was sought by the Hindoo philosophers, the absorption of the soul into Brahma, or the Universal Being. But "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and by virtue of these the spirit becomes an individualised entity, receptive of the tides of Infinite Being, but for ever undivided and absorbed.

It is then localised to a certain extent in the body. Nor is this all. Nature, by slow gradations, age after age, carried on her process of evolution until the earth was fitted for the local habitation of this embodied spirit. When it leaves the external form, will the laws of nature be suspended? It makes use of the natural body here; will it not hereafter need and make use of the spiritual body? Its locality now is fixed on a sphere, eliminated from an elemental orb, and balanced in boundless space. Is it unreasonable to infer that, emanating from rudimental worlds, and balanced by them, a mighty sphere of perfected particles hangs in the immeasurable ether, to which the spirit, with its finer embodiment, involuntarily tends when released from earth?

The laws of nature are invariable. If we come to a full understanding of their action here, we have a key to their operation in every section of the universal whole. Granted that the spirit is an eternal entity; if it has locality here, it must have the same hereafter, else a natural law is subverted.

In a recent lecture, Ralph Waldo Emerson said:—"I remember when talking with one whose 'Rewards of the Future' appeared to me fanciful, he said, 'It is not so in your experience, but it is so in the other world.' I was prompted to reply, 'Other World! Do you not know that the laws above are sisters of the laws below? Other world! There is no other world. Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact.'" In the sense which superstition gives to the term, there surely is no "other world;" that is, no world where the laws of nature are abrogated. The impearled, gem-walled heaven of the Apocalypse exists only in oriental imagery; and would we know what takes place in a future state, we must study the track of the Divine from our present look-out, for "Here, or nowhere, is the whole fact."

It is a mistake to suppose that the "Stellar Key" teaches that there is "a locality *set apart* for departed spirits." Well may "Father Henry Fitz James" assert that there is no such arbitrary arrangement in the universe. To believe that there is a place "set apart," would be to accept the old theological dogma of a deity independent of law, like the reputed Lord of Joshua, who caused the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon. The "Stellar Key" furnishes scientific and philosophical evidence that the "Summer-Land" is a substantial sphere, and is as natural and inevitable an outgrowth of the rudimental worlds as the fruit of a tree is of its roots, trunks, and branches. "We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Paul, by a flash of insight, perhaps discerned, in common with many modern seers, that the Divine Energy, named by scientists Force, and by religionists God, which appeared in the visible stellar universe, still noiselessly operated in the invisible realm, to fashion a celestial sphere within that starry labyrinth, fitted to be the dwelling place of immortals.

Amid all the mutations of time there is deeply-rooted in the human soul a love of the permanent. Ties that bind us to kindred and friends cannot be broken without pain; and the wandering exile sadly yearns for the familiar scenes and the restful security of some far-away hamlet which once had for him the sacred name of *home*. In all the "Dreams of Heaven" which have come to the sad heart of humanity during the ages of the world, a thought of home-welcome and changeless love has mingled like a precious benediction. And the new perception of the supernal, which a fresh baptism of spiritual insight has given to mankind, changes those vague dreams to bright and beautiful certainties. The "evergreen mountains of life," the crystal streams that flow through the

"city of God," the songs of praise and joy that float over the radiant hill-tops of the "Better Land," the immortal love that links soul to soul, and makes holy the atmosphere of "Heaven," these exist, not alone in the imagination of the poet, but as beautiful realities that fill with blessedness and peace the eternal home of the spirit.—*Banner of Light.*

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.

HER next letter was a month later:

"I did not write by the last mail, dear Anna. I had so much to think of, and was so little decided in regard to many important things, that I could not speak clearly to you. Oh, that you had been with me, dear child, in this time! It has been a period of great joy and great struggle with—myself. I have long had at the bottom of my heart a heroism—perhaps *the* one of my life, so far—and I have lived it within the past month. But I will proceed to narrate at once:

"Leonard came a day or two later than we expected him. He was very much absorbed, for nearly a week after his arrival, in receiving and making proposals, estimates, plans, and so on. He spent an hour with me the first evening, and one or two every morning during those busy days. That was little to see of him, but it was enough to convince me how earnest, manly, and straightforward are all the phases of his character, and that he is not less reliable in his relation to these men of business than to the woman who loves him.

"He also dined here on one of those days, when the company consisted of about twenty persons, and occupied a distinguished seat, with me at his side, devoting himself in so marked a manner, but without a visible sign of the sentimental lover, that any possible freedom of thought which might have been indulged about 'the governess' must have been frozen at its source. He introduced but one of the guests to me—Gen. Blanco, the revolutionist, who was both gracious and respectful; and as we ladies were about leaving the table he half whispered: 'I shall join you very soon. I cannot sit over wine with these men under the same roof with you. So look for me at the earliest moment that I can excuse myself.'

"He soon came to the parlour, and after saluting La Signorita in the stately style suited to the Spanish drawing-room, seated himself by me. I had previously vowed that my first free word to him should prepare the way for the subject I had pondered and dreaded; and now, that I might not be defeated by my own fears or his speech, I said,

hurriedly: 'I wish to have a talk with you, Leonard; but as what I have to say requires calm consideration, it will be better to wait till these negotiations are closed, will it not?'

"'Yes; but I hope there is nothing unreasonable or impracticable coming now. I see in your face a shadow, Eleanore; its colour varies like the auroral sky, and I know your heart is fluttering there like a wild bird caged. Walk in the garden with me, and tell me what brings all this. Now, what is it, heart's dearest?' he said, when we had gone beyond the first range of flower-beds. 'Do not hesitate to walk here with me. They all understand our relation—all, at least, who know or care anything about us. I explained to Don Alexandro this morning. He was very polite, but said it needed no explanation to him and La Signorita. They had eyes and hearts.'

"'I am glad you have done,' it I said; 'it relieves me of some embarrassment I have felt all along, but scarcely wished to put my own hand out to remove.'

"'Was that the substance of the shadow that lay here, and here, but a moment ago?'

"'There was none there, foolish one,' I said.

"'There was, Eleanore; I saw it plainly. Never think to deceive me with those eyes and lips, that I know every shade and motion of, as well as the painter of his picture. Come, I must have the word before I go to those men. You told me you were sometimes perverse and obstinate, and asked me to treat you for those symptoms; and I showed you how I would do it when other means failed. Now you cannot loose my arm till you tell me something of what is on your mind—and if I cannot get speech from those lips I will have something else. Do you see now how I have all the advantage?'

"'Yes. You would scarcely be a man if you didn't take and boast it, too.'

"'Ah, that sharp tongue!' he said; 'but it shall not win your freedom though it were a hundred times sharper. I said I would have speech or something sweeter from those lips. But I will silence them if they utter another so saucy a word. Now beware. I know that something keen is burning to leap forth, but the instant it comes, I shall seal them. It is allowable in all warfare to silence the enemy's guns when you can.'

"I *was* silent, and after a moment, releasing me, he said, seriously: 'Tell me now, dear Eleanore, not what the thing is you have to say—for that we have not time—but if it will affect our happiness or relation in any degree. Is it anything new? does it cloud the future in which our hopes are gathered? Come here, close to my heart, and tell me.'

"I could not say clearly either yes or no, but after a moment I whispered: 'It is something requiring great courage on my part, dear Leonard; the exercise of that will be the greatest pain it will cost, I hope.'

"'You alarm me,' he said. 'Is there anything in your history, my own high-hearted Eleanore, that it ought to cost you so bitter an effort to tell to *me?*—to me who loves you so entirely and inevitably? Oh, dear child, you know little of my love if you dread to tell me anything that can possibly have been a part of the experience of such a soul as yours. I

know its elevation and purity, as I know that nature, in her inmost processes and workings, is worthy the God who ordained them.'

"'You mistake me, Leonard,' I said, laying the generous, encircling hand more closely to my heart; 'you mistake me. It is not of my history, but my thoughts and opinions, I wish to speak to you.'

"'Thank God!' he exclaimed, fervently. 'I would not have your memory darkened by a pain that I could not soothe or banish for the treasure of the earth; but if it is only the opinions which this busy brain has been working out—only those—I shall come to hear them as I would to drink a bumper of wine of cypress. Every thought and sentiment of yours I have ever heard, dearest one, has penetrated my soul as the subtile spirit of the purest wine penetrates the brain—kindling life, feeling, lofty purpose, and sublime hopes.'

"'But what I have to say now may affect you differently,' I said, wishing to cloud the brightness of his confidence a little. 'My sentiment toward you partakes strongly of worship—for your completeness of manhood and warm and spontaneous soul-life. The earth you walk upon becomes consecrated to me; the air you breathe more ethereal and divine by your presence in it. I have found in you, dear idol of my heart, that other life, which nothing can ever separate from mine, and it is another world to me since. Time, life, death, and eternity, are changed by this relation of my being to yours. But I will carefully cherish all that can glorify this. It is not enough for me that it *is* and *must* be, let what will happen to us in the outward; but I will have it so rich and perfect, that our days shall come and go with rejoicing, and life shall be a perpetual feast—but so wisely and delicately enjoyed, that it shall not pall upon us. In love, Leonard, you shall find me the veriest epicure. I will be so dainty and nice in its entertainments that no one of them shall ever be felt as unwelcome. I will strew its blooming paths not only with the joys that God sanctions, but with the denials that heighten all pleasures. I will so care for your happiness and my own, that the flight of years shall take from us nothing which time is commanded to leave, and that our hearts, becoming more firmly united by all the high respects and observances that exist between the man and the woman, shall never be less alive to the beauty of the same between the husband and wife. It is of such things, dear Leonard, that I wish to talk to you, in some undisturbed hour, when your heart is tranquil and your thoughts serene. Will you come to hear me?'

"'Will I come?' he echoed, drawing me closer to his breast. 'Will I open my eyes to see the splendours of to-morrow? Will I suffer my ears to drink in the melodies of winds and waters, and birds and happy insects? Will I breathe the odours wherewith our dear God hath freighted the embracing airs? Then will I come to thee, Eleanore. And call no more on that high courage, which as much as anything else in the soul has riveted fast its fetters on mine. For in all these things thou speakest to me as one inspired. Therefore fear not to utter thy inmost thought, dear Eleanore. I hear the sounds of movement within. One sweet kiss before I go from thy sphere to the earthly one—a long and trusting kiss to chase away the last vanishing mist between us.'

"I was unutterably happy in that moment, Anna; happy in having followed my highest convictions; happy in the assurance of a cordial and

serious hearing of all I had yet to say; and more than all, in the exceeding tenderness and purity of the love expressed in that parting.

"'I shall see you no more till to-morrow,' he murmured; 'and this is the adieu which will be visibly conveyed by-and-by, by clasped hands only. After three days I will come for that audience. Make thy heart light, meanwhile, for it can contain no thought or emotion, I know, which thou shouldst shrink from uttering to me.'

"I lingered long enough among the flowers to dry the happy dew that had distilled into my eyes, and tranquilise the strong pulsations which seemed to have passed from his bosom into mine, and then I also entered the house, went to the parlour, and, for the first time in the presence of strangers, there sat down at the piano. One of the ladies had been playing, and very well, too—we had heard her in the garden—a beautiful piece from La Ceneventola, and the music still lay on the rack. I looked at Signorita, who invited me, by her eyes and nodding gesture, to go on.

"I believe I was inspired then, Anna, if I ever was. I struck a few chords—carelessly, as in our youth we sweep the strings of the heart often, with rash and blind hand; but the right voice did not come till I had wandered over the keys several times. At last I found it, and in the finding I quickly forgot all else but how I could satisfy my soul with the wealth of sounds. My thoughts ran backward from the rich and flowery present, but *there* was sadness which I resolutely turned from, bringing myself by soft and lingering touches on the minor keys, away from the grief I dared not let into my heart—away to the blooming fields and towering mountain-crests, where my joys and triumphs now lie. I lived in it, dear, as I had just lived in other high communion, and I was as unconscious of time in the one as in the other. When I came to the end, pouring out that last experience of my soul, there was silence after the prolonged notes of victory, and I became suddenly conscious of being surrounded.

"Presently the words, 'Inimitable! superb! glorious!' and so on, came to my ears, and I heard myself praised for what I seemed to have been rather chief auditor than performer of. Mr Huntly, the champion, as he is sometimes jokingly called, came to my side, and with some words of unmeasured warmth, expressed the pleasure I had given them all. There was a general murmur of voices and movement, and I wondered that Leonard did not appear.

"'We should like to hear something else, Madame,' said Mr Hedding. 'So skillful a hand must have many such pleasures in its gift.'

"I did not say, of course, what was true—that it was the soul, and not the hand, that had furnished the last; but feeling constrained by the request and the waiting presences, I laid a piece of Mendelssohn before me and played it. It was mechanically done, and not very well, for my hand needs practice sadly, except when the spirit moves it; and when it was over, the men, with thanks, again withdrew to their segars, politics, railroads, and mines, and we were left alone, as I thought, till I heard a step, and felt Leonard bending over me.

"'I have never heard you touch a piano before, Eleanore,' he said, speaking low; 'but tell me, What was that wonderful first piece?'

"'It has no name,' I said.

"'Then it was an improvisation. I thought so—it spoke so clearly to

my soul. I could not come to you at the moment—the music moved me too deeply. Do you play much in that way?'

"'Not much in any way,' I replied, 'since I left home.'

"I remembered then, Anna, playing at Mrs Holman's, and how you recognised the expression of that performance; and I told him that I had played so but once before since I had known him.

"'This is a pleasure,' he said, 'I never dreamed of enjoying with you. It has taken me by surprise. We are apt, perhaps, to undervalue the musical taste and culture of Americans; but I would not shrink from comparing that performance with one of the same character by any unprofessional artist in Paris or London.'

"'It is rather a gift,' I said, 'than a power—which in music must be the result of a talent, as we call it, richly cultivated. Apart from something like this, I make no pretensions. I am not a bit of an artist, Leonard.'

"'We might differ about that,' he said, 'if there were time; but we left an important question suspended in mid-discussion when you summoned us, and I must return to my part in it.'

"So ended the evening, dear Anna; and you ought—indeed, now, you ought—to be more thankful than I fear you are, for being so faithfully remembered in these full and happy days. In my next letter, you will have that long talk and its results, so far as they are discernible at the writing.

"Do you often consider, dear, how foolishly we speak of the effect of ideas? We talk with a person for the purpose of introducing certain thoughts and feelings into his or her life. We spend an hour—may be two or three—and we go away at last disappointed and disheartened. When we speak of the interview, we say, 'I tried to show a truth to that soul, but without avail. My words fell upon ears of stone.'

"Shallow lamentation! We sow the seed, and expect to see the bloom in a day. We will not patiently look along the line of stormy or tranquil years that stretch before, to see how, by-and-by, in some unexpected hour and place, there shall spring up a sweet flower, or a clinging vine, or a vigorous young forest tree, to testify to our righteous husbandry. I believe no word spoken for truth is ever utterly lost. It will germinate somewhere in the kingdom of life, and add to it beauty or strength, or both.

"Phil, hearing your name frequently mentioned so affectionately between Leonard and me, has actually taken to teasing for you lately, and he has entered into treaty with Clara, I believe to join him—so that almost every day I am questioned, entreated, and sometimes positively worried by the little rogues about you. Will you come, dear friend, when the time you named to Leonard is expired? If you should desire it, you could have this situation, or another as good, without difficulty; but I shall claim you for my own for awhile, wherever I may then be. How would you like the mountains for a few months? At any rate come, dear Anna, when you feel you can.

"I am invited now very frequently, since it is understood who I am to be, by-and-by. Even my good Mrs Rowe made a point of sending for me from the school-room, at her last visit, instead of, as before, leaving her card, with my name written upon it.

"I have not been out yet, nor do I intend going at present. Leonard does not worship society or position, and when I say, 'Shall I go this evening here or there?' he says with his tongue, 'By all means, if you like to, Eleanore:' but with his eyes he says as plainly, 'Will it not be so much happier being by ourselves here?' And I always answer to the eyes, and not the tongue. Yours ever, ELEANORE."

CHAPTER LIV.

"THE three days are gone, Anna," she said in her next, "but the arrangements spin out through two or three more, I suppose, and as I see him every day, I let times and events take their course.

"On Sunday last we went to the Protestant chapel. It is not quite lawful to call it a church—the Romish Church refusing to recognise it for that, and the government, in suffering it to be established, actually refusing to it the proportions and general architectural character of sacred edifices. It is a low one-storey wooden building, on the hill in the part of the town mostly occupied by foreigners; painted brown, and looking more like a rambling lawless cottage-house than a building for religious worship.

"The congregation was small, but there was a large proportion of cultivated refined faces among those who composed it. This is a British naval station, you know. There is an English war vessel of immense size lying in the harbour at present, and several smaller ones are always kept here or cruising on the coast. This brings a good many cultivated men and a few families into the English congregation; and then there are physicians, lawyers, merchants, and travellers—an undue proportion of the latter, just now, on their way to California.

"The services are conducted by a minister who is not called a rector, or vicar, or curate; but a chaplain. He is a slight, pale, intellectual looking man, with a gentle, kindly face, which greatly won us. His sermon was both earnest and polished; but its staple was drawn from the past, where, according to the doctrines of his church, are garnered man's hopes of salvation. The good man is stifled, walled within his creed, and dare not rub off the mould of the ages, lest some of his piety should go with it. Leonard and I agreed, walking homeward, that however honest and good and pure it was, the day for such teaching was passing away. It is observable, I think, everywhere—here, as well as at home, that it takes less hold on the mind than it used to. People sit and hear of awful judgments, and penalties, and wrath, and ruin; but, dear friend, they don't believe them! And I respect them for it. Leonard laughed at my remarking how comfortably this little congregation, which does not, I suppose, contain many progressive people, took its damnation. The people looked complacently at him who was showing them what they deserved, and would certainly get, if God's wrath were not averted, and seemed, by their placid faces of assent, to say, 'Yes, that is right: it is quite according to the canons; but on the whole, we will not disturb ourselves—at least not now—when, if they wholly believed what he was saying, the most fearful demonstrations could not have expressed the agony they ought to have been in.

"We concluded that the indications from all quarters showed that the gospel of fear is going out, and the gospel of love coming in; and that the teachers who would remain teachers, will have to change their direction hastily by-and-bye, or find themselves left aside from the great moving current as obstructions instead of helps.

"It is one of my most substantial causes of thankfulness that Leonard, who has such a strong religious life, is emancipated in it. We have agreed, while we remain in this country, to be preachers to each other.

"It was arranged on this Sunday, that we should go out on horseback on Monday afternoon, I beginning my lessons an hour earlier for that purpose. It is not allowable in this country, on account of the low moral condition, I suppose, that any unmarried man and woman shall go out together alone. Suspicion is thus elevated into a social institution, which cannot be set at naught, without loss of caste. So Mr Huntly, who is really a most noble fellow, and who commends himself anew to me every time I see him, was invited to invite somebody, and accompany us. We started at two, and were out till nine, dining at a tavern about ten miles hence, which is much resorted to, and riding altogether about thirty miles. It was one of the pleasantest days of my life, dear Anna. Leonard loves the natural world as much as I do. He is enthusiastic about skies, landscapes, and forests—sensitive to certain airs as I am, and can take a long holiday by the sea-shore, or on the mountains, or in the forest, with as keen a relish of it and all its acessories as any soul I ever saw.

"His life is so healthy and active—thoughtfulness tempering and elevating all enjoyment into a sort of religion, which may be grave or gay, according to the outward genialities of the time and place, that he is one of the most delightful companions, apart from his near and sweet relation to me. I find him so esteemed among the men to whom he is known. No excursion or party of the best is complete without him; yet Mr Hedding told me, confidentially, that he never participates in or approaches their occasional dissipation; never does nor says himself, or encourages in any other what the presence of the purest women would forbid—a high test of character, I take it, Anna, in a man of the world as he pre-eminently is.

"You do not know how much all this encourages and assures me. For though I should love him no less were he in some respects less complete, yet I feel in these many and beautiful sides to his life, a wealth of resource and promise for the future, which I can scarcely estimate to you. If only now the life is spared to us to enjoy all. But I am talking of him instead of what I saw. It is not that I love nature less, but—you know the rest.

"The roads here are often only mule paths, leading through canons and across ravines that look inaccessible from the hills whence you are obliged to descend into them. The horses are curiously trained to gallop up and down the roughest paths. A timid, or even a prudent rider, would hold it expedient, joining such a reckless party as ours was, to settle his temporal concerns before leaving home; for certainly, many times in course of the day, one fancies there is but an inch between him and broken bones. Yet these splendid creatures never miss their footing in a whole day of such rashness.

"Great varieties of the cactus were in bloom upon the barren hills, and beautiful verbenas, fuchsias, pansies, moccasin flowers, geraniums, and low vine roses sparkled in the valleys below them. Everywhere we saw the chaste oleander, the showy laurustinus, and the sweet honeysuckle—every shrub a mass of flowers, so healthy, luxuriant, and gay, that they made our hearts glad with their gladness. We rode through this blooming wilderness, sometimes bending to our saddles to escape the sturdier boughs, and again standing to breathe, and gaze from some open hill-top upon the country spread below us—the prodigal vales of beauty, and the field of young wheat, set in the red of the arid hill.

"But to me, Anna, the grand feature of the day's show—that which made me often silent with wonder and pleasure, and a wish to be there, alone with Leonard, was the snowy Andes. There they lay stern and silent, along the north-eastern horizon—their ancient heads reaching into eternal winter—their bases gay with the tender beauty that surrounded us. Aconcagua, the giant of the American mountains, piercing the thin blue air above us for five miles, made even his huge brother look comparatively diminutive. How the terrible grandeur appealed to my imagination and my heart. Alone, with that spectacle before me, I should have knelt in silent worship of the power that could fashion it, and in grateful love of the Beneficence that had placed it here. I never long for the strength and freedom of a man, but when such a scene, which only a man's foot can fully explore, lies before me. What a pleasure, what a long rapture, to climb to the top of that hoary mountain—what ecstasy, looking down thence upon the far-off world, to bathe the soul in that misty solitude by day, and drink in its starry mysteries by night! I realised there the life that said of itself:—

> "'Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends,
> Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home.'

"I became a poet within, when gazing on this scene, and felt, more keenly, I think, then ever before, that they are among the happiest of earth's children who can find harmonious utterance for such emotions as pained me in my cold silence. It was a high question then, which my soul could not get answered, why feeling should so immeasurably exceed the power of expression.

"I asked it of Leonard, when we were riding by ourselves in the evening, and the answer he made was the only selfish one I ever heard from his lips: 'If you were a poet in speech as you are in heart, Eleanore, I fear you would be too far from me.'

"———— Yesterday he came out after dinner, for a whole uninterrupted evening with me alone. 'I am clear now, dear Eleanore," he said, as he drew me to his heart. 'All the worldly care for to-day, and for many days is gone at last. The morning settled it, and now we are our own again for a time. Antonio is coming to take Phil for a ride, and I want you all to myself, for this whole evening, for that formidable talk which was so dreaded a week ago, or if not that, any other, in which this soul can come to mine. I am longing for your voice and words after these tiresome days of business.'

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

By Alfred T. Story.

O come, ye little children, to the woodlands!
O come, ye little children, to the bright sands!
  To the laughing, dancing waters and the flowers!
O come ye from the alleys of the town,
Where the bare walls for ever threat and frown,
  And the dark mist of rain for ever lowers!

O wherefore do ye linger 'mid the noise
Of the harsh discordant city, when such joys
  Await ye in the meadows? 'Twas for ye,
O ye children, lovely children, that He made
The meadows, and them beauteously arrayed
  In such garniture of flower, and grass, and tree.

The birds are singing for you all the day;
The flowers prank them in their bright array,
  And wait for you and sigh for you till eve,
When they close their eyes in slumber till the morn;
While ye, O desolate children, all forlorn,
  Press your little hearts against the stones and grieve!

O grieve so patient, sadly! not like men
Who fret and fume like lions in a den
  When their ways are crossed or purposes delayed;
For ye know not why ye weep, but in your bosoms
There's a longing and a yearning for the blossoms,
  With which the beauteous earth is all arrayed.

Just as in larger children there's a fervour
Of heavenly aspiration and endeavour
  To gain those meads of asphodel so fair,
That stretch within those regions of delight,
Beyond the darksome veil of mortal night,
  Where cometh neither sorrow nor despair.

The city with its clamour and its din,
With its hollowness, and vanity, and sin,
  With its recklessness and ruthlessness of life,
Was not meant, O little children, meant for you,
But for bearded men, and stalwart, who can do
  Deeds of daring in the battle and the strife

'Gainst the foe;—the wicked demon, who for ever,
Like the ancient myth Cerberus, doth endeavour
  To crush the noble striver in his woe;
Or with siren-voice to woo the thoughtless wight
To Orcus-pit, and blackest, starless night,
  Where grim despair and anarch madness go.

Man sins against ye, little ones, to keep
Ye close mewed up in cities, where the deep
  Constant longings of your tender hearts are crushed;
That yearning to be one with all that lives—
A passion so inherent that nought gives
  A recompense for it when sadly hushed.

The toil and moil of cities soon enough
Comes to grind, in life's harsh tread-mill, human stuff,
  Till life's poetry and flowers all are gone;
And nothing but its haggardness remains,
Its nakedness, necessities, and pains,
  For the poor heart to break and bleed upon.

With your winning eyes, O little children, plead,
And your plaintive voices also, for the need
  Of your tender hearts, like little birds and flowers
For sunshine and the fragrant, healthful air,
To make ye joyous, laughing-eyed, and fair,
  Like these denizens of coppice, field, and bower.

O hear their gentle voices sadly plaining;
Behold their little cheeks how thin and waning,
  And think of your own childhood, O ye men!
Of that valley green and spreading where ye gamboled,
And those hills and dales o'er which so oft ye rambled,
  As joyous as the sky-lark or the wren.

And pity them, the little ones, whose eyes
Never gaze upon the blue o'er-arching skies,
  Save through the smoke and mist of busy towns;
Who never lie upon the grass and drowse
Their time away, nor rock upon the boughs,
  Nor saunter all forgetful on the downs;

And let their lives be gladsome, wild, and free,
As the butterflies and moths that throng the lea.
  With your enfranchisements, O do enfranchise these
In their childhood days, at least, from care and sorrow,
From misery and wretchedness that furrow
  Their tender hearts, and foul and gaunt disease.

For garrisons, exchanges, churches, jails,
And hospitals, your money never fails;
  For idleness, and vanity, and vice,
Your streets are thronged with palaces; but where
Are your gardens for the little ones, O where?
  And yet, than they, what bears a higher price!

O think a little while, ye thoughtless men,
Whom you're living for and doing for; and then
  Consider whether 'mid your streets and lanes,
Ye might not have some green umbrageous courts
Where your children might enjoy their childish sports,
  And yet not over-circumscribe your gains.

A CURIOUS thing happened lately (says the *Musical Standard*) at a theatre in Saxony—"Hamlet" was being performed. In the great monologue (Act III. scene 1), where "Hamlet" says—

> "But that the dread of something after death,
> The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns,"

a country fellow in the gallery exclaimed, "Stupid! didn't you see your father's spirit last night? Where do you think he came from?"

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

EVIDENCE BEFORE THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

(*To the Editor of Human Nature.*)

SIR,—The heavy chariot of the gods Matter and Mammon, has so crushed and flattened the brains of their votaries, as to make them lose sight of all sense of shame. The evidence given by the spiritualists before the Dialectical Society, disfigured in the first instance by the London penny-lights, has been so *facetiously* distorted by the effulgent wit of the provincial penny-a-liners, as to make error smile and truth blush. My own evidence thus twice stretched on their modern beds of Procrustes has had the most to suffer. Deeming *my* experience of the phenomena (extending as it does to several countries and embracing almost every phase of mediumship) to be of the greatest importance for forming a just criterion of causes and effects, I desire to place it under the shield of the Spiritual press, the only one on which we can now-a-days rely for fairness and truth.

Should you agree with me in my estimate of the importance of the evidence which I have sent in writing to the Dialectical Society, I hope you will publish it *in extenso* in the next number of your fearless periodical.—Your obedient servant, G. DAMIANI.

Clifton, July 12, 1869.

EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITUALISM:

A Letter addressed to the DIALECTICAL SOCIETY *by* G. DAMIANI, *Foreign Correspondent of the British Association of Progressive Spiritualists.*

"They say Democritus was always laughing; if so Democritus was no philosopher."—SILVIO PELLICO.

"I come from the living, and you say they are dead."—(*A Neapolitan proverb.*)

"Truth against the world."—JUDGE EDMONDS.

To the Committee of the Dialectical Society, now sitting to investigate the phenomena attributed to spiritual agencies.

GENTLEMEN,—When on Tuesday, June 22, 1869, I came before you to give evidence in connection with the matters which you were then investigating, I was prepared to testify only to the facts, and not to expound the philosophy of Spiritualism. Being, however, desired by some members of your committee to indicate the theories whereon those facts depend for their significance, I willingly assented, replying at some length to various questions bearing on those theories which were then asked me. Your limits as to time thus precluded me from laying before you those facts to elicit which formed (I presume) the principal object of your session. I was, in consequence, desired by certain of your number to send my actual experiences of Spiritualism to your committee in writing. This I now do with great pleasure, not only because of my concurrence in the adage "*verba volant*" (which I take in its double significance), but also because I have recently seen such evidence as I have already given before you most facetiously dis-

torted by your (mis-)reporters. Indeed, the whole evidence adduced on the evening in question—not to speak of that taken on the preceding Tuesday—manifests great misconception of their proper functions on the part of your short-hand writers, who perhaps thought that you were sitting *de lunatico inquirendo*, or possibly imagined that your committee would be pleased to see their proceedings reported in the style applicable to the description of a steeple-chase, or a prize-fight. It rests with you (as I would submit) to make these "gentlemen of the fourth estate" understand, once for all, that you require, in them, faithful automatons, and not wits; and that they are employed by you to reproduce, and not to colour and distort. I thus appeal to you, not on account of my own lacerated feelings (although, of course, the irony of the penny press cuts me to the very soul), but for the credit of your own proceedings, the utility and dignity of which are seriously imperilled by the "native woodnotes wild" of your *sky-larking* stenographers.

Having, I hope, reported your reporters not in vain, I now proceed to lay before you my evidence concerning the (so-called) spiritual phenomena.

I am, comparatively, a novice in Spiritualism, having been engaged, altogether, only four years in the investigation of its phenomena and the study of its literature. I am not a medium, nor have I sought to be developed into one; but I have come in contact with more than one hundred of that class (of whom only three were professional, or paid mediums), and have assisted at more than two hundred *seances* in England, France, and Italy. I am personally acquainted with many of the leading spiritualists of Europe, of whom I here make bold to say that, as a class, they are certainly not inferior in intellectual calibre to any other body of scientists whom I have yet been privileged to encounter. Amongst the many phenomena which I might lay before you, I will content myself with the relation of a few only, as being sufficient to effectually dispose of all the theories of "unconscious cerebration," "mental aberration," "collective delusion," and other woeful epidemics, propounded by the advanced philosophers of the day in order to account for, and explain away, matters which even *they* admit to be somewhat abnormal in their nature.

Now for facts. In the spring of 1865 I was induced by a friend to attend my first *seance*. This I remember, took place at No. 13 Victoria Place, Clifton, the medium being Mrs Marshall. I had been, up to that moment, an utter sceptic in spiritual matters; chokeful of positivism, I conceived man to be but a very acute monkey (*simia gigantis stupenda*, to be scientific), and recognised in life only a brief and somewhat unsatisfactory farce. I was, however, at the same time open to conviction,—which, perhaps, was foolish in me. I found assembled at this *seance* some forty gentlemen, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and journalists, besides a fair sprinkling of ladies. A medical man, well known in the neighbourhood of Bristol, Dr Davy, of Norwood, filled the chair. At first, I refused to sit at the large table whereat the manifestations were to take place, for being then what I have now ceased to be, an unqualified believer in the candour and truthfulness of the newspaper press, I made up my mind (certain journalistic comments being fresh in my recollection) to keep a sharp look-out upon

the medium's movements. I was thus occupied (*intentaque ora tenebat*) when sounds, altogether unlike anything in my experience, were distinctly heard by me to proceed from the ceiling, some four yards as I should judge, above the medium. These sounds, travelling down the wall, along the floor, and up the claws and pillar of the large round table, came resounding in its very centre. This ought to have convinced me at once that the medium's toes, at least, had nothing to do with the phenomenon; but prejudiced incredulity is so strong a cuirass against the sword of truth, that I remained still watching the feet of the medium under the table, as a cat does its prey. The chairman was the first to commence conversation with our (supposed) spiritual visitors. Shortly afterwards it came to my turn to talk with the spirits. "Who is there?" "Sister," was rapped out in reply. "What sister?" "Marietta." "Don't know you; that is not a family name;—are you not mistaken?" "No; I am your sister." This was too much: I left the table in disgust. Still, those knocks proceeding from the ceiling had puzzled me, and excited my curiosity; therefore, when the company dispersed I remained behind, to discover, if I could, the *modus operandi*. I invited myself (the assurance of sceptics is proverbial) to take tea with Mrs Marshall and her hostess, after which I begged to have a private *seance*. "Now I shall catch you," I thought. Sure enough the raps came again, distinct and sonorous as before. "Who are you?" "Marietta." "Again! why does not a sister whom I can remember come?" "I will bring one;" and the raps were now heard to recede, becoming faint and fainter until lost in the distance. In a few seconds a *double knock*, like the trot of a horse was heard approaching, striking the ceiling, the floor, and lastly the table. "Who is there?" "Your sister Antonietta." "That is a good guess," thought I. "Where did you pass away?" "Chieti." "When?"—thirty-four loud distinct raps succeeded. Strange—my sister so named had certainly died at Chieti just thirty-four years before. "How many brothers and sisters had you then? Can you give me their names?" Five names (the real ones) all correctly spelt in Italian were given. Numerous other tests produced equally remarkable results. I then felt I was in the presence of my sister.

"If that is not in truth my sister," I thought, "then there exists in nature something more wondrous and mysterious even than the soul and its immortality." What had taken place at this, my first *seance*, produced such an effect upon my mind that I determined to continue the investigation until I could come finally to a rational conclusion upon the subject. During the fortnight of Mrs Marshall's stay in Clifton, I frequented the *seances* daily, and on an average for four hours a day. Spirit after spirit I evoked, who one and all established their identity through the most searching tests. Having been thus uniformly successful, I felt somewhat perplexed about Marietta. Had I been mystified in her case, and in hers alone? Finally, I wrote to my mother, then living in Sicily, inquiring whether, among the nine children she had borne and buried, there had been one named Marietta. By return of post, my brother, Joseph Damiani, architect, now residing at Palermo, wrote as follows:—"In reply to your inquiry, mother wishes me to tell you that on October 2nd, 1821, she gave

birth, at the town of Messina, to a female child, who came into the world in so weakly a condition that the midwife, using her prerogative in such emergencies, gave her baptism. Six hours after birth the child died, when the midwife disclosed the fact of her having baptised the infant under the name of Maria (the endearing diminutive of which is Marietta). The birth and death of this sister I have verified by reference to the family register." You must admit, gentlemen, that in the above case "unconscious cerebration" has not one leg to stand upon.

To proceed with my testimony. I have been present at *seances* when a sheet of blank paper and a pencil have been placed under the table, and a few seconds afterwards, these being picked up, sentences have been found written on the paper. How do I know that it was not the medium's toes did this? you may ask. Well, I can only reply that in such case the medium must indeed have possessed most extraordinary toes.

Whilst in Sicily, quite recently, a most telling poem, two hundred lines long, in the Sicilian dialect, besides communications in German, French, Latin, and English, have been received in my presence, the medium in this case being a singularly illiterate person of the artisan class.

I have met in Clifton with a boy medium, between ten and eleven years of age, who would write long essays on spiritual philosophy, the matter and manner of these essays being such as would have been accepted from any accomplished writer of mature age who was conversant with the subject. I took the well-known Alessandro Gavazzi to a *seance* with this youthful medium. The acute polemist put various abstruse metaphysical and theological questions to the medium, or rather to the medium's controlling spirit, and received replies so deep and learned as to convince him that it was no mere case of "clever boy." This young medium—whose writings now extant would fill a dozen volumes—exhibited a different handwriting for every controlling spirit by whom he was directed, and wrote occasionally in several of the dead languages.

I know another medium, aged fifteen, also resident at Clifton, who, when under spirit influence, will give answers written in rhyme, so exceedingly good, both as to matter and style, as to preclude any possible question in the minds of those who know him as to their being his own unassisted composition.

While in Paris a few weeks ago, I was at several *seances* with the "healing medium," Jacob, the ex-Zouave. I have seen patients who entered the room upon crutches, walk out of it perfectly cured. On touching his patients, Jacob invariably enumerates (to their great amazement) all the drugs they have been taking. "*Vous vous êtes fait empoissoner avec de l'opium et de l'aconite, et vous vous êtes nourri de porc salé et de viandes saignantes,*" I heard him say on one occasion. "*Oui, monsieur,*" the sufferer ejaculated. "*Tesez vous, je n' ai pas besoin que vous me le dites, puisque je le sens,*"* was the curt rejoinder.

* "You have allowed yourself to be poisoned with opium and aconite, and you have been feeding on salt pork and meat under-done."—"Yes, sir." "Do not speak; I do not want you to tell me, since *I feel* it."

When present at *seances*, I have heard instruments sounding and playing in good time and with correct enharmonic accompaniments, whilst, to my own knowledge, no one in the room, with the exception of myself, knew anything about music, and it certainly was not *I* that played on these occasions.

I have heard noises, as of sledge-hammers, on the walls of a private house in Clifton, making the whole building shake to its foundations. The sound of footsteps moving about from one part of the room to another, I have repeatedly heard in open daylight, upon occasions when no one was present in the room with me, except a seated medium. I have seen a heavy table rise bodily from the floor when only the medium's fingers and my own were resting lightly on it, and rising in such a manner, and to such a height, as to render *toe-leverage* a matter of physical impossibility. I have often, when seated, been shifted, together with the chair on which I have been sitting, a foot or more from the table during a *seance*.

I have seen a lady raised in her chair at least a clear foot from the ground, and sustained in that position for several seconds, whilst no hands were touching her or her chair—the medium, moreover, being a considerable distance off.

I have frequently held spirit-hands (at all events, hands not attached to any corresponding body) in my grasp. The touch of these hands differed so much from that of human hands, that I can bring nothing like analogy or comparison to bear upon it. They were not so warm as human hands, and ordinarily (though not invariably) were softer in texture. Their contact has generally sent a thrill through my frame, somewhat resembling a slight electric shock. These hands would melt away and dissolve in mine. I have often *seen* the hands. They are generally beautiful in form, with tapering fingers, such as those Canova gives to his ideal nymphs and godesses. Sometimes they present a whitish and opaque appearance, at other times I have seen them pink and transparent.

I have assisted at several *seances* with the Davenport Brothers—those men of all living (except, perhaps, Daniel D. Home) the best abused. On their last visit to England in 1868, I happened to be selected as one of the persons who were to tie them to their seats in that well-known cabinet of theirs. Immediately after they were thus secured, five pink transparent hands appeared ranged perpendicularly behind the door. Subsequently I placed my hand in the small window of the cabinet, when I felt each of my five digits tightly grasped by a distinct hand, and while my own was thus held down, five or six other hands protruded from the hole above my wrist. On withdrawing my hand from the aperture, an arm came out therefrom—an arm of such enormous proportions that, had it been composed of flesh and bone, it would, I verily believe, have turned the scale (being weighed) against the whole corporeal substance of the smaller Davenport. At the *seance* I have just mentioned, there were present, amongst others, Mr Goolden Perrin, of Westmoreland Place, Camberwell; Mr Robert Cooper, of The Terrace, Eastbourne, Sussex; also a celebrated mesmeric doctor, whose name has, for the moment, escaped my recollection.

I have assisted at *seances* where, the windows being closed and the doors locked, *fresh* flowers have been showered on the company just previously to their departure. It was at Baron Guldenstubbe's, in London, in the year 1867, that I first remember having witnessed this. The flowers would have filled a large basket, and the fact of their being *perfectly fresh* and besprinkled with dew—the medium, Mrs Guppy, *née* Nichol, having been with us continuously for at least two hours before the *seance* commenced—in itself, and apart from the lady's great respectability, precludes any, the faintest, suspicion of "crinoline mystification," or sleight of hand. I must not omit mentioning that, on examining the flowers, some of which still remain in my possession, we perceived that the ends of the stems presented a blackened and burnt appearance. On our asking the invisible intelligences the reason of this, we were told that electricity had been the potent "nipper" employed.

In the year 1866, at a "dark *seance*" held at the Spiritual Lyceum in London, I distinctly saw Miss Nichol raised on her chair from the ground by some unseen agency, and placed on the table round which I and many others were sitting. A gap in a folding door, through which the light flickered, enabled me from where I sat to distinctly see her carried aloft through the air with extreme swiftness.

Another interesting series of phenomena coming under my personal observation has been the "voice *seances*," whereat I have heard and conversed with spirit-voices. Having attended at several of these *seances* with different mediums, and in the presence of numerous investigators, I have for hours together conversed with voices which could not on either of these occasions have proceeded from any living person in the room wherein, for the time being, we were assembled. The voices vary in pitch, from the firm, vigorous, declamatory tone of the stage to the most shadowy whisper. How could I be certain, it may be asked, that this was not ventriloquism? I will give my reasons for the faith that is in me in this behalf *seriatim*:—

1st.—Because three of these voice-mediums are personal acquaintances of my own, move in respectable society, and running imminent risk of detection, would have all to lose and nothing to gain by the stupid trick of imitating "sperrits."

2ndly.—Because the voices that have greeted me at the houses of these unpaid mediums have also subsequently conversed with me at private *seances* at Mrs Marshall's, and have there exhibited the same peculiarities as to tone, expression, pitch, volume, and pronunciation, as upon the former occasions.

3rdly.—Because these voices have conversed with me upon matters known to me alone, and of a nature so personal and private that I am perfectly certain that no one present at any of the *seances* except myself could by any possibility have been cognisant of them.

4thly.—Because the voices have often foretold events about to happen, which events have invariably come to pass.

These dark *seances* of which I have spoken generally ended with the appearance of blue or red lights over the spectators' heads, and with the copious sprinkling of delicious perfumes. "On me, even on me, who now speak, descended violet odours."

A few more facts, and I have done. On Wednesday, June 23rd, 1869, having accidentally met with Mr Gardner (a spiritualist, and contributor to a spiritual magazine called *Human Nature*), he proposed introducing me to a trance-medium, Mr F. Herne, of Great Coram Street, Russell Square. I assenting, we went there together, and having been left alone with the medium, I had a *tête à tête seance* with him. Mr Herne fell into a trance, and whilst in this state five voices spoke through him to me. Three of these were unknown to me, but the other two I recognised immediately, as if they had spoken to me in the flesh. One of them was the voice of the dearest friend and relation I ever possessed. She spoke to me of family matters, so intimate and, I may say, sacred in their character, that the supposition that Mr Herne (a man I had never even seen before), or anybody else, could by any possibility have known of them, would be an insult to my common sense to entertain for one moment. On awakening from the trance, Mr Herne complained of great pain in his back, and observed that the spirit who had just quitted him must have so suffered during life. This was perfectly true; the dear friend to whom (I am firmly assured) I had even then been speaking, did, from the cradle to the grave, suffer acute pain in the three upper vertebræ of her spinal column.

I know a lady in Bristol who was so short-sighted that, even with powerful glasses, she had great difficulty in reading the largest print. Four years ago, she (having then developed into a writing medium) was impelled, as she says, by her mother's spirit to write to this effect, "Discard spectacles, have faith, and you will soon recover your sight." She did so, and the effect followed almost immediately. I have seen her frequently since engaged, by candle-light, in delicate and minute embroidery. This same lady had her front upper teeth nearly forty-five degrees out of the perpendicular. In the course of a few days after receiving a message purporting to come from the same spirit, her teeth became perfectly straight, without the intervention of a dentist. I have begged this lady to allow me to use her name in connection with these facts, but she has objected, assigning as a reason the ridiculous nature of the last phenomenon. I will not be so ungallant as to disobey her, but I will give the names of two or three gentlemen who are, like myself, personally cognisant of the facts I have above narrated:—I will mention Messieurs Watson, Blackwell, and John Beattie, all of Bristol or Clifton.

These facts are only a handful compared with those which I have experienced during four years of persistent investigation. After such evidence brought home to me in so extraordinary a manner, I should deserve to fall from man's estate and dwindle into "*simia gigantis formosa*," nay, into "*gorilla liliputiana stupidissima*," if I still allowed a doubt to enter my mind as to the causes producing these effects. With regard to the philosophy of Spiritualism—a new philosophy, indeed, but boasting a vast polyglot literature, which for profundity and variety of thought has no parallel—I would refer the committee to the list of books supplied to them by Mr William Howitt.

I would earnestly entreat of the committee, to become as much as possible acquainted with the philosophy of Spiritualism, before com-

piling and publishing their report. As to those fatally clever men who, approaching the subject with a jaunty indifference, after half an hour's examination pronounce it "a delusion," and denounce those who believe in it as "credulous,"—let me remind these gentlemen that the worst form of credulity is a persistent belief in the non-existence of things which do exist. In all their diatribes and philippics against Spiritualism, these persons have, in sooth, themselves shown an amount of credulity painful to consider. They believe, for instance, that a man of the calibre, say, of Baron Caprara (the head of the spiritualists of Italy, and one of the chief literary ornaments of that country,) would inveigle under his roof a score of truth-seekers,—men of learning and experience like himself,—and gravely put them through such a scene as I will now endeavour to depict. . . . . The host's wife and daughter (the *mediums*) come into the room, the one with a perfect arsenal of tongs, hooks, and pokers concealed under her vast crinoline, whilst the other, a young lady of eighteen, bears hidden about her person the strippings of a large conservatory. The *seance* begins. The company of mature *gobemouches*, eyes, ears, and mouths wide open, seat themselves with their host and his *educated* family round the mahogany. The light is excluded; the baron begins immediately to put in motion an electric machine for the purpose of producing the "spirit raps;" after which the butler (hidden behind a false wall contrived for the occasion) cries out through a marine trumpet, "*Ho, ho, ha, ha, io sono 'spirto gentil;' come sta?*" (this representing the "spirit voices.") Then comes the young lady's turn, and she flings the flowers wherewith she is provided, broadcast where she imagines the heads of the guests to be; meanwhile the baroness, not to be behindhand, is busy poking, pinching, and hooking the "understandings" of the investigators in turn, and "Tiger" who has all this time been playing spirit-music on a handle accordion from under the ottoman, coming out of his retreat, buffets the *believers* with pneumatic indiarubber hands, that collapse under the touch, and whispers prophetic words in their ears, and in "very," "very" choice Italian. By this time the indefatigable butler has let loose boxful of glow-worms, whilst James the footman lights some lucifer matches and fusees which he introduces through holes in the ceiling from the room above. The many-coloured stars attract the attention of the learned geese present, but their eyes soon wink and smart under a shower of *eau de cologne*, for the ingenious baron has contrived several mechanical squirts, which are suspended from the ceiling and put in motion by a string. The *seance* is over; the edified company are ushered into the supper room, where an elegant repast is provided for their *bodily* delectation; and, when they depart, their estimable host pats them on the back, and hopes they will soon *come again*. When the last of the bamboozled ones has left, and "the lights are extinguished, the revellers gone," this disinterested and novel Cagliostro puts out his tongue, winks at his delighted spouse and daughter, and, like Barham's vulgar little boy "puts his thumb unto his olfactory organ and ventilates his fingers *so*." Moreover *(mirabile dictu!)* the guests (of whom the majority are men of some distinction in the worlds of literature and science, who have seen many years out of school, and many lands) return eagerly again and again to these *seances*, and at others in different

parts of the world, never for one moment suspecting the abominable system of trickery, of which they have been made the victims. Yes; this is the way in which some philosophers *explain* the phenomena at these *seances;* this is what these precursors of knowledge, these Mentors of the rising generations, persist in believing to be the true state of things, and then they curl their lips and dub the spiritualists "credulous!" What a ludicrous spectacle! View Science demanding of Spiritualism whether she beholds anything verdant in her visual organ! Meanwhile, look at home for a moment, and mark Professor Cayenne showing the only "original, real, veritable, and legitimate" ghost (for the small consideration of one shilling); see him—indefatigable scientist!—demonstrating the rising of a hat (and of the wind) at the Polly-pic-nic. Well done Cayenne! thou hast ennobled the ministry of science! Then behold F.F.R.'s throwing stones at the spirits and then running away; and affrighted (but *not wise*) D.D.'s fearing it is "alas" too true; while stoical M.D.'s coolly assure them it is ALL fudge; without speaking of stolid newsmongers who crack their spleens and distort facts until men of sense are tempted to exclaim with the Italian satirist—

O, educated, educating educators!

In the midst, perhaps, even on account of all this *tintamarre* din and clatter, infant Spiritualism is, through measles, hooping-cough, and chicken pox, developing into a fine cherub. It already shows its first teeth, and depend upon it, will soon talk fluently and convince the Godfrey's-cordial-besotted Mrs Grundy—

1st, That creation is not a huge useless machine—cumbrous and obsolete as is the Irish Church in Mr John Bright's eyes—but, a living truth, a sublime conception.

2nd, That man is not a talking baboon, but an immortal being.

3rd, That life is not a Comto-Buchner burlesque, but a glorious and eternal reality.

Thus I conclude. If I have said too much, forgive me as one zealous for a cause which he believes to be just. Every man has his peculiarities; mine is to write as I speak, and to speak and write as I think and know.—I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

Clifton, July 10, 1869. G. Damiani.

DIRECT SPIRIT WRITING—SPIRIT MUSIC—THE SPIRIT VOICE.

(To the Editor.)

Your readers are already well acquainted with the phenomena which usually occur at Mr and Mrs Everitt's circle, Pentonville, London, therefore I need not repeat what has been so fully described. It has been my good fortune, however, to be present at some of these seances during my recent visit to London, and I take the pleasure of recording some phenomena of a very unusual kind, which I have not observed in your pages before. On the evening to which I refer, our circle was a very select one. It consisted of two couples besides Mr and Mrs Everitt, myself, and Mrs Nisbet. After the party had engaged in conversation for some time, the circle was formed, and a portion of

Scripture was read, selected by the spirits, which illustrated some topics of the previous conversation. The subject was further continued by the spirits and the circle, after which Mrs Everitt became entranced, when she wrote replies to the questions brought forward by the members of the seance. When the light was put out specimens of direct spirit-writing were produced, and what indicated their genuineness in a remarkable manner was, that although these writings were produced on sheets of paper previously almost covered with writing, yet they were inserted in the vacant spaces as accurately as if they had been done in the light by an ordinary penman. Mrs Everitt, in the trance, then removed to near the piano, on the top of which she placed the tube. "John Watt" then began speaking, but was unable to make his voice distinct for want of power. The most remarkable phenomenon, however, is yet to be described. The piano is a "cottage" one, and the lid over the keys was shut down. Soon, however, a kind of lullaby was begun, not on the keys but on the wires, as if they were being gently thrummed by the finger nail. The sounds were rather harmonious and agreeable, and several times, in a most exquisite manner, they seemed to die away softly in the far distance; afterwards, a simple melody was played on the keys of the closed instrument. Later in the evening the table was moved by spirit power, so as to push Mrs Everett to the side of the room most distant from the piano; having pinned her against the wall, the table rose up and placed its foot on her dress. She was not in the trance at this time. Footsteps were then heard in the room, and Mrs Nisbet was touched by the passing spirit, who brought the tube from its position on the piano and carried it all round the circle, speaking to various persons who composed it, sometimes at a considerable distance from the medium. Another remarkable point deserves to be noticed. Mrs Everitt being in her conscious normal state, spoke while the spirit voice was also speaking. She observed, however, that on her first attempt her lips moved, but no articulate sounds were produced. Her speaking did not satisfy "John Watt," who immediately said to her, "Hold your tongue, I say, you are exhausting the power; if you speak I must put you to sleep," and shortly thereafter he did put her in the trance, and retained all the power available for his own use. These phenomena, produced in such a way as to defy collusion or deception, were the most satisfactory which I have had the pleasure of witnessing, and entirely convinced me (if such had been necessary) of the honesty and genuineness of the medium and the reality of spiritual phenomena. H. NISBET.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

LAST Saturday the following letter from Mr C. F. Varley, C.E., F.R.G.S., the well-known electrician, reached London from Brest, whence it was posted just before the starting of the Great Eastern with the French Atlantic Cable:—

"Fleetwood House, Beckenham, Kent,
June 16, 1869.

"My dear Sir—Last Monday week I witnessed at a seance a phenomenon which is new to me. There were nine ladies and gentlemen

present. The seance was held in a private house, the residence of an engineer, in a room unburdened with an excess of furniture, and with sufficient light to enable us to distinguish the features of all present, the light being furnished by a street lamp outside, as well as by the twilight, the two windows being uncovered either by blinds or shutters.

"The medium present was Mr D. D. Home. The company consisted of the son of an earl of considerable talents, three civil engineers including myself, a private gentleman, and four ladies, two of whom are well known for their ability. Two of the company were sceptics receiving their first lesson.

"The usual phenomena took place, such as the raising of the table bodily from the floor, the tilting of it in various directions, and pushing us about the room, mental questions being answered by raps, to the great astonishment of the novices, one of whom was very properly very sharp in demanding proof and making close scrutiny.

"Opposite one of the ladies, and about twelve inches from the nearest hand, there was lying on the table a scent-bottle, about 4 inches long by $1\frac{3}{4}$-inch broad. The table was a large round one of mahogany, without any cover. Mr Home was on the opposite side of the table to the bottle. One of the engineers and one of the ladies present possessed the power of seeing what Reichenbach calls the flames of magnetic poles, and these two saw a pyramid of light over the scent-bottle, whilst two others, endowed with clairvoyant vision of a deeper kind saw a hand. I am unable to see these appearances except upon very rare occasions, and in this instance saw nothing of them.

"Shortly after these phenomena had been described to the rest of us, the scent-bottle began to rock very rapidly, producing much noise, and making about 8 or 10 beats per second for about half a minute. Then it began gyrating, the rocking motion continuing during the gyrations, and we all nine of us sat watching this motion for a about a minute and a-half. This is one of the prettiest and most complete pieces of evidence I have had of bodies possessed of weight moving without anybody or anything visible to me touching the same.

"There is a circumstance of some interest to students connected with physical manifestations; for, in order to obtain them with power, it is necessary that the minds of those present should be in as passive a state as possible during the collection from the medium and others present of the power necessary to produce the phenomena. Unless these conditions be complied with, the presence of people with very active minds weakens or destroys the power, but as soon as the phenomena commence, then the activity of the brains of observers is not detrimental. I have very often found that my presence puts a stop to, or greatly weakens, the physical manifestations; and last Monday week two of us were repeatedly called to order by raps, and told to engage in light conversation till the phenomena commenced. This is the reason why, more especially with weak media, some scientific men have failed to get any satisfactory results, where less active people succeed with ease.

"The spiritual beings who produce the physical phenomena seem in almost all cases to be very limited in intelligence, generally more so than any of the human beings present. With the clairvoyant pheno-

mena, especially where the medium is capable of being entranced by the unseen intelligences themselves, the activity of the brains of those present does not impede the manifestations, at least as far as my experience goes. Through the latter sources of communication one is frequently enabled to converse with intelligences, spirits, or whatever you like to call them, whose knowledge is in advance of our own on many points.

"The process of dying does not seem to add to the intelligence of an individual, so far as I have been able to observe. It seems to be merely a change of state. Superstition seems to reign on the other side of the grave as much as on this, and appears to be as difficult to eradicate as here.

"There is one more point to which I should like to draw the attention of the society, and it is one in which all of those who may be called 'rational' mediums concur, namely, that a sudden and violent death is very prejudicial to an individual in the next life. Such a man is nearer in condition to material bodies than those who die a gradual natural death; and when his wisdom is of so low a character that he is maliciously inclined, he is much more able to influence prejudicially those on earth than are those who have died a natural death. I am fully persuaded that inquiry into this branch of the subject will lead to the termination of capital punishment on what may be termed 'selfish' grounds; because when a criminal of the lowest type is executed, the lowness of his type, added to his violent death, makes him a spirit very nearly material in nature. Such beings seem to derive great pleasure in doing mischief, and, as they possess the power of influencing the thoughts of those on earth, delight in stimulating others to imitate their own low nature, the weak-minded being their chief victims.

"I am sorry one of the London evening papers has printed a burlesque of the weakest part of the evidence I delivered before you. People reading that burlesque would, among other things, fancy that I stated that there is no relation between what are called the spiritual and the other known material forces. What I stated at the meeting was, that I had been unable to discover the correlation.

"While the committee are undecided in their opinions about the physical phenomena, which are but the very footstool of the subject, it is out of place to say much of the uses of Spiritualism. One important fact you may learn by questioning the witnesses, namely, that all who have been seriously following up the subject, and have been gradually coming into communication with their departed friends have, bit by bit, lost the fear of death. Many, in fact, look forward to it as to promotion. The teachings already received from the higher spirits have, many of them, been left unrecorded, but some of them will be found in the literature of the subject, which is almost wholly American, and comprises hundreds of volumes published during the last twenty years. The books are obtainable in London only, so far as I know, at the library of Mr Burns, 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square. Of the English works, that by Mrs and Professor De Morgan is about the best.

"Before concluding I wish again to impress upon the committee and

all spiritualists that no one should rely upon his own evidence as conclusive, unless supported by collateral testimony. It was for this reason that when before you I cited chiefly those cases in which the same information had been communicated to me, and to others at a distance from me, at the same time neither of us expecting the messages delivered. I omitted many of the more striking cases not so corroborated by others. I hope that spiritualists will not object to my stating that as a body I think them far too credulous.

"What is wanted at the present time is that those ladies and gentlemen who have the time and ability to investigate should combine, and then take up the different branches of these extensive questions, and pursue the inquiries with the same perseverance that characterises the investigators of natural philosophy, making it a rule to accept nothing as true until denial becomes impossible.

"In my opinion it is a grievous pity that so much attention is given to fiction, and so little to the truths which are being revealed by astronomy, geology, chemistry, and natural philosophy generally. These studies reveal truths before which the interest of the greatest fiction pales. Were children taught more of these interesting facts, and less of fiction, superstition would find fewer dupes, to the great moral progress of the world.—I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

"C. F. VARLEY.

"To the Secretary of the Dialectical Society."

—*Daily Telegraph, June 28th*, 1869.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

A WORD WITH MY CRITICS.

I AM sorry that I must intrude again, but Mr Burns says that "Mr Atkinson thinks we have treated him unhandsomely in introducing counter arguments to his letters, and in ridiculing the philosophy of Positivism." This is quite wrong. What I objected to was the vulgar personal abuse, and the use of insulting expressions, and of ridicule in place of argument. Nay, even Mr Burns himself, in his very effort to excuse himself, now terms the opinions of those who differ from him "chaff and stubble," and speaks of the "blind and bigotted opponent of Spiritualism." Now I think that Mr Burns would hardly approve of his opponent denouncing him as a blind bigot, whose talk was mere chaff and stubble, and whose philosophy was simply ridiculous, and would not anyhow consider such expressions to be "unassailable arguments;" and Mr Burns is quite wrong in supposing me to be a follower of Comte. If he does not know the distinction between the philosophy of Bacon and that of Comte, it is time he learnt, as the conductor of a philosophical periodical, or his judgments will not be held to have quite the value he himself seems to attach to them.

The four first lines by "Anthropologos" expresses the fundamental position of Comte, from which as a Baconian I wholly differ. He says —"A new school of philosophy is the 'Unknowable.' Apart from the

absurdity of predicating the existence of any thing, condition, or power which is 'unknowable,' this new school appears to know much more than the party whom it opposes. Mr Atkinson, a distinguished exponent of the sect," &c. Here we have the positive philosophy of Auguste Comte upheld, whilst the opposite philosophy of Bacon is deemed ridiculous; for what is expressed is precisely the view of Comte—that as we cannot possibly learn anything in regard to causation, we cannot say that any such power exists, and we must rest content with observing the sequence and order of phenomena; but which was not original with Comte, for Hume had said the same thing long before; though with Hume it was merely a question of logical argument, for he really believed just as much in causation and in an external world as I do, and for exactly the same reason. But how "Anthropologos" gets to the knowledge of mind preceding objects in an absolute creation of intelligence, which he terms God, he does not tell us, except that he imagines the universe to have been at some time composed of unformed substance, which he calls "no-thing;" and he cannot conceive how this said material (substance) could work itself up into the mighty fabric of the universe without a fabricator, in the nature of an all-powerful intelligent being—the devil of course is left out of the question. Now this can be only assumption; and is it not something more? Is it not presumption to suppose that we poor finite and feeble human beings can sit down and complacently weigh and measure out the hidden and mysterious power and formative principle of universal nature, and reversing the order of facts in doing so? For so far as we know and have any experience, the mental phenomena have always a physical base —are always preceded by a material formation; and most certainly—call it matter or spirit—intelligence has always an unconscious source, or the percipient would be the perception, and so also in regard to the instincts and appetites of animals. So that the notion of a first intelligence gives no idea of its source and cause, but ascribes an artificial origin to nature rather than a miraculous one, and leaves us as regards the nature of causation just where we were—merely putting the question off without ever getting nearer to a solution. And one of the remarkable things about the modern Spiritualism is that it does not help us in the least degree to divine the nature of the absolute and formative principle of that in regard to which Bacon relates the story of Simonides, who, on being asked of Hiero "what he thought of God?" asked a seven-night's time to consider it, and at the seven-night's end he asked a fortnight's time, at the fortnight's end a month. At which Hiero marvelling, Simonides answered—"That the longer he thought upon the matter the more difficult he found it." Because there is nothing that we can imagine from what we know but we must ascribe to a fundamental source which is not knowable, and what Mr Wallace says, after Hamilton, Mill, and Mr Herbert Spence, must even be absolutely unthinkable, whether you term it God, or the primary cause, or what you will. What I said in regard to Lord Bacon's opinion in reference to spirits and "the force of the imagination," was exactly correct; and Mr Tomlinson's perversion of Bacon's clear meaning, by omitting the introductory portion of the passage, is to me astonishing—that is, how a man can open a book with a full and clear statement

before him, and allow his prejudices to work him wrong in such a strange way.

The "bottomless follies" which Bacon deemed monstrous, referred to the supposition of Pythagoras and the rest—that the world was actually a great living monster, possessing a soul or spirit, and that the ebbing and flowing of the sea was the breathing of the creature; and that through this universal spirit we might be made sensible of what was occurring at any distance, just as we have a sense of an action taking place in any part of our bodies. Hence, it was this monstrous spiritual belief that he rejected with so much scorn; as well as the exalting of the imagination by Paracelsus and others into an unlimited and non-natural power and "miracle-working faith." But that Bacon did not discredit the power of the imagination is certain by his suggesting that experiments should be tried, and even upon plants and trees; and that he did believe in distant influences for all that is quoted in regard to witchcraft, is equally certain from his own account of his dream in Paris, at the time of the death of his father in London. Besides the other stories referred to—and I submit that if Bacon did but "truckle to the times," it was not merely in regard to spirits being evil but in respect to their existence at all—the following passage seems to imply as much:—"There are other philosophers who have diligently and accurately attended to a few experiments, and have thence presumed to deduce and invent systems of philosophy, forming everything to conformity with them. A third set, from their faith and religious veneration, introduce theology and traditions—the absurdity of some amongst them having proceeded so far as to seek and derive the sciences from spirits and genii. There are therefore three sources of error, and three species of false philosophy—the sophistic, empiric, and superstitious."

Now I think after this the question of spirits need not be "a sore subject" to the so-called "positivists" and men of pure science. Bacon believed in evil spirits, if he did believe in spirits at all, just as he believed in witchcraft: it was one of the "vulgar errors" of the time. But his opinion on any such matter now is of no more importance than his disbelief in the motion of the earth, except that it exemplifies the need of his inductive method, and shows how easily we may be deceived in first impression. What he would say now would be—"Investigate the facts in all their correlations, and compare the whole after the manner set down, but without prejudice or a leaning to one side or another; and do not anticipate the result by any hastily formed theory, however it may at first seem to best account for the facts." And this is the method which I for one intend to pursue, and whether I meet with approval or disapproval concerns me very little.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

THE "STELLAR KEY" CRITICISED.

OUR esteemed correspondent Mr James Howell, of Brighton, favoured us some time ago with a critique on Mr Davis's "Stellar Key to the Summer Land." Our space has not enabled us to give insertion to his remarks hitherto, and now we shall have to content ourselves with making extracts. It will appear in the same number with the article by Mrs Davis bearing on the same subject. Such criticisms are useful in

showing what the popular mind, even in the case of well educated persons, requires to enable it to comprehend what is meant by the writers on spiritual philosophy. Unfortunately Mr Howell's letter is much richer in declamation than in argument. It may be that his "plane of thought," as illustrated in Mr Jackson's able article last month, does not enable him to take the same view of the subject as others are capable of doing. The majority of minds require a course of education in these new forms of thought, before they can successfully grapple with them.

"The author tells us that his book is designed to furnish scientific and philosophical evidences of the existence of an inhabited sphere or zone among the suns and planets of space, but according to my own judgment, though he splendidly imagines such a zone, he most singularly fails to prove there is one. Besides, the locality he conceives it to be in is most unfortunate. For if the Summer Land (see frontispiece) is within the zone of the milky way, how can it be revolving near its grand orbit (a physical impossibility) as stated at page 159? Now it was the opinion of the elder Herschel (quoted by Nichol in his 'Architecture of the Heavens,' page 238), that 'the milky way is breaking up into stellar aggregates of various forms, and that it will cease to be a stratum of stars.' From this I infer that if we poor spirits take up our abode in that region, we shall soon have to migrate, as the gravitating influences of those fiery orbs shooting round and about our summer land, would be alike destructive of its durability and the peace of its spiritual inhabitants. Eternal durability! Where will Jackson Davis find it in our stellar universe? No permanence, no stability! Change, change, everywhere! and without it, what would all life become? For life itself is said to be the effect of change; and if so, why should spirit rest?—composed, as the author tells us it is, of highly refined and sublimated matter; for the more refined this matter is, then the more restless in proportion should spirit be. Oxygen is comparatively still in the adamantine rock, but busy enough in the atmosphere.

"To me spirit and seer seem to know little more of the great unknown than we that are embodied, and it is a question whether many of the world's master-minds could not enlighten their ignorance. How different the information we obtain of spirit land through the mediumship of Judge Edmonds and Jackson Davis! And are we not right then in concluding that both spirit and seer are as ignorant of what lies behind the veil as ourselves? Judge Edmonds' spirit says that Juno is our Summer Land, and that its diameter is 6,500 miles. Schroeter, and Phillips in his 'Worlds beyond the Earth,' make it respectively 1,494 and 1,480 miles; yet this ignorant spirit deponeth that the diameter of this comparatively small asteroid is only 1,412 miles less than that of our own planet. From whence came his knowledge? I am afraid that the imaginations of some of the greatest spiritualists are wild steeds without the rider reason to guide them. Their accounts differ so much that I cannot take their evidence in my court of justice. The idea of mankind grinding a spiritual atmosphere by millions of tons annually, which pours like a mighty river through space into Summer Land! How absurd!"—Perhaps some of our correspondents may take up this topic, and offer some useful remarks.

THE MERITS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I read with satisfaction the circular published in your last issue, headed and not without warrant, "Progress in Life Insurance." Regarding as I do every insurance agent as a messenger of peace, a benefactor of every individual he induces to insure, and also as an elevator of society in general, I cordially agree with your concluding remarks, and wish you success in making generally known amongst your friends an office which offers such equitable terms to would-be insurers. Being greatly interested in the life insurance movement, and knowing the principles hitherto placed before the public to be but little understood by them, and that which they do understand they so little appreciate, I offer you a few thoughts which may enlighten some of your readers. If you think them worthy of a place in your magazine, I know you will give the needful space.

To be understood in the outset, I would define life insurance to be a contract between two persons who agree as follows:—A B says to C D, I will pay over to your representatives after you depart this life, or to you upon your attaining an agreed upon age, a certain sum, say £1000, provided you will yearly, until your decease, or until you attain the age agreed upon, pay to me a certain sum, say £20.

Now the question arises, Do men at the present time need to enter into such contracts? Let men of the present time answer, and thus they plead, "We are continually founding and subscribing to institutions whose only object is to provide for those unprovided for." Do you need any other answer? How comes about this state of things? Because the majority of our parents, many generations since, lost their birthright of *long life*, and the children are not yet wise enough to seek it again. In time long past, 70 years was the average life of man; now the Registrar General says it is but 41 years. O man, 29 valuable years of earth-life lost in the bottomless pit of ignorance! Thanks to you and the literature you circulate, many of your readers *are* now becoming wise, not so much to their own salvation, or their children's, but to their children's children. However, anticipation is not my theme, but the *fact* that man's life is now but 41 years in duration is the thought to dwell upon. And thus is made clear the absolute impossibility of the majority of mankind in this age of fierce commercial competition and external show, saving sufficient to leave their families provided for; and thus is the necessity that the majority of men should enter into the contract above named, made clear. But many men reason in this manner: I am healthy and strong, my life may be a long one, I have a good business, need I insure? Let the answer go to them as follows:—If *you know* you will live in this state of existence, say 30 years from this time, you will, if prudent, be enabled to save a sum sufficient for your wants. But do you know you will live? Rather you know that the *certainty of the individual life is uncertain*, therefore the prudent thing to do is to insure to the amount you have decided upon as needful.

If would-be insurers want great names to be their advisers let them listen—Benjamin Franklin speaks, A.D. 1767. He says,—"A policy

of life insurance is the cheapest and safest mode of making provision for one's family."

Lord Lyndhurst, speaking from the woolsack, says,—"A policy of life insurance is an evidence of prudent forethought,—no man, with a dependent family, can be free from reproach if he be without one."

Lord Brougham says,—"Life assurance should be ranked amongst the noblest institutions of our country."

And Professor De Morgan gives his opinion—"That there is nothing in the commercial world which approaches even remotely the security of a well established and prudently managed assurance company."

Notwithstanding all this testimony, the fact is, a very small minority of assurable lives are insured. Why is this? Is it so in other countries? No, in America where insurance has been but twenty years in existence, the number of policies in force is half as many again as in the mother country, whose business is 150 years older. But a clearer idea of the progressive increase of business in America is better shown by figures. I take the following table from the Reporter:—

Years.	Number of Policies in Force.	Insuring.	Annual Premium Income.
1863	£99,095	£53,531,735	£1,698,793
1864	146,729	79,160,610	2,636,394
1865	209,392	116,176,450	4,316,221
1866	305,390	173,021,175	7,239,579
1867	401,104	232,345,955	10,076,666
1868	526,594	302,287,993	13,851,577

The difference in amount of business is seen in greater contrast by the next comparison, which is between one of the American offices (of course I have selected the largest) and *eight* of the largest of our own.

	No. of Policies in one Year.	Insuring.
One American Office, ...	18,895	£11,804,423
Eight English, ...	4,613	2,750,624
Balance in favour of one American Office over eight English in one Year's Business.	14,282	£9,153,799

Here the question arises, Are there more assurable lives in America than in England? No, there are not, the balance is in favour of England. Then, are our cousins more provident than we, or are they more alive to the advantages of life insurance? We should not say they were. Why, then, the difference? Because of the greater advantages of their system. Every insurer in America knows that when he has paid only one premium he has an equitable surrender value which he can take out if he wish, whilst the contrary is the case here; for in England every insurer knows that but few offices give a surrender value at all until three yearly premiums have been paid, and then it is so paltry that it is not worth having. I have before me at this moment a letter from an insurer in the office which, in 1866, stood second in amount of new business done. He has paid for 10 years, and his premiums amount to £700. He wrote to the office to know the surrender value, and he thus expresses himself on the receipt of the

reply—"I was astounded at the smallness of the amount they offered" (it was less than one-fourth). So he went on paying his premiums rather than lose so much. This knowledge operates prejudicially to the development of insurance business; for my friend continues, and he expresses the true feeling of the majority,—"I have for some years felt the absence of that (a fair surrender value) to be a great drawback to one whose income is limited; and I would not advise any man to insure unless he began very early in life, simply *because he must, at any inconvenience*, continue his premiums until death, or sacrifice whatever amount he may have paid." 'Tis not many weeks ago since the chairman of one of the existing offices congratulated the shareholders upon all their expenses being met by *lapsed policies*. A matter of congratulation was it? Did the chairman think of the loss of years of saving to pay those very premiums which, by various chances, had now fallen into the lap of the shareholders? No, or if he did, what did he care? Was he his brother's keeper?

Assurance business is very mysterious to the general public, and they ask questions such as these:—

Why does one office charge £2 10s 9d per centum for what another offers to do at £1 14s 6d? Are both safe?

Why do not all offices publish their accounts? and why do some whose accounts are published, render them in a form that can be understood by no one but their own actuary?

When premium funds are invested in Spanish bonds and foreign securities, is it right to call policies dependent on such securities, "Absolute Security Policies"?

Why do some offices absorb all the first year's premium in expenses; and others from 50 to 60 per cent., when we know the same work can be done for 20 per cent.?

Why was it necessary for Right Hon. Stephen Cave to submit his bill to the managers of existing offices as he has done, for a notice of it appears in one of the best financial journals, and is headed thus:—"The new Life Assurance Bill as *amended by the offices*." "True," the writer concludes with, "We see nothing to complain of in this amended bill." But such commendation is only negative after all. In the journal quoted above, there are notices of two new offices established on principles equitable alike to policy and shareholders, and there is also a second notice or rather a second exhaustive article on the very corporation you have placed before your readers. One of the offices offers inducements to the labouring man. The table says that

A Man Aged 27, for Threepence weekly, can insure £20 at Death.
,, Sixpence ,, ,, 40 ,,
,, Twelvepence ,, ,, 100 ,,

But if he wish to receive the money himself, at 60 years of age he obtains for

His weekly Threepence on obtaining 60 years, £16.
,, Sixpence ,, ,, 32.

And the notice of this office is concluded in the following words:—"We have been much struck by the novelty, but nevertheless the perfect soundness of the entire system." The second presents improved life

insurance or "positive" policies; whilst the third, the British Imperial Insurance Corporation offers, on every hand, such remarkable inducements to insurers, that from a perusal of this notice alone we may honestly say there is "Progress in Life Insurance."

It will be advantageous to note some of these new features. First, the corporation has the advantage of possessing as its actuary and auditor the celebrated Dr Farr, of Somerset House, the author of the Government system of Post Office Insurances. Second, the life table, upon which its rates of premium are calculated, is the national English life table, the only true index of human life in this country. Third, the corporation states openly what proportion of the premium fund is retained for expenses and profit. Fourth, the entire net premiums are invested in Government securities, *i.e.*, the New 3 per cent. reduced. Fifth, local trustees are appointed in every district, and the premiums are invested in their names for the benefit of the insurants of that district only—each district is therefore a society in miniature, and the agent for the district is secretary. Sixth, there is a *surrender value payable on demand*, equal to from 50 to 80 per cent. of the net premiums. Seventh, a policy banking account is opened with each policy holder, equal in amount to the full surrender value of his policy, and upon this *balance at his banker's* he may draw at any time, and for any purpose, in fact he may use it as he would an ordinary balance at his own banker's. Such entirely new features have introduced a new era in life insurance, for the surrender value, *being payable on demand*, makes the policy a negotiable security, equal in value to a bank note, whilst the mode of investing premiums, and the banking account, fully warrants the title of "*Absolute Government Security*" and Banking Self and Life Insurance policies.

A table here will show more clearly these special advantages.

WHOLE LIFE WITH PROFITS.

Age next Birthday	Premium for £500.	Proportion in New 3 per cent.	Banking Account or Surrender Value.
30	£12 16 3	£10 5 0	£5 10 0 first year 29 10 0 fifth ,, 62 10 0 tenth ,,

TO INSURE £500 WITH PROFIT, PAYABLE AT 60 YEARS OF AGE.

Age next Birthday.	Premium with Profit.	Proportion in New 3 per cent.	Banking Account or Surrender Value.
30	£17 10 10	£14 7 1	£9 15 0 first year 52 5 0 fifth ,, 113 0 0 tenth ,,

TO INSURE £500 AT DEATH BY PAYING TEN YEARLY PREMIUMS ONLY.

Age next Birthday.	Premium.	Proportion in New 3 per cent.	Banking Account or Surrender Value.
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SOME TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

FROM the first chapter of Genesis down to the present day, WOMAN has figured largely in the world's literature. Mr Mill, true to the instincts of a man who is blessed with an excellent wife, has recently published a book entitled "The Subjection of Woman" (Longmans, 5s), a most valuable and thought-stirring work. The most advanced thinkers of our popular schools are now coming to realise some of the mighty problems hinted at by Andrew Jackson Davis, and other illuminated minds of some twenty years ago. Amongst progressives, woman has always been looked upon as a foremost instrument in the elevation of society. A tale admirably illustrating the same topic comes from the office of W. White & Co., Boston. The author is Mrs Waisbrooker, and the heroine "Alice Vale" (5s) is a noble specimen of the feminine, and triumphantly fights her way through difficulties which none but a woman could achieve. The tale is skilfully planned and admirably written. Progressive theology is attractively set forth and contrasted with the old theology. The nature of mediumship and the peculiarities of mediums is also illustrated in an attractive manner, and the work, as a whole, is an instructive and winning advocate of Spiritualism and progressive topics. These works treat principally of the social position of woman, but when we take up "Divinum Humanum in Creation" (Burns, 3s 6d), she becomes a "Divine Institution." "Woman is the handmaid to Deity, for he is humanised through her," says the writer. This volume of "Spiritual Revealings" by the author of "Primeval Man," is the most attractive and perspicuous work from that pen. The writer teaches a very remarkable theory of human existence, and handles her subject both in a theological and scientific manner. We may return to a consideration of its peculiarities on another occasion.

Now, while the friends of Mr J. W. Jackson, Glasgow, are agitating for a testimonial in his favour, it may not be considered out of place to allude to his published works. As a writer, the readers of *Human Nature* have learned to prize him long ago. His "Myths of Antiquity" are alone worth the price of the volumes in which they appear, while his philosophical articles in this and last number are beyond value. Scarcely less popular are his collected works. "The Peoples of Europe and the War in the East" (1s) is a suggestive pamphlet on the ethnology of Eastern Europe, and a scientific consideration of the causes which led to the late war with Russia. "Ethnology and Phrenology as an aid to the Historian" (4s) is a handsome volume of 324 pages teeming with information on the phrenology and physical and mental characteristics of the leading nations of the world of ancient and modern times. This is not a dull, dry, matter-of-fact book, but, like all Mr

Jackson's works, though true in scientific detail, it is pleasing and poetical in every expression. The study of mesmerism and the intuitive faculties of man have long been a speciality with Mr Jackson. We regret that his "Lectures on Mesmerism" (1s) are out of print, as also his "Lectures on Phrenology," a second edition of which is in course of preparation. "Mesmerism in connection with Popular Superstitions" (price 1s) gives a very ingenious explanation of hallucinations, apparitions, witchcraft, &c., and is a repository of curious phenomena. "Ecstatics of Genius" (1s 6d) is a most interesting work. It is a series of thirteen sketches, portraying the mental peculiarities of ancient and modern philosophers and religious teachers—Pythagoras, Mahommed, George Fox, Swedenborg, Joseph Smith, etc.—and explaining their intuitive and aspirational peculiarities. By many remarks, ethnological, phrenological, and historical, much information is given respecting the times in which these master minds flourished. Two other works by Mr Jackson demand our notice, namely, "Echoes of my Youth, and other poems" (2s 6d), an elegantly bound work suitable for presents, and the "Seer of Sinai, and other poems" (1s), which by referring to well-known scripture incidents illustrates the faculty of seership and prophecy.

More attractive than ever, and bristling with well executed wood engravings, is Mr Wells' instructive annual* for the current year. The popularity of phrenological science in America may be inferred from the immense circulation which such periodicals assume in that country. Mr Wells talks complacently of issuing one hundred thousand of the annual. Such works are far too little known in this country. We are anxious to do our own part to stimulate their extension among our readers, and offer as a supplement to our present number this attractive publication for a mere trifle.

A WORLD'S CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

In anticipation of an International Conference of Spiritualists, which was proposed to take place in London this summer, Henry T. Child, M.D., of Philadelphia, prepared an address for the occasion, of which we give the following extracts. Dr Child is one of the most earnest and devoted advocates of Spiritualism in America, and is beloved and respected by all who truly know him. He was the Secretary of the American National Convention of Spiritualists and Progressive Reformers that passed a resolution favouring a world's conference.

ADDRESS.

Friends, Brothers, and Sisters!

As Brother Spear expects to be with you, he will speak his own words of suggestion and counsel. Unable to be present, I cannot forbear, even from the private walks of life, sending a brief word of greeting.

The last twenty years have been rich, more rich than any former period of equal duration, in all that is calculated to elevate and improve the conditions

* Annual of Physiognomy, Phrenology, &c., for 1869, 1s: to the readers of *Human Nature*, 3d.

of humanity. All the discoveries in science, in art, in philosophy, in religion, in social life, have, with a wonderful unanimity, tended towards the spiritual.

The grand discovery of the correlation of the forces leading to the still more grand and important one of the existence of a universal ether,—the pabulum in which all the suns and planets which revolve in space are bathed—from which they derive their motions—their lives, and everything that belongs to them, was a striking fact in connection with the doctrines necessarily involved in the theory of modern Spiritualism, which required a spiritual world immediately around each planet for the reception of those spirits who were constantly passing away from the material forms.

Twenty-two years ago there were heard, in a remote portion of the State of New York, slight sounds which began first to agitate individuals, then the neighbourhood, then the community around, until the State, the nation, aye, and the entire civilised world, have heard the echoing-notes of these sounds, apparently so insignificant, and yet embodying intelligence of the highest and most lasting importance to the welfare of the entire race of man.

Christianity, with its hundreds of sects, has failed to unite the family of man and remove the evils of isolation and enmity; but there is hope that the religion of Spiritualism, starting from the manifestations referred to, shall evolve a philosophy adapted to the demands of the intelligent minds of the age, from the results of which may be realised the most practical and effectual means of harmonising the race and extending a more profound consciousness of *the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.*

Such is the result which must flow from this soul-awakening religion and philosophy, dissolving the bonds of sectarianism, and the cold and unfriendly relations that too often exist between nations, so that in the language of one of England's great poets (Cowper)—

"Lands separated by a narrow frith abhor each other."

Every movement of the tidal wave of Spiritualism, while it brings the spiritual world nearer to humanity, also brings man nearer to his fellow-man.

The object of the great movement which characterises our age is not alone to reveal the presence of the spirits and establish the fact of continued existence, but to open to the human mind a vast field for investigation, to clear away the mists and fogs of superstition, to break down the iron bars of dogmatism and blind authority, and invite the mind to enter with greater freedom than has ever before been realised. The past, with its rich treasures, the present with its abundance of facts and phenomena, illuminated by the light of the inner-world, are before us, and the future, so dim and uncertain to man's unaided vision, is all radiant with hope and light to us. Such a faith and such experiences bind man to his fellow-man with chains firmer than adamant. Hence among the millions who have enlisted under the banners of Spiritualism there is a common bond of fraternity, a beautiful unity in diversity which, while it gives to each individual the largest freedom of thought, binds us together in a community of interests and feelings such as has never before been known on earth.

As we become more familiar with the inhabitants of the spirit-world, and learn something of their habits and customs, we may hope to inaugurate some of these among ourselves. That such conferences as these are common among the dwellers of the inner-life there can be no doubt; and as commerce and civilisation render the facilities of travel greater, we are continually approximating towards those conditions in which there is a greater freedom of intercourse.

Thus are the beautiful bonds of brotherhood strengthened, and we are

enabled by frequent associations with our fellow-men to realise much more fully the common nature and destiny of the race.

Meeting upon the broad ground of spirituality, with an enlarged and comprehensive faith in the all-loving Father, and a knowledge of the vast concourse of "the heavenly hosts," whose visits are no longer "few and far between," but whose intercourse, communion, and guardianship are rapidly becoming the common experiences of humanity, with a better conception of human rights and human destinies, I trust you will be able to strengthen each other in all good works, and to send forth to the world such an influence as shall carry peace and harmony to millions of seeking souls.

May the angels, whom our Father in Heaven hath set to watch over us, guard and guide you all in wisdom, is the desire of your friend and brother,

HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.,
634 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

THE NOTTINGHAM LYCEUM PIC-NIC.—The third anniversary of the Nottingham Children's Progressive Lyceum took place on Tuesday, July 13th. As it was "Race Week," the committee had to select a spot some distance from the Race-Course to secure privacy. A very suitable place was found opposite Clifton Hall, about four miles from town. The transit was made by boat on the canal, and a very pleasant sail it was. Having arrived at their destination the party eagerly engaged in sports and pastimes until tea-time, when an abundant repast was partaken of by all. After tea the groups were arranged in their appropriate order and marched to an enclosure, where they went through their exercises and singing in a very delightful manner. The care and enthusiasm with which both leaders and children entered into these exercises reflects the highest credit on them all. The manner in which they acquitted themselves indicated that much care has been taken in the training of the groups. After this the company retired to a spacious tent where recitations were given by the children. Lizzie Ratford of "Star Group;" Johnny Lennox of "Lake Group;" Annie Barlow of "Stream Group;" Lizzie Lennox of "Shore Group;" Christiana Hitchcock of "Ocean Group;" Kate Davis of "Shore Group;" Kate Lennox of "Excelsior Group;" Miss E. Hitchcock of "Liberty Group;" Thomas Lennox of "Star Group;" Betsy Moreton of "Beacon Group;" Kate Barlow of "River Group;" Ellen Davis of "Excelsior Group;" and Thomas Hudson of "Beacon Group," were all on the programme, and recited pieces they had prepared in an admirable manner, though in various styles of excellence, showing the great value of Lyceum training, as some of the children were not five years of age. The Glee party enlivened the day by many snatches of merry song. The party returned by the boat in the evening, and during the passage had several speeches from entranced mediums. Next day, being also a holiday, another gathering was held at the Lyceum, when all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. It was a pleasure to see the full enjoyment and rational amusement of the Lyceum compared with other parties who were also spending the "Race Holidays." We were sorry to see so few strangers present; Messrs G. Childs and J. Burns were

the only visitors from London. We hope to be able to announce the inauguration of the first London Lyceum soon.

Birmingham.—We had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Miss M. H. Osborn during a recent sojourn in London for the purpose of attending scientific lectures on physiology at South Kensington. We rejoice to learn that Miss Osborn is announced to commence a musical gymnastic class for ladies and children in the girls' school-room adjoining the Wesleyan Chapel, Cherry Street, Birmingham, on July 15th, 1869, at eight o'clock. Miss Osborn has rare natural abilities for the work of teacher in the departments of physiology, health, temperance, gymnastics, &c., and we hope she will be rewarded with a due proportion of success. Miss Beauclerc also continues her classes, which have been very successful. We have had a flying visit from Mr Burton, who gives special attention to phrenology, and has been studying at South Kensington. Some time ago, Mr Jabez Lones, West Bromwich, looked in upon us, and gave some encouraging instances of the progress of mesmerism, to which he gives special attention. Mr Hawkes devotes himself very earnestly to curative mesmerism at the institution recently formed in Ann Street. We wish our Birmingham friends much success in their noble efforts, which have been greatly exhilarated by the late visit of Mr Fowler to that town. A report of the soiree given to Mr and Mrs Fowler was mislaid by us, which terminated a course of some eighty lectures by the worthy professor, and he was presented by his friends with a purse of gold and other substantial tokens of their warm appreciation of his invaluable services.

The attempt to organise a World's Conference of spiritualists in London has been postponed.

A pic-nic of London spiritualists has been proposed this summer. Those who desire to take part in it are kindly requested to communicate with the manager of the Progressive Library.

A letter from our staunch friend, Mr Logan, Dunedin, New Zealand, informs us that Mr Mellers has arrived safely in the colony, and some developments of his peculiar mediumship are expected soon.

Mr Champernowne reports that Spiritualism is making rapid progress around Kingston-on-Thames. Mrs Champernowne is busily employed in her wonderful drawings, and other mediums are similarly employed.

Dr J. B. Ferguson.—We learn that our excellent friend and able coadjutor, Dr Ferguson, is now located in St Louis, Mo., and that he is associated with other friends of progress and general reform in obtaining lands on favourable conditions, which persons arriving in America may purchase. We wish him all success in this laudable effort. His address is 510 Chesnut Street, St Louis, Missouri, U.S. The name of his paper is *Merriman & Co.'s Real Estate Register*, and is sent free to parties who desire it.

Mr Thomas Dixon, of 15 Sunderland Street, Sunderland, is rendering good service to the cause of humanity by exposing the scoundrelism of those who manufacture spurious life-buoys, for drowning sailors at sea. Mr Dixon is himself a manufacturer of the genuine "corkwood" article,

and to open the eyes of mariners and the public to the iniquities and danger connected with the sale and use of what the *Daily Telegraph* called "deadly life-buoys," he has printed a number of tracts chiefly written by Mr James Greenwood of the *Morning Star*. Those who live in seaport towns should send a few stamps to Mr Dixon and get a packet of his publication for distribution among sailors.

PROTOPLASM.—The publication of Professor Huxley's views on protoplasm has led to a clever reply to his theory by Mr Joseph Wallace, 20 College Square, East Belfast. We hoped to find space for Mr Wallace's able comments and experiments in these pages, but we are glad that the *Dietetic Reformer* has taken the subject up and presented Mr Wallace's views very fully. This reply appeared originally in the *English Mechanic*. Its publication led to a discussion, but the editor refused to give Mr Wallace the opportunity of replying to his assailants, so that he has to issue a tract with his final arguments and facts. We heartily recommend our readers to get the July number of the *Dietetic Reformer*, price 3d; and if they send to our office for it, we shall gladly insert with it, free of cost, Mr Wallace's pamphlet. The subject is worthy of the consideration of all, as it treats of food, health, disease, and other vital topics.

MISCELLANEA.

H. D. JENCKEN IN SPAIN.—We have just received a letter from Mr Jencken, dated Murcia, July 14th, notifying his continued detention in Spain by business engagements, and his inability, in consequence, to furnish us with his usual interesting contributions. He has been unable as yet to find out spiritualists. "Spain," he says, "is very interesting, full of relicts of a once great people. Since the revolution a new spirit appears to have dawned upon the people; and despite paralysing heat and Moorish blood, Spain will, unless I greatly mistake, raise herself to the level of other civilised countries. I wish I had time to write; the subjects would be full of interest. . . . Amongst others I made the acquaintance of Sig. Castelar, the republican leader, who made the most marvellous delivery in the Cortes on freedom of religious opinions—all but inspired; a fine enthusiastic man; so also some of the ministers. . . . The Regent, on whom I had to call, I found to be a fine, well-meaning man."

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS SCIENTIFICALLY POSSIBLE.—The Editor of the *British Journal of Photography* writing on this subject says,—"*Apropos* of the Mumler spirit photographs, a good many absurd things have been said *pro* and *con* on the subject. But a writer in the latter category who asserts that anything that is visible to the eye of the camera, and thus capable of being depicted by photography, must, therefore, necessarily be visible to the human eye, is surely ignorant of that important branch of physics popularly known as florescence. Many things are capable of being photographed which to the physical eye are utterly invisible. Why, for the matter of that, a room may be full of

the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, and a photograph might be taken by means of that 'dark light.' Objects in a room so lighted would be plainly visible to the lens of the camera; at any rate, they could be reproduced on the sensitive plate, while, at the same time, not an atom of luminousness could be perceived in the room by any person possessing ordinary human vision. Hence the photographing of an invisible image, whether that image be of a spirit or a lump of matter, is not scientifically impossible. If it reflect only the florescent or ultra-viole spectral rays it will be easily photographed, but it will be quite invisible even to the sharpest eye."

A Medicine for Sore Throat.—An enlightened country practitioner reports as follows:—"An intelligent [?] person came to me three days ago for medicine for his throat. I advised the wet compress. He was staggered at the idea. No; he would not use it. I filled a half-pint bottle with *aqua pura*, coloured it, and directed one small teaspoonful to be taken every six hours; also to be used externally, to wet a bandage wherewith to compress the throat. He saw the force of using *medicine* to the throat, so I had no trouble to get him to do this. Well, he came to me this morning, to say his throat was all right, and to thank me for giving him such effective medicine: it was a *very strong medicine*. The "hot-water stupe" is in frequent demand, and is superseding the usual poultices. Courteous reader, ignorance makes medicine a paying game; make yourself accquainted with "Illness, its Cause and Cure," and "Woman's Work in Water-cure," and learn how to pack sore throats, and normally mitigate other ailments free of cost.

Novel Application of Electricity.—Dr Poggioli read a paper at a late sitting of the Academy of Medicine on "the physical and intellectual development of youth by electricity." He remarked that De Candolle had quoted experiments to show that vegetation is much richer and quicker in its growth when electrified than otherwise. Seeds subjected to the action of this fluid would yield better produce than others, and in a shorter time. Starting from these data, Dr Poggioli conceived the idea that a similar action might be proved to exist in the animal kingdom, and especially in the case of young subjects. He informed the learned body that in 1853 he had read a paper to the Academy of Sciences, showing that the energy of certain faculties might be shown to be in proportion to the electric development of the regions in which they reside; and he now thought himself in possession of facts which might prove highly interesting in a hygienic, scientific, and even social point of view. He could adduce five instances of children varying between the ages of four and sixteen, and having all attained a remarkable development, both in a physical and an intellectual sense. Among these there was a child which might be considered a phenomenon of deformity and stupidity, and that, under the influence of electricity, grew three centimetres in a single month, and has since been always first instead of last in his class. From this Dr Poggioli concludes that the electric fluid exercises a direct influence over the physical and intellectual development of young subjects; and he proposes that, by way of experiment, the six last pupils of each class be taken in a lyceum or college, and subjected to his electrical treatment.—*Galignani.*

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

TIME AND ETERNITY—SPACE AND INFINITY.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

COROLLARIES.

If the principles and conclusions embodied in the foregoing divisions of this paper be admitted, it is unavoidable that many most important corollaries should follow. We find that the no-God hypothesis of the atheist, or shall we say, anti-theist, is untenable. So also is the hypothesis of an abstract deity, the mere impersonation of universal force, law, and order. But neither does the all-perfect Being, thus deducible from first principles, correspond to the partial and imperfect God of the theologians. The practical conclusion then to which we are brought, is, that the time has arrived for a reconsideration of both our philosophic and traditional conceptions of the Deity; a change, in the sense of growth, expansion, and elevation in the God-idea of humanity, being sooner or later inevitable. Shall we be pardoned for daring to hint suggestively at a few of the possible and probable features of this expansion and elevation, subject of course to all the correction which speculation ever receives from after-fact and experience?

There is in the first place a personal God, infinite in knowledge and power, but likewise infinite in sympathy and love; the God of our childhood and the God of our heart, restored to us as the all-perfect Father, ever present in the awakened consciousness of every one of his children; and with whom, therefore, direct and immediate intercommunion is not only possible, but to the awakened, inevitable—this infinite parent not being afar off and somewhere to seek in the distant heavens, but ever dwelling within the stilly depths of our own souls, if in divine majesty then also in supernal love. And let there be no misapprehension and misgivings as to

the nature and extent of this love, for that of father and mother, brother and sister, and all other near and dear relationships of earth, are but the severed and prismatic rays of the affection of God, whose severest chastisements are administered in mercy, and whose sternest discipline is the dictate of his beneficence. Let us remember that the fondest mother with her helpless infant nestling in her bosom, is but a feminine symbol of the love of God for his children; her love, inconceivable as it may be to us men, being weak when compared with his, in the same measureless proportion that the finite is inferior to the infinite.

Then we have an apparently objective and phenomenal universe, seemingly projected into time and space on the material plane, really existing as a thought in the mind of God; the divine idea, however, being a reality transcending all that the materialist has ever dreamed of, "the adamantine foundation" of his everchanging world of shadowy ultimates. We thus see that the relation between creation and the creator is much nearer than that between maker and made, the visible creation being in reality God in manifestation. Hence we know that even the material universe is not a dead mechanism, but a living organism, a structural instrumentality, as we have said, for the effectuation of the divine functions on the phenomenal plane of being.

And if we can affirm this of the so-called material, what shall we say of the moral universe whereof we are ourselves a part? If suns and systems, with their mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, are all organic instrumentalities through which the divine life fulfils its various and beneficent purposes, how far more emphatically may this be affirmed of the different orders and countless individualities of the great hierarchy of created intelligence, the veritable sons of the infinite, not figuratively, but inherently and essentially children of God, each one of whom, let us hope, will some day be able to say with the inspired and holy Galilean, "I and my Father are one," and in a certain very lowly and devout sense perhaps, even, "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." It is here that we see not only the possible but the assured, and we may say with all reverence, inevitable efficacy of fervent and believing prayer, which is not only figuratively, but really and virtually, not only in form but in essence, the soul communion of the son with his father, they not being severed by *diversity* but united by IDENTITY of nature —a strong phrase, but used here advisedly.

As this momentous subject of prayer has been, more especially of late, a matter of controversy, a few additional remarks may not be wholly misplaced. Some few exceedingly foolish persons, forgetting that to omnipresence, all multiplicity is absorbed in unity, urge that, granting communion between God and man to be possible, the Divine Father could not be troubled with so

many different petitions—as if the sun shone less brightly into your apartment because he simultaneously floods that of your neighbour with equal glory. On this let it be sufficient to say, that as in our supplications to the Supreme we are dealing with a being, not figuratively and by title only, but *absolulely* INFINITE, every individual intelligence throughout the entire range of moral creaturehood, has God as much to himself in his wrestlings, petitions, and aspirations, as if he were "the only begotten of the Father" from all eternity—an utterance blasphemous to the sons of the bondwomen, but sublimely devout to those of the free.

Then, again, we are sometimes told by the believers in a mere impersonation of law, that prayer may be a very beneficial "exercitation" for us, but cannot possibly produce any effect upon God. But supposing that the petitioner be a son and the petitioned a father, not again figuratively but virtually, what then says all analogy and experience? As to the "impossibility" of God's "decrees" being altered, we have already dealt with that under "Time and Eternity." In truth, however, the efficacy of prayer is a matter to be settled inductively rather than argumentatively, by *a posteriori* experiment rather than by *a priori* reasoning. The question here is not what is possible, but what is actual, not what metaphysicians or men of science may deduce from the principles or facts falling within the range of their cognition, but what prayerful souls have experienced in response to their trusting and filial petitions to the *throne;* nay, let us put it, if not less figuratively, then at least more forcibly and *truthfully*, to the HEART of the Omnipotent Father. Just imagine George Müller reading a logical demonstration of the inefficacy of prayer! Newton smiling at the specious fallacies of an old Ptolemaic astronomer is poor in comparison!

Our remarks on prayer cover special providence and the particular care of individuals. Omniscience and omnipotence are neither overwhelmed by multiplicity nor confused by diversity, the unerring wisdom of the one and the unfailing power of the other, being as much at the service of each of the countless millions of God's children, as if he were the sole care of the divine mind in all the fulness of its knowledge, and all the plenitude of its resources. The fallacy of those who object to the detailed exercise of God's providence on the ground that his realm is too extensive, and its presumable duties too varied and onerous for his direct action and immediate supervision, arises from their inability to even remotely conceive of the infinite; their utmost effort in this direction being simply a vast finite—to be oppressed and confounded by the charge of a limitless universe. So the idea that special providence is impossible, because it would interfere with the regular action of law, is based on the conception of an impersonal Deity, devoid of either the will or

the power of an INFINITE FATHER to regulate the affairs of his universal household. Nature, as a blind force, could not accomplish this; but infinite power, directed by infinite intelligence, and moved by infinite love, not only *could*, but WOULD exercise all the prerogatives of both the paternal and maternal office, and that, too, with a detail and efficiency of which no merely human family, with its limited resources and restricted intelligence, could afford even an approximative illustration. The fallacy here arises from the false postulate that Nature, as known to men of science, is the totality of God, a proposition, to say the least of it, quite as short of the truth, as the assertion that his body with its animal functions is the totality of the man. Here, again, it is simply with an inadequate conception of the infinite that we have to do; enlarge the conception and the objection disappears as inapplicable. Infinite love, guided by infinite knowledge, and operating with infinite power, so far from deranging the *harmony* of the universe, would simply emphasise and sustain it—just as judicious parental control and supervision induce more of order and method, and consequently more comfort and happiness, in the family than could exist without them.

Here we touch the key note of the whole matter. The moral universe is a vast family of relatively free but radically imperfect, because all of them finite, and some of them undeveloped, beings, often placed in juxtaposition, and frequently impelled to interaction. Now, whether we reason from analogy and experience, our safest procedure, or attempt in a grander way to deduce our conclusions from the data here afforded, according to "the doctrine of forces," in either case we must come to the conclusion that perfectly judicious parental supervision would be best for such a family; and whatever is best occurs under the rule of infinite wisdom and infinite love. Now, again, reasoning from analogy, we suppose it is almost unnecessary to say that much of parental love and supervision, which is perceptible enough to the elder children of a well-regulated household, is altogether unknown to or imperfectly appreciated by its younger members, till at length we come to baby, who, in his infantile immaturity, neither knows nor cares for aught save the uttermost possible indulgence of his own whims and caprices. So when some worthy friend informs us that he cannot see God in history or society, and is decidedly unconscious of any personal experience of his presence or influence, we are simply reminded of his present status in the family circle. He will know better by and bye!

The ideas we have been endeavouring to illustrate are by no means new. Pantheism affirms the universality of God, in which, however, his personality, and consequently his parental and moral relation to the several individualities of his

intelligent creation, is so thoroughly merged, as to be practically lost. Its God is only infinite in power, not in love, and scarcely in knowledge; for he is presumably ignorant of and indifferent to details, being simply an impersonation of Nature. Theism, more especially the theism of orthodoxy, affirms the personality of God, but is prone to detract from his universality. He is specially the God of one nation or sect rather than another. He has his predilections and hostilities, and, according to some expounders, his moral arrangements are so imperfect and inefficient as to leave a large section of his household eternally under the sway of evil, and so the miserable victims of everlasting punishment. In other words, the God of theology is simply, as we have said, an inadequate conception of the infinite, his personality limiting his universality, and so detracting from his absolute infinitude of being.

Thus we have seen that Theism and Pantheism, regarded separately, are each but the special, and so partial, expression of the bipolar truth of the one in the many, of unity in multiplicity, the centre and circumference of the same circle—both very necessary phases, however, in the development of the God-idea of humanity, and hitherto apparently delivered respectively into the keeping of the Semitic and Aryan divisions of the Caucasian race. If we do not mistake, one of the higher missions of our age is the reconciliation of these two great schools of thought; not by denial but affirmation, for each is in possession of a truth of which the other is devoid—the religious Theist, in accordance with Semitic ideas, denying the divinity of nature, and the philosophic Pantheist ignoring the personality of God. Christianity, if not the first, is at least an early and very important stage in this process of reconciliation; for while it very distinctly affirms the personality of God the Father, it also equally asserts the participant divinity of his incarnate Son; the Aryan and Pantheistic doctrine of "God manifest in the flesh," being the cardinal article of Christian faith. But it specialises this *principle*, converting it into an exceptional *fact*, attaching only to the person of its founder. The next stage, that probably which immediately impends, is a proclamation of the universality of the principle of the sonship of man and the fatherhood of God, involving eventually the admission that, as we have said, Nature is divine, and that all being, whatever its grade, is an organ and instrumentality through which the universal life is in process of manifestation.

It is inevitable that the general acceptance of such ideas as those at which we have hinted, should be followed by many very important practical conclusions and results. When it is admitted that exactly in proportion as God is our Father, all men are our brothers and all women our sisters, the true solidarity of

society and of communities will be established, and this, too, not on the unnatural principle of a dead level, but according to the divine order of a spiritual and material hierarchy of intellect and organisation. Then shall we also confess that the good of one is the good of all, and the injury of one the injury of all, what we do unto others being, in truth, done unto ourselves eventually.

Even the brute portion of creation will perhaps be regarded with profounder sympathy, when it is felt that they too constitute a grade of no mean significance in the great scheme of divine manifestation. Sentient life is separated from us by too wide a gulph. We contemplate the animal kingdom through a Semitic in place of an Aryan medium. We do not believe in the divinity of their vitality. We have yet to learn that they are the stem of which we are the flower, that through them more immediately, as through the vegetable kingdom more remotely, we strike our roots down into the mineral and comparatively inorganic basis of telluric life. We do not accord them the honour due to their rank in the scale of being. We despise their intelligence and undervalue their affection, and fail to read aright even the organic symbol of their outward form and internal structure. But the times of this darkness are passing away. Aryan science is gradually gathering up the golden links which bind the several provinces of creation into one; and while comparative anatomy is revealing to us the grand outlines of our community of structure, comparative psychology is slowly unveiling the profound relation which the several orders of sentient life bear to that intellectual realm which is the crowning glory of this earthly sphere. The day is perhaps not infinitely remote when men shall know that the voices of the grove are not only figuratively and poetically, but virtually, the matin anthem and the vesper hymn of creation; the prayer and praise of wood and field, scarcely less harmonious, or perchance devout, than the organ tones and mellowed chants that pulsate through the pillared aisles and echo from the vaulted roof of yonder minster.

Nor can this admission of the inherently and essentially divine character and quality of creation fail to elevate and refine the feelings with which we regard law, the insentient portion of the material universe. Thus contemplated, the graceful forms and varied hues and grateful odours of the vegetable kingdom constitute a beautiful province of the spiritual symbolism of nature, of whose profounder significance and more mystic import we have yet scarcely mastered even the alphabet. Nor can it fail to exalt the sentiments with which we gaze upon the landscape to know that woodland and meadow, winding stream and mountain peak, are the very thoughts of the divine artist, made thus manifest on the walls of time. While the unresting cycle of the

seasons, the ceaseless ebb and flow of the tides, nay, the very breath of the tempest as it sweeps through the millionfold harp-strings of the forest, will assuredly appeal to deeper sympathies when felt to be direct activities of the life of God. And what shall we say of the mightier cosmic sphere, in which not only our own small earth but the entire solar system is a little thing, to be seen as a shining star at one distance, and its individuality merged in nebulous radiance at another. What a life is here—how vast in duration, how immeasurable in extent! And this life with its resistless force and stupendous movement, let us remember, is a thought in the mind of God—aye, and in the mind of man also; for that plummet which you let down into the measureless remoteness of space with your mightiest telescope, is in reality let down into the depths of your own soul, where suns and systems of suns, in all their dread immensity, are but a reflected image of the creative thought of your infinite Father, of whose nature you are a participant, and in whose divine work of educing order and beauty out of confusion and chaos, you are, let us hope, an honoured instrumentality.

The existence of evil, the place of man, and with him of organic and sentient life, in the scale of being, together with many other subjects of considerable importance in this connection, yet remain to be discussed. Perhaps we may recur to them at a future period.

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER LIV.

"'Happiness like ours, dear Leonard,' I said, 'is a great and beautiful gift—is it not? How I pity those that never know it. It would now be such a weary thing to attempt to wear out life without you, when even your coming lights up all the present, and fills every corner of my heart with music and joy. There is a question you have wished sometimes to ask me, I know; but would not because of your womanly consideration for me. Is there not now? And I looked clear into his frank eyes, which did change and falter a little before mine; but he sat without speaking, and I said, 'Shall I answer without being asked?'

"'Yes, if you know what it is, witch.'

"'Then I will. No, I never loved before!'

"He started, and involuntarily dropped the hand he was holding in his. 'Were you then ever capable of marrying without loving?'

"'Yes; but not without believing fully that I did. And I was blest above everything, but this present lot, in being able entirely to respect the man whom I called husband.'

"He picked up the abandoned hand and carried it to his lips. 'You were then a fortunate woman, Eleanore. My knowledge of life has convinced me that that is very rarely the case with men or women who make the mistake you did. And dear heart, how many, many there are of them!'

"'Yes, more than we dream of till we search below the surface, whose lying smoothness conceals the unrest, the loathing, and even torture, in which many proud hearts wear themselves into bitterness, or depravity, or stony coldness.'

"'I escaped such a fate myself, years ago, Eleanore; very narrowly escaped it; and though I have many times been most devoutly thankful for that fortune, I never did so rapturously appreciate it as when first I heard these lips pronounce my name, and felt them yielded to me in that kiss which sealed the tacit promise of our hearts.'

"'And this blessedness,' said I, 'which is so rare and dear to us, is worthy all nurture, is it not? Amid all the offices and duties and pleasures of the life we are entering upon, dost thou see any to compare with those which may preserve to each of us in the other what we may rejoice in to-day?'

"'Nothing comparable to it, my queen.'

"'It is of that I would speak; and, Leonard, I prove my exalted estimate of thy manhood in what I am about to say; wilt thou accept my earnest and plain word, as a like testimony to my womanhood?'

"'All thy speech is that to me,' he replied, bending, with a fond caressing movement over me—the more tenderly, I suppose, to remove the hesitancy he felt yet lingering in my mind.

"'We are so apt,' I said, 'to measure acting and speaking by conventional standards, that often the honest soul lacks courage to do and say the highest or most unusual right thing, from dread of this; and women have so long accepted, in the sacred relation of marriage, a position which ignores their individual life and freedom, that I feel I risk the perfectly candid, unprejudiced judgment even of a soul as large and free as thine, in asking for any other; but I must be heard, with whatever consequences, on this subject, which so nearly concerns us both; I must speak from my heart, and may God give me power to reach thine.'

"I sat erect beside him, holding his hands and looking into his questioning eyes, which were fixed unwaveringly upon mine. 'I could not, dear Leonard, accept the position I have named; and feeling that, it is every way an obligation of mine to say this now. The position of my sex in these, as in all other matters, was fixed ages ago, when the external life and its capacity in material power were at once the proof and measure of right; and it has been only very slowly modified since, even amongst the best peoples. Laws are more friendly to us than they were; custom does not rivet her fetters upon all souls with so merciless

a hand as she was wont; and society, seeing woman prove herself in many and various ways worthy her pretensions, looks with more toleration upon her than formerly—hopeful signs for us of transition to a truer and larger life. But in attaining so much, some of us have conceived the desire for more; and thou who hast adopted into thy heart one of these outlaws of the old, shouldst see and know whereto her heart and mind will tend, when she shall have entered wholly within the sacred circle of thy love.

"'I see, dear friend, in other phases of it, perhaps, and in less measure, as my acquaintance with the world is narrower, the same disappointment of human hopes and affections in the institution of marriage that you lament. I see ardent love dwindle, perish, and change, by slow degrees, through the lapse of years, when not more quickly, into coolness, indifference, and finally loathing. Ah, how one shudders in contemplating this change! What uncounted ages of agony must have been endured by those who have passed through it! I see men held to the family, as an institution, by the whole body of family ties, rather than from deep, personal love to the wife and mother. I see women—and this is to my heart a most painful sight—all the delicate bloom and spontaneousness of life crushed out of them—spiritless, abject, narrow, because of the impoverished inner state—held to the family by the maternal ties alone, their weary feet beset with the cries and needs of imperfect, ill-conditioned offspring—and so wearing out life, and welcoming the near approach of death, when all the external or world-seen conditions with them are brimming with hope and promise.

"'Oh, Leonard, this is the crowning outrage to which we have been doomed—this of compulsory maternity. Many a woman who would be blest as the mother of two or three children, wears out her existence in bearing and rearing a large family. She could have bestowed care and culture upon herself and them, in the first instance; now she is unable to do either. She had power, life, health, courage, in ample measure, for the few her heart would have prayed for; but these gifts are poor and stinted in the many. She would have *grown* in all the experiences which of right ought to be hers as a mother, had she exercised that holy power in the spontaneous freedom of her own nature, only; but she *dwindles* under the constraint and burden that are laid upon her. She would have preserved the health, beauty, and geniality of her youth, and they would have lighted and sweetened her declining years; but she is now the enfeebled shadow of herself. Her children are born of her material being alone. They lack the wealth of spontaneous love, courage, hope, reverence—beauty which should be theirs—the legacy of her highest spiritual life to them. They are imperfect beings, wanting magnanimous trust in God or man; wanting generous faith in life; wanting the inner strength which alone can bear the aspiring soul firmly and brightly above the storms that bend and darken it—above its own errors and sins, making it feel that it is greater than any deed—dearer to God than any vengeance.

"'Ah, Leonard, herein is great wrong done to humanity, as well as to us. Do not doubt it. The mother who directly and inevitably acts for God to her children, should have a godlike freedom in her action.

"'We cannot blind ourselves to the mournful truth that there is a frightful usurpation of low rule in the nature of man, and that woman is often the victim of this misrule—woman in what we call virtuous and honourable life, as well as those unhappy ones who are equally our sisters, and who were once somewhere equally beloved as we are.

"'Our life is a compound gift, dear friend—a union of the finite with the infinite—and any not base relations of two beings must partake of both. We love the person of our friend, whether of our own or the opposite sex; we clasp the hand or kiss the lips with a pleasure proportioned to the intensity of our affection, which is the infinite fact. And I believe no relation can be true and lasting, glorifying those who sustain it, in which the spiritual does not predominate. I would have mine to thee stand high above all possibility of harm from the material. The noble form on which I look with pride as well as love, shall no wise cloud or hinder the soul I am seeking in thee. I would not have one of its demands jar the spirit-harmony which makes thee now the most welcome object to my eyes and soul that the earth contains. I would not have the delicate bloom of our love irreverently or carelessly brushed away by the usurping sense, for all else that life can offer us.

"'And is there need or excuse that it should be? Hath not the dear fatherly and motherly God widened and filled, with a divine munificence, the circle of our happy experiences, that, when all are brought to distil their essence into our souls, no one need be repeated to satiety? Have we not pure spiritual love, which would make the thought of thee, wert thou altogether gone from me, a deep and lasting joy? Have we not parental love, which comes into the soul of man and woman as the sun's warmth to the unfolding flower? Have we not thought, and its various expression? aspiration, with its sacred fires? achievement, with its rich contentments? self-denial, with its satisfying rewards? hope, with its promises? faith, with its yearnings and victories? nature with all her glory and tenderness? art, with her splendours? knowledge, with her attractions? And shall the soul so provided for descend to the slavish, withering indulgence of mere sense—substituting that for all or any of these high joys?

"'O dear friend and hope of my life, I know thou art not a sensualist! It is not written in this face, which I look unshrinkingly into, because manly, healthy thought and emotion answer me there. It has not perverted the currents of thy noble nature; nor shorn thy spirit of its delicate outgrowths towards the high and the pure. But I would have all this remain so in thee and me in the years that are before us. I would ask that perfect respect shall continue between us, and be carried into all the details which make up the sum of life; that my personal freedom toward thee be kept as inviolately my own in after-time as now; and so when our children—the offspring of thy glorious manhood—shall bud and blossom in our house, there shall reign in both our bosoms the proud consciousness that each life there is the free and unstinted gift of our whole natures.

"'Canst thou accede to this?'

"A light, half-grave and half-smiling, had been slowly dawning in his eyes while I was speaking the last sentences. It had cost me a great effort to say all this, Anna, and much—very much more that I have

now forgotten; for I did not know how it would be received, even in his large, unjealous heart. But I was very happy, when I ceased, to be drawn to his bosom, with words of infinite peace and comfort.

"'Come to my heart,' he said, 'with all thy demands. In our perfect love be found the guarantee of their satisfaction: in that and in somewhat here'—laying his hand upon his breast—'that would shrink from enslaving the meanest creature, and that would rather see thee, beloved, dead and hidden from mortal eye, than feel that one of the high desires which make thee what thou art had been violated. There have been true and noble men in all time, Eleanore—rulers over themselves, and not tyrants over others. Dost thou believe there are some such yet? and wilt thou trust to having found one? I claim no less than that high character, dear Eleanore, though I should, perhaps, live years without finding thee time and occasion to assert it in words. Do not think me a braggart, dearest, for saying so much. Dost thou want other assurance, or will this supply its place?'

"What next I spoke, they were true, heartfelt words: '*I am at rest with thee.* I dared not be conscious of demanding so much that might not be looked for, without declaring it frankly; now I trust thee entirely.'

"'Thanks to thy fond woman's heart for those words, and the light of the soul in those confiding eyes, that sanctions their meaning! I were baser than the basest to betray the trust so given. But now, my own, have I not purchased the right to be heard and heeded? I also have somewhat for thy hearing. Shall I speak?'

"'Go on, mocker,' I said.

"'Well, then, thus runneth *my* speech. There is a wild and wondrous region of country, about a hundred miles hence, to the southward, to which I have bound myself, by solemn contract, to repair at the end of ten days from this date. Am I to go alone? Tell me,' he urged, when I did not speak, 'will you go with me, Eleanore?'

"'Yes, Leonard. I will cheat myself by some vague notions of duty, because you are not going to live in luxury, into the delight of sharing your life. It will be very hard, and rough, and miserable—will it not?' I said, piteously.

"'Very,' he replied, with answering wretchedness of tones. 'Very. It would be a noble piece of self-sacrifice to go down there, and mitigate its hardships.'

"'Don't be impertinent, sir,' I said, 'nor ironical, or you shall find that I have a clever hand at correction.'

"'I dare be sworn you have. It would poorly second such eyes if it were not; and I think I remember the day when you could have used it on my unlucky ears with a relish—could you not?'

"'Ah, yes, I could; and the more because then I loved you, rash, graceless man.'

"'Did you, Eleanore—did you? How that confession endears you to me! And yet, how she fronted me,' he continued, 'with the look of an angry goddess, ready to annihilate her poor worshipper!'

"'You wounded my dignity, sir, by that unmannerly kiss.'

"'Then, I will heal it now by a mannerly one. There! Will that leave us clear scores for future skirmishing?'

"He was in the mood for bantering, and I let him go, to his heart's content, thinking—there has been enough of solemn talking and thinking—to make play the wisest and happiest change. Nevertheless, dear Anna, I felt sad, as I always must when there is reference to our experience on the Tempest. At any chance mention of it, my mind takes in for the moment all the anguish in which it terminated; and at this time, in spite of myself and my best efforts at deceiving him, I grew sadder in heart, with the gay words on my tongue, till I saw I must be overcome by my feelings, or break through them by a great change of thought.

"'Leonard,' said I, astonishing him out of all propriety by the sudden and startling question, 'when shall we be married?'

"'Heaven only knows, if you do not,' he replied; 'have you not just promised to go with me at the end of ten days; If you let me name the day, it will be nine before we have to start.'

"'Then you can't do it, sir,' I said. 'I had a passing fancy to try how far you could be trusted with a power that I shall exercise much more wisely.'

"'Seriously, Eleanore, my queen, I should like the day, for certain good reasons, which come from my head purely—and therefore I hope will weigh with you, if those of the heart would not—to be as early in this short time as you can afford. I wish Mrs Anderson to receive visits in the city a few days before she goes to the mountains with me, and I wish to have one long day's ride with her, unaccompanied by caretakers. I have promised myself the pleasure of showing her, all alone, the beauties of the Val de Duc, and some mountain-views that will be new to her. Will that tempt you, or must I plead further?'

"'Will three days in the city suffice for the dignities of the occasion?' I asked.

"'Four would be better,' he replied, demurely.

"'I believe you are deliberately entrapping me,' I said.

"'Be watchful, then,' was the provoking answer; 'for when I have fairly caught you, farewell to your debating of times and seasons. All shall then be mine—all!'

"'Three days in the city,' I repeated.

"'Four,' he reiterated, and 'one for the ride, and another to make preparations. That will give you three whole days after this to—to look your fate in the face. With my help, I think you can sustain them—but don't ask for more. You gave me the question: I have decided it. Come, now, shall it not be so? Dear Eleanore,' he whispered, 'if there is no good reason against it, let it be as I have said. My judgment as well as my love asks it, and methinks I have waited long enough.'

"'Very long, sir! It is scarcely a year since first we saw each other.'

"'It is fifty,' he said, 'by all computation that I can make. It seems another life so long gone in the past, when I did not love you.'

CHAPTER LV.

"So it was settled, dear Anna. It was yesterday and I have to-day and to-morrow—for he cheated me at last out of a day, as I discovered

by his laughing in my face, this morning, when I was counting on my fingers, to settle it all definitely.

"'You lost a day in your reckoning, Eleanore,' he said, 'and it will have to come off this end of the time, because you see, it can't be lost at the other.'

"'I never will have faith in you again,' I said. 'You are no better than other men, who think it clever to deceive a woman.

"How much I need you now, Anna! Only think of my going through all these days amongst strangers—not a woman to whom I can speak. La Signorita would be kind, and is, as far as her power goes; but that does not meet my want. I want an English tongue, and a soul like yours, dear friend, to move it. Leonard is hurrying matters along, though not helping me much, by setting Phil to inquire if I am going to get a papa for him; and he came in just now from the garden, where they had been walking, shouting with laughter at Phil's hot resentment of having anybody for a papa but him. The argument had grown a little warm between them, and Phil, wanting help to sustain his view of the case, rushed headlong into the house, to get final authority upon it.

"'Isn't Turnel Anderson going to be my papa?' he asked, with flushed face and angry eyes. Isn't he mamma?'

"'Not unless he behaves exceeding well and carefully for the next two days, Phil.'

"'He will, mamma—I believe he will,' said the poor child, anxiously.

"'But you are angry with him, Phil. Do you want him now for your papa?'

"'Yes, yes, mamma dear. I'm angry *because* I love him.'

"'There's a precious off-shoot from the mother-tree,' said Leonard, gathering us both into his arms, to Phil's great joy and contentment.

"We are to be married on Tuesday morning, at the Hotel du Nord —receive a few visits that day, and the next, take the promised ride. There will be present only Messrs. Hedding and Huntly, and the Senanos, old and young; the latter having entreated me to ask permission for them to go. The good little creatures seem really very much attached to me, and look quite sad, for a moment, when my going is mentioned. Don Alexandro and La Signorita both bid me say they hope you will come and take my place. They like 'Americanos' very much, they think, now.

"I shall hardly be able to write you again, my dear sister, until I am in the mountains, but I hope your next letter will bring us news that you are to sail before the steamer following this will reach you. It would be such a delight to have you see and know my happiness, without being obliged to relate it to you.

"Thine, as ever, ELEANORE."

"P. S.—Leonard stands over my shoulder, having this moment come in, to see that I write you about coming. He says, when you arrive, you are to ask for Mr. Hedding, at the hotel I have named; or, in case of his absence, which is unlikely, for Mr. Huntly; and these gentlemen will be instructed how to send you comfortably to us. You are to come there first, remember, and after a long visit, I may consent,

if you desire it, to your looking for something to do. I can't endure to think of its being more than two months yet before we can see you, unless you come by steamer, which would be attended with some trouble and risk of delay, by reason of the change you have to make at Panama. Adios, dear Anna ! "

When this letter came I was in San Francisco, making preparations to sail, too full of interest in the voyage and its issue to be capable of much in anything about me. The Marsdens were as kind and helpful as ever. Their school had passed into other hands, and they were living in the lower part of Bush Street, which had already grown from the desert of a year ago into a thoroughfare.

The third day of my stay with them, as I was sitting at a front window, I saw a man, carefully wrapped up, walking slowly by their house, whose bearing seemed familiar to me. Afterward I observed him, again and again, pass and repass. He was evidently very feeble, and walked with his face so covered that I did not make him out till I placed myself in the door one day, and looking closely at him, saw that it was Mr. Garth. I was too much pained and surprised to speak instantly, and he had passed by before I could decide that I ought to have stopped him. When next he came—and he seemed to have regular times of going out—I spoke to him from the door, calling his name.

He turned and gazed at me for a moment, and then, approaching, said : " Is it Miss Warren ? "

" It is," I replied ; " and I am very much pained to see your poor looks."

" I have been very ill," said he, " of fever in the mines, and now I believe I am dying."

I invited him in, and his pale face blanched to a still more ashy hue when I told him, in answer to his inquiries, that Mrs. Bromfield was then no longer Mrs. Bromfield, but Mrs. Anderson, living in Chili, and that I was going to visit her.

" I am glad to hear of her happiness," said the poor invalid. " Anderson is a noble fellow, and worthy of her, I believe—which is saying a great deal, Miss Warren, of any man. But I can't help feeling it bitterly, sometimes, that I should be left to fall to the ground alone. I had no right, I know, to hope to interest her ; but one cannot always measure one's deserts correctly. I am not dying of unrequited love, though, Miss Warren ; don't think it. I held up and went on very well, till I was imprudent enough to expose myself by working in my brother's place in the water, on the Middle Yuba ; and that brought all this on—that, and being treated by some of the murdering quacks who infest the mining regions."

I often saw him afterward, in the few days of my stay, but he seemed to decline very rapidly; and when I sailed, carrying kind messages to our friends, and some beautiful presents to Phil, whom he yet remembered with the old affection, I thought he could scarcely survive a fortnight. So sadly perished the scholar and gentleman.

CHAPTER LVI.

I WAS more fortunate than either of my friends had been in their passage; arriving early on the thirty-ninth day from San Francisco, I landed and went in haste to the Hotel du Nord, heeding nothing—scarcely noting the strange aspect of the foreign city, and anxious only to find one or other of the gentlemen who had been named to me, and get on the road as quickly as possible to my dear Eleanore, and her husband and child, all of whom my heart longed to embrace. I sat in the public parlour half-an-hour, which seemed as long as half-a-day would at other times, waiting, while a lively Chileno girl was searching, or pretending to search the house for Mr. Hedding. I thought it must be large, and the man must have strange habits, if it takes all this time to ascertain whether he is within or not. At last I said to myself, I'll just step along the passage to that room where the chatter is going on so incessantly, and see if anything can be learned there. I knocked at the door, and when it was opened, three servants—two girls, and a waiter, with a white apron before him—presented themselves, all olive, or between olive and brown in colour.

"Mr Hedding," I said, speaking the name very distinctly.

"Usted quiere?" said the man. I did not know what this was; but assuming that it meant did I want the person I had named, I answered very emphatically "yes." Then in the universal si si.

"Bueno," said he calmly, "Yo lo busco."

I went back to the parlour and waited again. Still he did not come, and losing all patience, I returned to the door, where upon tapping once more, I found the same parties social as ever.

"The man," I said, and seeing I was not understood, I spoke the name again, and bethought myself to put a shilling into the fellow's hand. It changed the face of affairs as well as of him in a moment. I returned again to the parlour, and in a few minutes a very gentlemanly looking man, of middle size, with a head well-covered with snowy hair, an erect carriage, and quick, firm step, entered the room, with his spectacles in his hand, and approaching me, said, "Do you wish to see Mr Hedding, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"That is my name."

I handed him my card. "Ah!" he said, looking pleased and clear

at once, "you are the friend of Mrs Anderson. You are very welcome. How do you do?"

I replied to his welcome and inquiries; but told him I was more anxious to get on the road to my friends' home than for anything else. Could he tell me about the time or manner of going?

"You go by stage, ma'am, to ———, within seven miles of them, and there you have to take mules. It would occupy three days at least—perhaps a part of the fourth. Mrs Anderson has written me a note since she arrived, giving a sketchy account of her journey, which seems to have been very pleasant; but she was going to Paradise, you know, ma'am, and had her archangel beside her, and a cherub with her, one may say: for the boy is as charming, in his way, as the mother."

Would he kindly ascertain, I asked, the times of going, and inform me?

"Yes, immediately," and he left me for that purpose. My impatience increased during the waiting to a most uncomfortable degree. I felt the slowness of everything in this Spanish city, and wondered how Eleanore's keen, fiery temperament had ever endured it.

When Mr Hedding returned, he brought the disheartening news that the diligencia, as they call a stage, went but once a week, and had gone the day before.

"Then," said I, feeling perfectly unable to endure the delay, "I must hire some special conveyance. May I ask your good offices in this also?"

"Certainly, ma'am. Do you speak Spanish?"

"Unfortunately, not a word."

"Then I fear you may find some difficulty in getting along with the people on the road, unless I could find a driver who speaks a little English. But even then, they are such a graceless set of petty rogues, from first to last, that you would be at their mercy."

"If I had Antonio now," I rather muttered than said.

"Ah! you mean Col. Anderson's man, a trusty, faithful fellow; but he went with them."

"What can I do, sir?" I asked. "I wish so much to go that I will pay any reasonable price, and overlook many inconveniences. I would like to start to-day—at once."

"I will go out and do the best I can for you," said Mr H., "but you had better take patience into the counsels directly; for I assure you, ma'am, Chili extras and expresses, and all that sort of thing, will try any spirit—much more an American's, because we are the people, of all the world, for despatch and impromptu proceedings in these things." I had it on my tongue to say that he seemed to have suited himself with enviable success to the temper of the country, so deliberate was his speech and action, while I was fretting intensely within, at the prospect of delay. But I restrained myself, and the good gentleman, after

a few more words, went on his kind errand. It was more then an hour before he came in, and then he was looking so warm that I hastened to cool him, as fast as possible, with regrets, thanks, apologies, and hopes, all poured out confusedly for his relief. He had succeeded in finding and engaging a driver who was called very honest, "among Chilenos, remember, ma'am," and had selected a horse and carriage which would be here at one o'clock.

I was truly thankful for this success, and with a meekness and docility which I am sure ought to have charmed him in any woman, I accepted his advice in regard to my luggage, leaving most of it to be sent by Col. Anderson's freight-waggon, which went up and down twice a month. He gave me a list of the prices I was to pay on the road, the amount my driver was to receive, with reiterated charges not to give him a dollar of it till I was ready to have him leave me—a glossary of the few indispensable words I should need to use, and thus I set off, with many expressed misgivings on the part of the good gentleman that I was undertaking a rash and almost dangerous enterprise.

"But I see," he said, "you are, in one thing, at least, like your charming friend. What you want to do *must be done.*" He wished me all manner of good fortune, shook my hand, spoke some last words of warning in Spanish to the driver, and we rattled away through the streets of the city; then over a rough country, with incredibly bad roads; then over a considerable plain, and finally, hills and rough roads again, and so on, till darkness came and hid everything from my view for at least two hours and a half before we stopped for the night. But I am not going to tell you of the bed of untanned oxhide I had there, or the breakfast, or the slow starting, or anything else that worried or amused me, but hasten on to the end of my journey, which I am sure you must wish to see as much as I did.

I rode three days—considerable part of the last two through an unsettled country of towering mountains, with deep, fearful chasms between them, not wide enough to deserve the name of valleys anywhere, except in three or four places, where were clustered a few huts, with now and then a smartish adobe house. In these spots gardens bloomed and flourished, and here and there a few poorly-fenced fields were redeemed from the domain of nature. It rained slight showers twice, which made the travelling much better than it could have been two months earlier; and often, in passing the difficult or dry, dusty places, where the rain had not fallen, I asked myself—how did Eleanore go through all this?

But then I remembered the archangel, and felt that all was right with her.

(To be continued.)

OUR UNBLESSED WORKERS.

Hot are all the streets and hot the lanes,
Hot are all the houses and the fanes,
Hot is every alley, every wall;
Stifling hot the workshops, where the "hands"
Work side by side from morn till night in bands,
In an atmosphere the boldest to appal.

Their faces, wan and sickly, seem as though
The hand of fate wrote on them only woe;
Their eyes are full of sadness—sad to see,
And dreaminess, as though their hearts were far—
Far away from all this dinginess and jar,
On some green and flowery woodland, holt or lea.

Young girls with beauteous faces, forms so fair!
Scarce matured, seem worn and aged, for grim Care,
Her sister Want, and all her haggard brood,
Have been their sad associates from their birth,
And little of the gracious in the earth
Their dark and tangled path have ever strewed.

The old seem doubly aged; oh dear Heaven!
That human cheeks should be so deeply graven
With the lines of care, and misery, and sin.
And sin! oh spare the mark in Heaven's name!
For not alone are they themselves to blame
For the slough of bitter wretchedness they're in.

Not all to blame! For think ye, oh ye great
Who stand and guide the mighty helm of state;
And ye, oh idle landed ones; and ye,
The princely men of merchandise who gain
So much of power and affluence by the pain
Of those who toil in life-long poverty;

And ye who set yourselves to be the guides
And teachers of mankind, who see the tides
Of wrong that overwhelm us, and who shirk
To encounter with the evil, but for place,—
Preach easy creeds to broadcloth and to lace,—
O think ye, if some of these ills that lurk

In this our land, ye might not stay or check,
If ye did but your duty; but ye reck
Not how the rest are living, so ye live,
So full of Mammon worship is the isle,
And empty, paltry babblings that beguile
Almost to think 'tis better to take than give.

How blessed are the poor! how bless'd to labour!
How blessed as yourself to love your neighbour!
Such talk and cackle hear we every hour.
They're lies, all lies, and every word a lie;
Or else would ye who speak them swiftly hie
To those dark haunts where poverty doth cower,

That ye might taste its blessedness, O fie!
Is't bless'd to hear for bread poor children cry?
To see them grow untaught, sink into crime,
Or else become part of that army vast,
Whose fate it is to toil till life is past,
Amidst its darkness, desolateness and grime?

Or is it bless'd when nature all rejoices,
In beauty decked, and with her myriad voices
Makes resonant the mountain and the plain,
To be cooped up in stifling shop or shed,
While fiercely hot the sun shines overhead,
And never see one green umbrageous lane?

Or is it bless'd with all man's hopes and longings,
Desires for fame, and passion's deepest throngings
For knowledge, beauty, happiness, and power,
To see all chance to feed the famished soul
Fade far away and leave dark death the goal
Of hopes, that high as hid Ben Nevis tower?

O labour, thou art noble, worthy all,
When thou art free and doth not man enthral!
But when from dire necessity of want,
Year in year out mankind must toil and sweat
The bare provisions of this life to get,
Without a chance to leave thy noisy haunt,

To calm the spirit, ease the chafed heart,
And bid grim fever from the veins depart,
By ocean shore or on some mountain side,
Where poesy in her wild home doth dwell,
Where wild thyme grows, and swings the heather bell,
And soars the lark in her melodious pride;

Then thou art all ignoble, slavish, low,
And mak'st man mate to wretchedness and woe!
Man was not made for thee, but thou for him;
And oh, 'tis sad to think how many mortals
In ceaseless moil pass thro' death's shadowy portals,
Into the land of hopes so silent and so dim.

No country has for them its passive joys,
There to forget the factory's buzz and noise,
The tinkling brook, the flowery vale, the height,
Topp'd with its crown of fragrant pines, the moors,
With silent tarn that us so darkly lures,
And the whole spreading vault hung with the lamps of night.

No joys like these break on monotonous work,
But aye beneath the pall of smoke and murk
They pass their days, and in the sweltering heat,
Dream of cool woods, and breezy downs, and nooks,
Where green ferns wave, and caw the noisy rooks,
And earth's bright stars grow beauteous at their feet.

Deserted are the streets, and many a house
Is left alone in tenantry of the mouse,
Whose occupants, by seaside or by lake,
Enjoy their yearly respite from the care
Of business, and the hot and sultry glare
Of sun, whose beams no friendly copse doth break.

The toilers whom no leisure comes to cheer
With its jaunts thro' odorous woodland, glen, or brere,
See these loungers of the sea-side soon return,
With their faces fresh and ruddy, while their own
Are pale and thin, and scored with wrinkles down,
And chased with ruts by sorrow's flowing urn.

Say, oh ye vapid talkers, is it bless'd
To labour in such manner without rest,
Thro' the winter cold and dreary, illy clad;—

Through the spring time when the buds are bursting forth,
And the brooks go gurgling onward o'er the earth,
Unchained from icy bondage, light and glad ;—

Through the summer hot and sultry, far away
From its fields of golden grain and blossomy spray,
In the factory close and dingy, and to live
In dens so vile, unhallowed, melancholy,
That nought on earth but home, that name so holy,
The brightest ray of heaven here, could give

To them the faintest sanction ? Oh, ye wise !
Can ye tell us where the blessing of it lies ?
Ye answer no ; but answer yet again,
Is it right that they should bear and suffer so ?
Do not ye of power and affluence to them owe
Some aidance to alleviate their pain ?

Are we not brother's keepers, every one ?
And shall He not require us, each his son ;
(For call ye not him Father in your prayers ?)
To render up a reckoning, one and all,
As stewards, of each duty, great or small,
And settle up with him our life's affairs ?

A. T. STORY.

SPIRITUALISM IN RUSSIA.

THE following interesting paper was prepared by Mr Aksakof, of St. Petersburg, to be read at the International Conference of Spiritualists proposed to be held in London in May last. It is highly acceptable in its present form, for translation into which we are indebted to Signor Damiani, of Clifton :—

As a representative of Russia I ought certainly to tell you before anything else a few words concerning the state of Spiritualism in my country. Here it is known by the name of Spiritism, because it reached us through the French works of Allan Kardec, who has systematised and made this doctrine popular in France, and who, still more, has given it this name in order to distinguish it from that which, in philosophy, is generally comprehended under the denomination of Spiritualism. Its followers in France as well as here call themselves, regardless of all etymological rules, *Spirites*, instead of calling themselves Spiritists. Their number in Russia, or rather in the two centres of our civilisation, Moscow and St. Petersburg, can only be counted by dozens ; they could, and certainly would, have been more considerable if we were not deprived of the means offered by the press to express publicly our opinions on this subject, of which I shall speak at more length directly. One of the most zealous representatives of Spiritualism at St. Petersburg is General Apollon Boltein. He has translated into the Russian language the principal works of Kardec, and has, besides, written much himself upon this matter, but has not had the privilege of being able to print his works. One of them has been translated into French, and printed at Paris under the title, "The dogmas of the Church of Christ explained according to Spiritism," 1866, Reinwald. Among the co-operators of the "Revue Spirité" we have here General Foelkner, whose translation of the "Letters of Lavater to

the Empress Marie of Russia," was published in part at Paris, in 1868, at the International Library, and also M. H. Stecki, who, in 1869, published at the same library an essay entitled "Spiritism in the Bible." We have here, as well as at Moscow, several writing mediums and others, but as to the test mediumship for physical manifestations, we are quite wanting in them. By way of recompense, however, we have at Moscow, in the person of M. Artemovsky, a very good healing medium. What seems extraordinary to us is, that he holds his seances publicly, having had the good luck to receive permission from the authorities. Some mediums here, whose curing functions had commenced to attract sick people to them in crowds, did not meet with the same success; the police interfered, and these gentlemen were obliged to confine themselves to practising in private.

Regarding the state of our Spiritism from within, I ought to say that I do not see enough union among its followers, without which no doctrine can become a social and reforming power. If we are going to seek the causes of this disunion or of this weakness, which amounts to the same, I believe that we shall find it in the two following facts:— In the first place stands the onesided study of the subject; partiality inevitable in consequence of its being in all cases derived from the one source—the works of Allan Kardec and his Review—a partiality excusable for the Russians, who generally know French and not English, and in consequence imitate the intellectual movement of Europe by the production of French literature; but wholly inexcusable for Kardec, who holds his lectures exclusively within the limits of his circle, and not only ignores that which is done out of France, but ignores even, or feigns to ignore, what is done in France by that circle of Spiritualists whose organ is the "Revue Spiritualiste," by Pierart.

This pretence of ignoring is carried to such a point that M. Kardec, whilst announcing upon the wrapper of his review, the Spiritualistic periodicals appearing in Germany and in Italy, does not even make mention of M. Pierart's journal, and all this for the simple reason that the spiritualists do not accept the doctrine of re-incarnation, as if the source from whence Kardec had derived his system had been another and more authentic one than that of Pierart. The difference of opinion on this subject ought to have been equally respected on both sides, and ought only to have served as a motive for a deeper investigation of the question. This exclusive way of behaving towards the new doctrine has caused itself to be felt in our circles; the greater part of our spiritualists see nothing in Spiritualism beyond re-incarnation. Thus it is that dogmatism, that eternal source of discord in religion, threatens to invade Spiritualism, one of whose principal merits is, having avoided the rock of sectarianism, and not having wished to form a written and obligatory confession of faith. What is strange (or perhaps just the contrary) is, that these "spiritualists," having accepted the dogma of the re-incarnation, and believing themselves faithful followers of Spiritualism, dare not or will not follow its doctrines against the dogmas of contemporary theology, that is, to stand by the logical deductions of the acquired truths to their legitimate extent; they stand consequently on neutral ground between the orthodox of their national church and the rationalism of Spiritualism. A great and new truth always dazzles us, and if

we accept it without regard to its reference to history and science, our position towards this same truth becomes infatuation; we believe ourselves already in possession of the absolute truth, whilst the first step to take in that direction is to dedicate ourselves to that possession in favour of relative truth. It is only from this point of view that facts and theories, human actions, and opinions appear to us in their proper light, with their legitimate rights.

In the second place, we are disunited and weak, because we are entirely deprived of the liberty of speech and of the press when it treats of Spiritualism. Another cause of the imperfect knowledge that our public and the spiritualists themselves have of this movement is, that purely scientific works are alone exempt from censure; all the others ought to pass either by civil or spiritual censure. The civil censor, thanks to a particular aversion of the last Ministre des Affaires de l'Interieur, M. Valouief, has received special instructions not to let anything appear that relates to Spiritualism. A fool throws a stone, says our proverb, and seven wise men cannot recover it.

It is thus that, with us, very often general regulations are fettered or modified by individual bias. As to spiritual censure, it sees in Spiritualism an Anti-christian doctrine, and in its phenomena the work of Satan, a sufficient reason for forbidding the press all Russian productions written on the subject. It is remarkable that nearly all works treating on Spiritualism in the French and German language, as, for example, all the works of Kardec and his "Revue," have free course in our city. One must suppose that in this case the authorities allowed themselves to be guided by the consideration that these same works in the Russian language would add greatly to the propagation and popularisation of this doctrine, a consideration which, in truth, is not without foundation, but which is much weakened by this fact, that with us there is no person, however little educated, who does not read French; and in this way the evil influence of this doctrine, although recognised, is in no way arrested. This being the case, one may well ask, Why should one half of society, that especially which represents the enlightened part of the nation, be able innocently to read books which are considered pernicious for the other half?

If we must really admit the utility of moral and intellectual tutelage in the form of a censor of the press, one cannot regret that such an institution allows itself to be guided, nearly always, by public opinion, and by temporal and superficial considerations. The historical importance of events escapes it, that is why also it does not see in Spiritualism a religious movement, led and sustained by an imperious demand of the human mind, reacting with force against the increasing materialism of science, which kills in intellectual men all religious feeling without being able to replace it in an adequate manner. In the same way, also, like an administrative institution, it (censure) cannot distinguish the religious side of a question from its scientific side, the doctrine of facts. Since there are facts which propagate in society this spiritual epidemic—facts which the professors of science entirely reject, and the authorities of the church accept, though all the while attributing them to diabolical influence—it is clear that the surest means of remedying this evil is to give these facts the greatest publicity, and

to insist that they should be submitted to a conscientious investigation on the part of those to whom government and society confide their moral and intellectual direction. But censure, like all other institutions, allows itself to be tempted by power, and wishes to stop the evil by prohibitions in the name of the law. What is the result of it? Civil censure, by regarding the interests of science, does not believe itself authorised, which is very natural, to prohibit the selling of nearly all the new foreign scientific productions, as well as their translation into the Russian language. By this means all the anti-spiritualistic doctrines have with us great currency, and materialism, though tacitly, only spreads more and more. On the other side, the spiritual censor, whilst defending the interests of the church, and lamenting the triumphant march of materialism, does not see in Spiritualism the reacting movement, whose use is to equalise (not to say more) the contrary movement; consequently whilst civil censure authorises the printing of materialistic works, spiritual censure prohibits the printing of spiritualistic works, whose only end is to establish by experimental means the fact of the soul's existence and of its immortality.

Such being the state of things, the Russian press has only seen, up to the present time, articles on Spiritualism which cover it with ridicule and contempt, or which obliged them to prove how diabolical and pernicious it was; articles, at all events, unfair, since the first and last word remains with themselves. We cannot be much astonished that such is the state of the press with us, when it is nearly the same in France, England, and America. You have an example of it in the last work of Mr H. Dixon,—"Spiritual Wives." But what is important is, that you have the right of replying, whilst we must keep silence.

Allow me now to tell you a few words about myself in particular. Desiring in my turn to make the Russian public acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritualism, I had chosen for that purpose the work of Professor R. Hare, and I had extracted that which principally related to the experimental part of the question. But the censor remained inexorable, and I have been obliged to have my translation printed at Leipzig, where it remains buried in the warehouse of M. Wagner, suffering the same fate as a Russian translation of Swedenborg's work, "Heaven and Hell," which I had printed some years before. That our learned men are not behind yours in their contempt for Spiritualism, I can prove to you by the following example:—We have at the Univerversity here a professor of logic and psychology in the person of M. Vladislávlef, translator into Russian of Kant's "Critique de la Raison Pure," author of "Doctrines, Psychologiques, Contemporaines," &c. Wishing to direct his attention to the psychological phenomena of Spiritualism, I gave him my Russian translation of Hare, some numbers of *Human Nature*, and the autobiography of Davis in German. Reading this enraged him so much that his indignation was such he could hardly contain himself. "All that," he replied to me, "is only detestable humbug. Davis is an impudent man, Hare an unknown person. When I read it I believed I was at a tavern." This reply deserving immortality, I record it.

How much we are restrained in our literary pursuits, I can again show you by the following anecdote:—Lately I have been occupied in

writing a critique on Swedenborg's "On the Doctrine of the Scriptures," whose end was to prove the inconsistency of that doctrine by its own propositions. When I presented my manuscript to the spiritual reviser he sent me to the civil reviser, because I do not examine Swedenborg's system from an orthodox point of view, but only from the formal, logical side, like all other philosophical systems; and when I gave my manuscript to the civil reviser, he sent me to the spiritual censor, because my work, from the first page to the last, only treated of Holy Scripture!

Convinced in this way, by my own experience and that of others, of the impossibility of serving, at least for the present, the cause of Spiritualism in my own country, I found that in awaiting more favourable circumstances I had nothing better to do than to transport my activity to a foreign land. In 1863 I learnt for the first time that a German translation of the works of A. J. Davis had been undertaken by the celebrated naturalist and philosopher, Mr. Von Esenbeck and his associate, Mr. Wittig; but all my attempts at having more information about this enterprise were fruitless until 1866, when I had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Mr. Wittig, and the displeasure of learning all the difficulties he met with during the publication of his translations. I then offered him to become the editor of them, and immediately we set ourselves to the task. In 1867 appeared "The Reformer," in 1868 "The Magic Staff," and in 1869 "The Principles of Nature, and her Divine Revelations," printed by Mr. Wagner at Leipsic. More ample details of the "History of the Introduction of the Harmonial Philosophy into Germany," the reader can find in the last work of Davis, "The Memoranda," in which he wished to give up a chapter to this subject. It might appear strange why we have commenced the publication of his works with "The Reformer," without following the chronological order, upon which Davis himself particularly insisted; but it is because nearly all the manuscripts were at Bremen with Mr Ruthman, who had begun talking about their publication, without having, however, caused the enterprise to advance during many years. This is why, without losing time, we had commenced by that which was ready at Mr. Wittig's. It is only lately that we have had the good luck, not without trouble and expense, to re-enter into the possession of all these manuscripts, and henceforth their publication can be re-established in chronological order. What reception the German public will give them, the future alone can decide. We cannot count upon immediate success, and we shall not deceive ourselves upon this head. The prejudice of German science against animal magnetism in general, and Spiritualism in particular, and, on the contrary, its predilection for materialistic tendencies, are, in the present time, too strong for us to expect a serious and impartial critique. On the other side, silence still less attains our end, and our first duty is to extricate the public from the ignorance in which they live as to the real value of modern Spiritualism. To attain this result the works of Davis appear to me the most suitable. Germany requires above all a philosophical system, which should be in a state to present not only an accordance of facts with a given doctrine, but even with the exigencies of actual science. From this point of view the harmonial philosophy

has appeared to me entirely worthy of the attention of German thinkers. Many persons, knowing the works of Davis, have expressed sympathy with the undertaking of their publication into German. Thus, one of the best known and most respectable followers of Spiritualism in America, Judge Edmonds, in a letter that he wrote me in March 1869, expresses himself on this matter in the following manner:—"In one respect A. J. Davis and I differ: he looks upon Spiritualism rather as a philosophy, while I regard it as a religion. Therefore it is that his works must be more valuable in Germany than mine can be. With us and our impulsive nature, the religious aspect is the most important; in Germany the rationalistic must be." As a psychological phenomenon, the person of Davis offers us one of the most remarkable types of the modern spiritualistic movement, and under this head deserves to be deeply studied. In the German edition of his "Principles of Nature," I made it a duty to collect all the proofs which had come to my own knowledge to establish the mesmeric origin of this work, and the further self-development of Davis, by way of pure intuition, like an incontestable psychological fact. While publishing his principal works, I had intended to cause some little treatise to appear after each volume, concerning the phenomenal side of Spiritualism, so that the German public should also take note of the most remarkable experiences and studies which have been made in this direction in America and England.

I have just heard by the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine* that the Dialectical Society of London has nominated a special committee for the investigation of these manifestations. I see in this a happy coincidence with the project of an international conference, and I hope that the latter will profit by this opportunity, by defending to the utmost the interests of our cause. Signor Damiani, who on this ground challenged our adversaries with a proposition of paying £500 in case of not succeeding on his part, ought no doubt to have good guarantee in order to execute his programme with success, and consequently he may render a great service to our case by seconding the Dialectical Society in its experiences. With the aid of such test-mediums as Home, Marshall, Everitt, Nichol, and others, and having on our side such scientific authorities as Messrs De Morgan, Wallace, Varley, and others, it seems to me that one may also hope to attain good results by a public scientific examination of these phenomena.

After having read the fine letters of Messrs W. M. Wilkinson and Shorter, in reply to the invitations that they have received on the part of the Dialectical Society, I add that the invitations to assist at the experiences in question ought to be communicated not only to competent judges in physical sciences, but also to philosophers, and particularly to psychologists. On what reasons, for instance, could Mr Lewes ground his refusal, who in the preface of his "Biographical History of Philosophy," wished to show how the scientific method ought to be applied to the explanation of the phenomenon of table turning, and has concluded that this phenomenon was due to an unconscious movement of the hands placed on the table? Now that it is proved that the phenomenon does not take place on account of the contact of the hands with the table, does not Mr Lewes feel obliged to instruct us upon the further application of this scientific method?

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY JNO. JONES.

In the number of *Human Nature* for June, there was a statement as to the leading characteristics of this society. The majority of the members, consisting of men well known to be rigidly opposed to Christianity, and to the existence of angels or devils, the subject of spiritualistic phenomena, therefore, taken up by them with reluctance, as being unworthy of their serious examination, a vigorous committee of some thirty members it was expected would soon expose scientifically the monstrous delusion so rife in society, "that miracles were not only possible, but they were of frequent occurrence."

Dr Cameron has the merit of bringing the subject before the Dialectical Society, and by his narrative of facts forcing attention to Spiritualism. An east end of London weekly newspaper, called the *Eastern Post*, has the merit of giving clearly and fully the evidence tendered to the committee by persons of well-known standing as to phenomena superior to that produced by the *ordinary* laws of nature. Extracts from that paper have been occasionally given by a portion of the London and provincial press. The evanescent character of the newspaper press, a passing panorama of events, has suggested that the evidence given before the committee be collected and published in *Human Nature*, so that at leisure and in a convenient form, and for future reference, the testimony of the witnesses may be secured, who have frankly come forward, and, through a cross fire of strange questions, been able to prove "that spirits exist." This is the more needed, as possibly when the committee make their report, there may be as little correctness and system shown as there has been in the manner of handling the witnesses. So many thousands of volumes of religious theories have been published by church and dissent, that we shall avoid them as much as possible when put by members of committee, or given by witnesses. Facts are what is needed. Gather facts as flowers in the garden of the supernatural, and classify; then will be revealed the mystic pattern of beauty, which, blending with earth wonders, will, by the perfection of proof, show that MAN IS IMMORTAL.

EVIDENCE.

The Committee of the Dialectical Society engaged in the investigation of spiritual phenomena met at 4 Fitzroy Square. There were about twenty members of the committee, a number of visitors, and those who had consented to give evidence as to the facts they had witnessed.

Mr Daniel D. Home, the celebrated medium, was invited to give his testimony. He said that he did not come prepared to give evidence; he thought that would be better done by those who had seen the phenomena, many of which had occurred when he was unconscious.

But he would be very glad to answer any questions that might be put to him.

Dr Edmunds—Can you state the conditions under which manifestations take place?

Mr Home—You never can tell. I have frequently sat with persons and no phenomena have occurred; but when not expecting it, when in another room, or even sleeping in the house, the manifestations took place. I am, I may say, extremely nervous, and suffer much from ill health. I am Scotch, and second-sight was early developed in me. I am not imaginative; I am sceptical, and doubt things that take place in my own presence. I try to forget all about these things, for the mind would become partly diseased if it was suffered to dwell on them. I therefore go to theatres and to concerts for change of subject.

The Chairman—Will you give us some information relative to external physical manifestations, such as the lifting of tables or persons? Do you go into a trance?

Mr Home—Certain things only occur when I am in a trance. But the trance is not necessary for all the phenomena, the only thing necessary is that the people about should be harmonious. The "harmonious" feeling is simply that which you get on going into a room and finding all the people present such that you feel at home at once. At times I have been awakened at night by a presence in the room, and then the spirits would dictate what was being done elsewhere. I wrote it down, and found it always correct.

A Member—What are your sensations when in a trance?

Mr Home—I feel for two or three minutes in a dreamy state, then I become quite dizzy, and then I lose all consciousness. When I awake I find the feet and the limbs cold, and it is difficult to restore the circulation. When told of what has taken place during the trance, it is quite unpleasant to me, and I ask those present not to tell me at once when I awake. I myself doubt what they tell me. I have no knowledge on my own part of what occurs during the trance. Manifestations occur at all times—during a thunderstorm, when I am feverish or ill, or even suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs. Scepticism is not a hindrance, but an unsympathetic person is. Sex has not any influence. As for mediums they are generally very nervous. For years after I was born I was not expected to live. At the age of six I was not able to walk. I have been given over by Dr Louis, of Paris. The spirits told me I should get better. I found the manifestations beneficial, if not overdone. It is calming. At the time of the lawsuit with Mrs Lyon I had congestion of the brain. I was paralysed; my memory left me. They told me I would get well again, and it has been so.

Mr Atkinson asked witness the difference between manifestations in and out of trance.

Mr Home—In a trance I see spirits connected with persons present. Those spirits take possession of me; my voice is like theirs. I have a particularly mobile face, and I sometimes take on a sort of identity with the spirits who are in communication with me. I attribute the mobility of my face, which is not natural, to the spirits. When I am raised in the air I am awake. I am told that when I am in a trance I

frequently take a live coal in my hand. I was sceptical on that point, and on taking one in my hand when awake, I raised a blister. I have never been mesmerised, and cannot mesmerise. I may say I am exceedingly sick after elongations. While in Paris I saw the figure of my brother, then in the North Sea. I saw his fingers and toes fall off. Six months afterwards tidings came of his having been found dead on the ice, his fingers and toes having fallen off through the effects of scurvy.

Mr Coleman said he had read a letter from Mrs Trollope, in which she said she received almost daily evidence of the presence of the spirits of her family, more particularly of her children. He also remembered seeing Mr Home, while at his house, lifted from his seat, carried into an adjoining room, brought back again, and laid on the table. Mr Home knew he was so, because he asked for a pencil, and wrote on the ceiling.

Mr Home—Yes, I recollect that perfectly. In the houses of several people I remember being lifted. On one occasion I was staying at the chateau of M. Ducosse, the Minister of Marine. I was then half a foot in the air. The movement was so gentle that I had not observed it in the least. I moved back from the table to see if it would occur when I was standing. It did occur. I was carried to the end of the room. The Count de Bourmont, one of the senators, was staying there. I had evening dress shoes on. He took hold of the shoes when I was in the air; they remained in his hand, and I was carried up. One Sunday evening Lord Adare was told to put flowers outside a window; we saw the flowers brought into the room where we were. The Master of Lindsay was present as well as Lord Adare. Instead of my body being lifted, the flowers were taken from one window to another. I do not remember being taken out at one window and in another for I was unconscious, but numbers witnessed it. Once I was elongated eight inches. A man was standing holding my feet. In one case I was laid on the floor, and Lord Adare had hold of my head, and the Master of Lindsay of my feet. The elongations were not confined to my legs, but I seemed to grow very much from the waist. I have seen a table lifted into the air with eight men standing on it, when there were only two or three other persons in the room. I have seen the window open and shut at a distance of seven or eight feet, and curtains drawn aside, and, in some cases, objects carried over our heads. In the house of Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, a table went up so high in the air that we could not touch it. I have seen a pencil lifted by a hand to a paper and write, in the presence of the Emperor Napoleon. We were in a large room—the Salon Louis Quinze. The Empress sat here, the Emperor there. The table was moved to an angle of more than forty-five degrees. Then a hand was seen to come. It was a very beautifully formed hand. There were pencils on the table. It lifted, not the one next it, but one on the far side. We heard the sound of writing, and saw it writing on note-paper. The hand passed before me, and went to the Emperor, and he kissed the hand. It went to the Empress, she withdrew from its touch, and the hand followed her. The Emperor said, "Do not be frightened, kiss it;" and she then kissed it. It was disappearing. I said I would like to kiss it. The hand seemed to be

like that of a person thinking, and as if it were saying, "Shall I?" It came back to me, and I kissed it. The sensation of touch and pressure was that of a natural hand. It was as much a material hand seemingly as my hand is now. The writing was an autograph of the Emperor Napoleon I. He had a beautiful hand. Mr Gordon has been lifted in the air. In the House of Mr Bergheim a smelling-bottle on the table began to tremble as if some one with a very shaky hand had taken hold of it, and then it began to spin round on the table; it span a minute at least. There were three witnesses who saw that. I went into a trance immediately afterwards, and told them that a spirit named James was present. I learnt afterwards that Mr James had a very shaky hand. The Emperor of Russia, as well as the Emperor Napoleon, have seen hands, and have taken hold of them, when they seemed to float away into thin air. I have never seen material substances brought into a room when the doors and windows were closed. Flowers have been brought in from a parterre, but the spirits always asked for the window to be open. When other witnesses were present they have seen heads. One witness will testify to having seen heads in her lap at night. They were luminous; there was quite a glow from them.

Mr Dyte—As to future rewards and punishments? Mr Home said that bad spirits see the continuous results of the wrong they have done, and in some instances have endeavoured to repair it by declaring where concealed papers were. Spirits retained or showed special marks of identity, scars, &c. When the "Henry Clay" was burnt in America there was a case in point. I saw Jackson Downing standing before me with a deep scar on his forehead. I said, "Jackson Downing is lost!" "No," said Dr——, "he is saved; he swam on shore with Mrs Downing." Mrs Downing was at the hotel, but she became uneasy when she found that her husband did not appear. She said she had seen him on shore after he swam with her. It was then found that he had swam out again to assist some one, and a mast falling overboard split his skull just as I saw it.

The Chairman—Do they always retain a ghastly wound like that you have just described? Mr Home—No; it is merely shown as proof of identity.

A Member—Do you ever see the spirits of persons who are living? Mr Home—No; that pertains to second sight, quite a distinct thing. Then I see the individual himself, and not his spirit. A deadly tremor comes over me, and there is a film on my eyes, and I not only see persons, but hear conversations taking place at a distance.

A Member—Have you effected cures? Mr Home—I would prefer that those who were cured should answer that question.

Mrs Cox, of Jermyn Street, was then called, and she stated that she had seen levitations. She saw Mr Home rise gradually in the air, and make a cross on the ceiling with a pencil. She saw him carried out into the garden. She had seen a card-table lifted on to a table, and then removed to a couch, no person touching it. That was at her own house in Jermyn Street. She had felt the spirit form of her baby, and could believe she was still nursing it in the flesh. She corroborated Mr Home as to the existence of spirit hands and forms. She was cured by a spirit touch. Thirteen years ago she had a constant pain

in her side; a spirit hand was placed on the spot, and then went to Mr Home for more power. She then used a decoction of hops by direction of the spirits, and she was completely cured. She had seen the accordion played, and the piano when locked was played by the spirit of her child. There was a very elevated tone in the instruction of the spirits, and she believed she was a better person under their influence.

The Countess de Pomar said that she had seen a burning coal placed in the hands of a lady, who was not in the least burnt. The lady deposited the coal on a piece of paper, which lighted and a hole was burnt in it.

Signor Damiani, in addition to the evidence as narrated in the August number of *Human Nature*, said—I am not a medium, and know nothing whatever about a medium's state during spiritual influence; but I can give my personal testimony as to a variety of phenomena that have come under my notice. I have been present at 200 seances, and have seen tables rapped, tilted, and lifted into the air. In Italy I have seen the table rise bodily like the piston in the cylinder of a steam engine. Spirits will not gratify curiosity, and I have seldom, if ever, been able to get the information I wanted. In the town of Bristol, while I was staying there, there was a murder, and I thought I could get the name of the person who had committed it from the spirits, and put the police on the track. I went to Mrs Marshall, and asked the spirits to read my thoughts. They said they could do so. They did so, and advised me not to interfere, and that they would not tell me. They said, "We are not detectives, and the arm of God will surely reach the murderer." I have been in contact with a large number of mediums.

A Member—Are there any wicked spirits? Signor Damiani—Yes, and lying spirits. I know a remarkable case in point connected with Dr Livingstone. You will remember that for a period of some two years it was supposed that Dr Livingstone was dead. I went to a seance at Mrs Marshall's, and I asked, "Is the spirit of Dr Livingstone here?" A spirit answered, "Yes; I am Dr Livingstone!" I then asked him how he had been killed, and he related all the particulars. He said that a native had crept up behind him, and given him a blow of a club on the back of the head, and killed him outright at once. I asked what happened then, and the spirit said that the savages boiled his body and ate it. I said, "That was horrible! You must have been greatly horrified by your body being boiled and eaten?" He said, "No; I was not horrified at it, for we must all be eaten!" Well, as you may imagine, I was greatly struck by this. I wrote out an account of Livingstone's death, and of his body being boiled and eaten, and I enclosed it in a paper, and gave it to a gentleman, with injunctions that he should keep it, and only open it when I should tell him on the discovery of the facts of the doctor's fate. But we all know that Livingstone was not killed at all, and the spirit was simply lying.

The Chairman—How can you distinguish between a medium who is an impostor, and a spirit that is a liar?

Signor Damiani—You cannot distinguish, but in that case it was the spirit that was lying. Mrs Marshall would have had no object in

telling me an absurd story about Livingstone's being killed, and boiled, and eaten. And the explanation the spirits gave was this: "You came here," they said, "out of curiosity, and you found an impertinent spirit, who amused himself at your expense." It was simply the trick of a ragamuffin spirit.

Mr Glover then described various phenomena which he had witnessed in the presence of Mr Home. He had seen an accordion played, a table made so light that it could be lifted without effort, and then made so heavy that lifting was impossible, &c. He took up a pencil, and the spirit wrote the name of his grandfather. He also wrote a verse of a hymn to God, to the tune of "God save the Prince of Wales." Once when the air of "The Last Rose of Summer" was being played, he said that he thought the spirits ought not to play a profane air, and immediately a most magnificent hymn tune, which he had never heard before, was played.

TABLE TURNING.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to the *Times*, and giving names to the editor to satisfy him "of the truth of these very extraordinary circumstances," relates the following facts:—In 1863 one of my sisters was visiting a lady who had a niece possessed of wonderful power. One morning my sister was seated on a large sofa, and the subject was introduced. She expressed great doubts, on which the young lady requested my sister to place her hand on the mahogany frame of the sofa. The young lady placed her hand on the opposite part, and immediately the sofa moved away from its position, and came violently in contact with the dining table. My sister was frightened and got up, and subsequently the young lady asked her to get on the table. This she did, and being again requested to place her hand on it, the operator placed hers also, and without a moment's delay the table moved towards the bow window. My sister jumped down and looked fearfully at the lady. A few months after my sister related this to me. I was as well acquainted with the parties as she was. It happened that in the following year, 1864, I came with my family to London, and, among other visitors, the aunt and niece called one morning while we were at lunch. We mentioned the circumstances which I have related; and on expressing our doubts, the aunt said her niece did not like to show her power, as she really felt frightened at it herself, and her father strongly objected to her displaying it, but as we were such old friends she would not mind showing us, provided anyone had the influence necessary to assist her. My wife went to a heavy arm chair, which is in my house at this moment, and being of rather an excitable temperament the lady thought she might aid her power. The hands were placed, my wife's on one side and the lady's on the other. The chair instantly moved several feet with my wife on it, who got up in fright and astonishment. I said—"To satisfy me, will you try and move the cabinet piano?" which stood against the wall. The two ladies placed their hands at the extreme ends of the piano, which advanced out from the wall some distance. At that moment a young man-servant was in

the room clearing away the lunch, and looking with surprise the lady said, "I wonder if George has any power?" He was requested to place his hand on the dining table. The lady placed hers, and the table with all the lunch things on it made a dash towards the fire place, and the boy was fixed against the wall. His fright can only be judged of by those who witnessed it. A round table, mahogany, was standing in the bow window; one of the casters was off. The young lady touched it accidentally at the same time that my wife's hand was on it, looking at the boy's wondering gaze. A noise was heard coming from the table, which ultimately moved hastily towards the window, and there it remained close to the frame. All this occurred in my dining room at Maida Hill. We were afterwards told that, on one occasion, in her own house, the servants wanted to move a four-post bed, and, not being able, the housemaid, said "Let us ask Miss M—— to assist us." She came up, and, telling the servant to place a hand upon the wooden post at the foot, the young lady placing hers on the other, the bed moved forward, and would have proceeded, had not the lady and servant taken off their hands. The bed required men's aid to get back again to its original place, being large and very heavy.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

THE MYSTERY OF CAUSATION.

(*To the Editor.*)

I thank you for admitting my long detained scrap into your July number. I thought you had shut the door in my face, but I can afford to wait. In my case, the heat and passion of youth have long since cooled down, and I can scarcely realise the aggrieved state of jaunty young gentlemen of Mr Atkinson's build who so piteously complain of "low practices" and "personalities." For my part I have noticed no epithet that has been levelled at that gentleman as an individual, but only as the exponent of certain notions and styles of talking; and truly, if he had got an unfortunate probe in the ipsial tissues, he has amply atoned for it by dragging into the dock your publisher, Mr Burns, and holding him up for personal execration. "The editor of Human Nature" is quite a different "phenomenon" from Mr Burns, even though that gentleman should occupy the editorial position. Here, indeed, is a case for fine and scientific distinction: Mr Burns is an *objective* reality; whereas, the editor of Human Nature belongs to the subjective plane of being. For this slight breach of etiquette I do not in the least blame Mr Atkinson. It is quite possible that a gentleman so unsophisticated in the arts of the low and vulgar should become unconsciously tinctured with their peculiar vices on his first connection with such a foreign influence. Those important metaphysical questions are certainly more worthy of Mr Atkinson's attention than mine, hence, I shall pass them and notice his remarks in your last number. This discussion, as conducted by Mr A , must become interminable. Instead of controverting the arguments of his opponents he declares that it is not according to Bacon, or that it is the view of Comte, or that Hamilton, Mill, and a host of others have been bold enough to pronounce against the whole thing. Now, I have the satis-

faction of declaring that I am a tremendously ignorant old man. I do not know that I dare boast of having read a consecutive page of either Comte or Bacon. Mill I found far too wordy, and as for Hamilton, his books are too high priced to show themselves down in this part where adult humanity has to work hard and exist on a crown a week; but as far as I have seen from quotations in other books, the truth according to these great lights has just been the same as the truth according to myself or our little Dick. Though I am shamefully ignorant of what Bacon and others think about things, I fancy I know what I myself think about. Mine is not "unconscious cerebration." I am persuaded I have got brains in my head though I never saw them, which conclusion on my part may perhaps puzzle Mr A.; and that these brains are for the purpose of doing my thinking, just as the brain of Bacon was the "unconscious instrument" of his intelligence, not "source" as Mr A. has it, as long as that intelligence required its services. Well then, having brains, I cannot make out why the first four lines of my last letter imply a denial of causation. It is rather intended to ridicule Mr Atkinson's "unknowable" philosophy which makes causation a myth. My opponent's position is, however, more unfortunate in another important respect: he immolates independent thought and the exercise of reason on the altar of despotic authority and servile quotations. He is in the same category with the traditionists, ritualists, and gospel disputants who set usage against usage, one holy father in conflict with another equally revered authority, Peter against Paul, and the Shibboleth of each petty sect in the teeth of all the world. These good zealous people will carry on a wordy war for centuries and sacrifice thousands of their fellows as a dark back-ground to the ridiculous figure they themselves cut on the front of the canvas, without ever asking their own reason and common-sense to help them in their unmanageable difficulty. The Authoritarian is a pest, which it is the bounden duty of every rational creature and lover of his species to "stamp out" with every effort in his power. The fangs of the creature are easily drawn; disdain to touch his barbarous weapon, and he decomposes into a thin vapour—a pea and thimble trickster with words. I feel it to be my duty to point out a notorious instance of inaptitude on Mr Atkinson's part when he accuses "Mr Burns" of calling the opinion of his opponents "chaff and stubble," whereas the expression used in the editorial note to my letter was, that "all except truth were as chaff and stubble." This simple case shows how easy it is for the quotationist to raise thousands of petty issues without even touching the rind of the question.

The backbone of the difficulty, according to Mr A., arises from the stupendous fact that the infinite is unthinkable. This will all depend upon the capacity of the investigator for undertaking the thinking process, and, consequently, the clearness of his definitions of the terms used. The stale jargon of "feeble human beings" being unable to comprehend a "mysterious power and formative principle in universal nature," is the cant hurled at the head of every thinker, by the blind votaries of sectarianism. It is to be met with in every effort of preconceived-notionists to trammel and bind the minds of their fellows, and it is to be found, amongst other "padding," in the last pious novel. Besides, it carries with it its own refutation. Mr Atkinson declares that there is a "mysterious power and formative principle in universal nature;" the very thing I contended for in my last letter. But such a power cannot be "unknowable" or "unthinkable," for Mr Atkinson declares it, or else he talks without thinking. And again, if it is in "universal nature" it must be distinguishable everywhere, and patent to the observation of the most "feeble human being." What, then, are we to make of Mr A.'s further "experience," implying that this "formative principle" is the result of formation! Was there ever a greater absurdity perpetrated in the pages of a "Philosophical Periodical!" One is apt to fancy he is reading *Punch* or the *Tomahawk*. But further, Mr

Atkinson confounds the "formative principle" with "mental phenomena," which shows he has not the least notion of what he is talking about. Verily, the subject is to him "unthinkable." He ascribes the same attributes to the infinite as to the finite—the unconditioned and the conditioned; consequently his "Cause" becomes a "Fabricator," a kind of overgrown mechanic—an instrument, not a "Cause."

Spiritualism, Mr A. declares, does not help him in this difficulty, viz., the "nature of the absolute formative principle." This surely need not puzzle us, since the relative formations of this "absolute principle" are everywhere around us. The operative principle and its effects are the necessary parts of one great whole, and there is no "mystery" in it if we understand what we mean by the terms we use. But Spiritualism does help us to a solution of the question. It reveals to us the important fact that the conditions of existence are vastly different after death to what they are in earth-life, so much so, that our language and mental capabilities will not enable us to get definite information thereon. This is certainly a great step for those who fancy they know everything by their acquaintance with "material formation." Mr Atkinson has been recently treating the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* to the same course of remarks that he has for some months presented in your periodical. There he came into collision with Mr William White, with whose final rejoinder I shall conclude:—

"Mr Atkinson multiplies words to little purpose, and adduces arguments which I should contest point by point. That we can know anything of causes apart from effects, I deny as strenuously as he does; but that from effects we may know causes, I as strenuously maintain. I never met Mr Atkinson, but from his writings I have a definite conception of him as a cause in which common sense is so nullified by art, that he can witness manifestations of intelligence, and at the same time question their intelligent origin. Consistently, he treats God as he treats Spirits.

"Let me repeat. From what God *does* we learn what He *is*. Our experience of Nature is an experience of its Creator; our experience of Human Nature affords a yet deeper insight; whilst in Christ, we hold, God has revealed His very heart. God as unseen is known on no other terms than Man as unseen. So much of God we presume to know, and trust to go on learning to eternity.

"That many philosophers have pronounced God unknown and unknowable is true, but I have too little respect for authority to be affected thereby. Their grand fallacy has been the endeavour (an endeavour Mr Atkinson imputes to me) to know God apart from Nature, apart from Man, and especially apart from Jesus Christ. Vain indeed is that quest; whilst the search for God manifest in His handiwork is fruitful from the outset and ever onwards." ANTHROPOLOGOS.

LORD BACON ON SPIRITUALISM.

(To the Editor.)

NOT knowing the foundation of Mr Atkinson's peculiar views, I was quite unable, and indeed unwilling, to connect it with the groundwork of "bottomless follies" held by Pythagoras and others; and consequently it would have been wrong to have applied to him the introductory portion of the passage from Lord Bacon, the omission of which has, notwithstanding, given him umbrage; and as Mr Atkinson has now repudiated the views of Pythagoras, it proves I was right, but as his opinions seem to me intimately connected with the superstructure laid thereon, I naturally confined myself to that portion of Bacon's

remarks; and as Mr Atkinson has only supplied a part of that which he considers a deficiency on my side, and has notably omitted the particular sentences regarding the superstructure which affects himself, I have pleasure now in supplying the whole passage. Bacon says:—"The philosophy of Pythagoras (which was full of superstition) did first plant a monstrous imagination, which afterwards was, by the schools of Plato and others, watered and nourished. It was, that the world was one entire, perfect living creature; insomuch as Apollonius of Tyana, a Pythagorean prophet, affirmed that the ebbing and flowing of the sea was the respiration of the world, drawing in water as breath, and putting it forth again. They went on and inferred that if the world were a living creature, it had a soul and spirit, which also they held, calling it *spiritus mundi*, the spirit or soul of the world, by which they did not intend God (for they did admit of a Deity besides), but only the soul or essential form of the universe. *This foundation being laid, they might build upon it what they would!* For in a living creature, though never so great, (as for example in a great whale,) the sense and the affects of any one part of the body, instantly make a transcursion throughout the whole body; so that by this they did insinuate, that no distance of place, nor want or indisposition of matter, could hinder magical operations; but that (for example) we might here in Europe have sense and feeling of that which was done in China; and likewise we might work any effect without and against matter; *and this not holpen by the co-operation of angels or spirits*, but only by the unity and harmony of nature. There were some also that staid not here, but went further, and held that if the *spirit of man* (whom they call the microcosm) do give a fit touch to the spirit of the world by strong imaginations and beliefs, it might command nature; for Paracelsus, and some darksome authors of magic, do ascribe to *imagination exalted* the power of miracle-working faith. With these vast and bottomless follies men have been (in past) entertained."

From the above we find that "bottomless folly" was not confined to those who held that the world was a great living monster; but was extended by Bacon to those who "watered and nourished it" and "built upon it what they would;" and certainly the superstructure of "bottomless folly" is bottomless indeed. I found then that those who built upon this bottomless foundation were, according to my understanding, in agreement with Mr Atkinson on some points, and that Mr Atkinson was also in accord with Paracelsus, who "ascribed to imagination exalted, the power of miracle-working faith;" to that I therefore confined myself, and said, "Now what this 'imagination exalted,' this assumption of the power of the individual man himself, to work wonders only 'by the unity and harmony of nature,' and 'not holpen by the co-operation of angels and spirits,' can be, if it be not Mr Atkinson's 'conscious and unconscious action of the mind,' and Mr Gardner's 'doing it themselves,' I am at a loss to conceive." I am still of that opinion.

In my article of July I considered brevity also of importance, as a previous article I had written to "Human Nature," in answer to Mr Atkinson, was after some consideration by the editor, rejected on the ground of its being too diffuse. I think now the editor was wise in

that rejection, and in waiting for a chance to bring him an article on the same subject, which should combine brevity, acumen, and success.

W. R. TOMLINSON.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—Mr Tomlinson, in your July number, is pleased to associate me with Mr Atkinson, but we are only distant relations, and I fear lest Mr Atkinson should think he is dishonoured by the connection, as I really have an unshaken faith in the spiritual philosophy, though I don't believe in half of the conundrums of the spiritualists. There is a dispute between those gentlemen and Bacon, too, which they will never be able to settle, I doubt, by reference to the "Novum Organum," or the "Sylva Sylvarum." Bacon believed in witchcraft, no doubt; but that was a Christian dogma in his day. If not necessary to salvation, it was essential to safety and freedom from persecution. He believed in evil spirits, too; but who can disbelieve in them that believes in the Bible at all? But let us understand the thing. Evil spirits, according to Scripture, were fallen angels, and angels were superhuman beings; even Jesus himself was said to be a little lower than them. Well, Bacon believed in that sort of evil spirits, and they are precisely the things which have been exploded by our spiritual philosophy, or, rather, we have shown them to be subjective powers, and not objective beings. As Bacon is an authority for witches, he may also be quoted in support of my views without giving offence to either positivists or spiritualists, I hope. He says,—"The mind abstracted or collected in itself, and not diffused in the organs of the body, has, from the natural power of its own essence, some foreknowledge of future things, and this appears chiefly in sleep, ecstasies, and the near approach of death." There my Lord of Verulam, you are rational; in the other case you were scriptural; and in many places your works testify you were ruled by the church more than the dictates of nature. Mr Tomlinson would attribute those powers of the mind to spirits of the dead, but Bacon thought differently, and the Scriptures are not in favour of that idea. It is true Jacob dreamed he saw angels going up and down stairs; but what sensible man would take that dream of the patriarch to be objective. Mr Tomlinson is a clergyman, and ought to know these things better than ordinary men, and I wish he would attempt to prove from the Scriptures that any bodies' kinsfolk ever appeared to them at any time, as recorded either in the Jewish or Christian Scriptures. It was all the "Lord" and "angels" down to the period when Moses and Elias appeared to Jesus and the disciples on the Mount. From that time till now the Church of Rome has had Jesus, and the Virgin, and the saints, appearing in vision to ecstatics frequently, which is more consonant with Scripture authority than the other idea so commonly received by spiritualists. How do we know that the veritable Moses and Elias appeared to Jesus? There is no proof they did, beyond the record, and that is not much to depend on, for Peter talked without knowing what he said, and no doubt the others were in a similar state of confusion. It seems to me they had a spiritual manifestation, and they saw two strangers, who were called Moses and Elias, because those two men were representative men in the Jewish Church, just as

Jesus and the Virgin have been looked upon since. Seership is a science, and must be rightly understood. If a clairvoyant sees a man, he may only be a figurative man after all. If he sees a figurative vision, and cannot read it, but gets confused like Peter, he may talk nonsense, like the church, all the days of his life. There is John, too, made an ass of himself, and wanted to worship the angel or power by which he saw his visions. But the power said, "I am thy fellow-servant," which is supposed to mean he was an old prophet that was dead. Really such stupidity is worse than madness. All seers are greatly developed in the spirit which is able to appear to the mind while in a state of ecstasy or trance. People who have no experience in this matter cannot and won't believe, but it is all true. We may see ourselves without knowing who we are.

A. GARDNER.

HOW MR HOME LOST HIS BRANDY.*

(To the Editor.)

MR HOME himself explained the fire test. He said, "All we did was, by arranging the electrical currents, to shield the hand from injury." In your last number we read of the extraordinary phenomenon of brandy being extracted from the glass, and how the same agency that had removed the liquid poured it back into the glass. This, too, was, I have no doubt, done also by electricity; and we mundanes would effect it also, if but we knew how, and had the means at our command in the same way as the "spirits," "od forces," "unconscious action," or whatever you like to call them, have; but this last I doubt whether we ever shall have.

M. Goupy, a French writer, in his book on "Talking Tables, Mediums, Spirits, and Somnambulism," shows us how, in a clumsy sort of a manner, we can, by means of machinery, imitate this last trick of the "spirits," the "od forces," or "unconscious action," which latter, in the present instance, seems to have known pretty well what it was about.

M. Goupy says,—"A grand fact puts us on the right road. This fact is, that all matter is endowed with three existences—first, the gaseous; next, the fluid; and third, the solid.

"Water is an example of this: it exists in vapour, water, and ice. This is not, perhaps, the best example possible, for no chemical combination appears to enter it, while it does in most others; but it is, at any rate, an example of common experience.

"Now, how could the water expand into vapour, if it were not by a force of repulsion which constrains all its particles to withdraw from their centre and from each other? How could vapour condense into water, or water into ice, were it not for a force of attraction constraining the same particles to draw together to themselves and their centre? These two forces, which produce the one expansion, the other concretion, must be equal to each other; for if one had a greater action than the other, the other could not exist, and these are

* This letter was written in February last, and refers to remarkable phenomena which occurred at one of Mr Home's seances described in our January number.

both the attributes of electricity alone. Electricity is then the principle of the transformations of matter. Do you want a proof?

"Take a quart of water, place it in communication with two closed vases capable of holding two thousand quarts, and put it under the influence of a galvanic battery. The water will decompose itself into two gases, which will fill the closed vases. Having done this, re-unite the two with precaution, and subject them to an electric spark; a flash, an explosion, will immediately take place, and the two thousand quarts of gas will be re-converted into a quart of water."

Perhaps I shall be able to tell you at a future time—if Messrs Home, Bray, Atkinson, or Gardner, do not forestal me—how the alcohol went, but at present I wait for more light. W. R. T.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

FANATICISM IN SPAIN.

THE readers of *Human Nature* are already aware that our learned contributor, H. D. Jencken, Esq., is at present on a visit to Spain. A recent calamity which has befallen him has made the whole nation acquainted with his sojourn in that country. Mr Jencken, in a letter to the *Times*, gives an account of the assault committed upon him, agreeing literally with the one given below, which we had the pleasure of receiving direct from Mr Jencken, soon after its appearance in the Spanish papers.

(To the Editor of the "La Politica," Madrid.)

Lorca, 21st July, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—At nine o'clock last night this noble and populous city was the scene of an unexampled and unheard-of deed, which by its strangeness and horror has hitherto had no parallel.

A few days ago there arrived two or three English gentlemen, who are engaged in a judicial question of particular interest, but which possesses no importance to the people of the country. One of said gentlemen, a most estimable person and of highly charitable sentiments, went out to walk alone through the parks and gardens in the vicinity of the town, that there he might breathe the fresh air in those truly picturesque scenes, lighted up by the silvery beams of the moon, when suddenly that inoffensive man was surrounded by a crowd of country people, who enclosed him as in a whirlwind, and, armed with axes, pikes, and bludgeons, attacked him and wounded him like a wild dog, bruised his face with blows, knocked out his teeth, broke his head, battered his body, and, arresting him they tied his arms, and conducted him to the public square, beating him with knives and sticks as they went, pulling his beard, buffeting him, and calling with loud cries that he should have his head cut off.

In this manner, with his body bruised, bathed in blood, and covered with innumerable wounds, they arrived with him at the Council Chambers, where fortunately were assembled the Volunteers of Liberty, who on perceiving the tumult without knowing the cause which produced it,

sallied forth among the crowd, rifle in hand, and rescued the unhappy victim just on the point of drawing his last breath. In the rooms of the Town Hall there happened to be, along with the Mayor, several of the principal citizens, among others the Sr. Mercader, who being unable to contain the feelings of horror and profound indignation which the sight gave them, mixed among the crowd, who followed their unhappy victim even within the doors of the edifice, repulsed them forcibly, arresting some of them and lodging them in prison, while they compelled the rest to disperse.

The wounded man was at once attended to with all the skill and attention which his pitiable plight claimed, and afterwards the Sr. Mercader conveyed him to his own house in his carriage, where he is cared for with the utmost tenderness and the most lively solicitude. Thanks to God, he is becoming better, and we hope soon to have the consolation of seeing him cured of his serious wounds, which is the desire of all the town, interested in the health of this person, whose misfortune is their disgrace.

The only cause of so abominable an outrage, Mr Editor, appears incredible, but it is the following:—A report has gained ground among the stupid and ignorant lower classes that there are some men with large beards who go about secretly in pursuit of children to carry away their marrow, with which they cure the small pox and oil the telegraph wires, which cannot work without this unctuous application. They distinguished the English gentleman with a large beard, walking alone through the promenades, and believing him to be one of those men, the country people of both sexes united and sacrificed him, bringing him to the public square in search of the Mayor, to present him as a savage, and asking permission to finish him at once by cutting off his head in their presence.

The authorities rivalled each other in their zeal and activity to discover the perpetrators of this outrage, adopting the most prompt and efficacious measures to assist the law, and more especially the most worthy judge of the first instance, Don Francisco Rubio Falres, who since last night has not left the prison, in conjunction with our no less worthy promoter fiscal, Don Juan Carlos de Julian, receiving declarations and hastening the proceedings with the utmost celerity.

The volunteers on this occasion have given most important services. To them is owing the salvation of the victim and the imprisonment of the criminals, who already exceed twenty in number. The police officers and bailiffs also deserve well of their country by their distinguished comportment.

Our dear and sympathising Mayor, model of honour and civic virtues, has published a manifesto, of which a copy is annexed, in order that you, Mr Editor, may have the goodness to insert it in the columns of your distinguished periodical.

THE JACKSON TESTIMONIAL.

Mr J. Burns,—Sir, My attention has been directed to an article having your signature attached to it, which made its appearance in the May number of your excellent monthly, *Human Nature*. The article is in

reference to Mr J. W. Jackson, president of the Glasgow Curative Mesmeric Association, Fellow of the Anthropological Society of London, &c., &c.

For a good many years I have had the honour of being enabled to enrol Mr Jackson in the list of my friends, and from personal knowledge I can vouch for the thorough accuracy of the statements advanced in the article in question, so far as they are facts relating to my friend, and I have no doubt that the inferences you draw from your statements are perfectly legitimate. No man, in fact, is better entitled to a worthy testimonial than my esteemed friend, Mr Jackson. He has laboured in the cause of the public for many years. Most disinterestedly has he laboured, thinking always of the general weal and seldom of himself. His wish has uniformly been to enlighten and ameliorate mankind, and very few of his thoughts indeed have been bestowed upon his own personal interests. A more unselfish labourer for the common good never lived. According to his light has been his all-unselfish work: a fine example, he, of those grand and good men—grand in their goodness—*of whom the world is not worthy.*

But that is not the only reason. Mr Jackson's labours have been disinterested, but they have been valuable also. Let those who have been benefited in one respect or another by Mr Jackson speak out, and we shall have a goodly host to proclaim the value of his services. He has not wrought in a detached and obscure corner. His labours have been extensive and most varied.

The readers of your periodical know the nature of Mr Jackson's exertions in one direction. The readers of the Glasgow *Christian News* can speak as to what has been done in another direction. The readers of the London *Anthropological Review* can tell how ill that quarterly would have got on without his prolific pen, to which no subject, coming within the anthropological horizon, could come altogether amiss. But why should I go on enumerating the vehicles which have served to give Mr Jackson's lucubrations to the public?

To take another field. How much has Mr Jackson done in forwarding the views and operations of societies intended to promote the cure of man, as suffering from disease—disease of the mind or disease of the body—psychologically or corporeally? But I must stop short. I shall only further illustrate my position by a reference to a circumstance of a private nature of which I was cognisant. A lady, a near friend, suffering from a stiffness of the limbs, for which she had tried in succession a number of expedients, as representing as many different schools of hygienic treatment—this lady, I say, tried to get cured, but tried in vain. Even mesmerism itself, at the hands of a master of the treatment, failed. All failed. But Mr Jackson had not been tried. As a last resource Mr Jackson was tried, and with what result? The stiffness disappeared from the limbs, the lady began to walk about with greater and greater ease, and from that day to this (it is years ago) the lady has had the use of her legs as much as any other healthy member of the community. Knowing this—which, in truth, brought the benefit of Mr Jackson's services home to myself—and knowing also all the other things which I have glanced at, how could I refrain from coming forward to announce that I can honestly endorse your written testi-

monial, being also prepared to contribute my share to the fund which is in course of being collected?

I have written this of course with the view of its appearing in the pages of *Human Nature*. I felt it my duty to contribute in the money way; but not the less did I see it a duty to follow your example and contribute by my pen as well as by my purse.

I forward my subscription (£20) to Glasgow, and to Mr C. Gracie, the secretary of the committee formed for the purpose of raising the testimonial fund.—I am, Sir, your very obedt. humble servant,

WILLIAM GILLESPIE,
Author of "The Argument, *a priori*."

46 Melville Street, Edinburgh, Aug. 10, 1869.

[We beg to refer our readers to the address and subscription form which appeared in the advertisement department of our last number. We hope our readers will all do what they can to promote this well deserved testimonial.—ED. *H. N.*]

THE STELLAR KEY DEFENDED.

(To the Editor.)

THE allegation of your Brighton correspondent, Mr Howell, of the physical impossibility of a zone within the milky way, as described by Mr Davis in his Stellar Key, is, I need hardly say, pure assumption, and belongs to that category of cases of which Professor De Morgan has given an example. "When the great engineer said before the parliamentary committee that he expected more than ten miles an hour, the greater barrister—greater for the moment—turned away and said, 'I will not ask this witness another question.' The barrister's moment is gone: the engineer's moment is a long future. Any one who chose, might collect such a list as would powerfully edify those who can do without it, and would not do a bit of good to those who want the warning."

Eternal durability! rest! where in the pages of the Harmonial Philosophy will your correspondent find this principle enunciated? If he reads with care he will find exactly the opposite,—unceasing change—perpetual and eternal progression! That matter and motion are co-existent and co-eternal. That "the laws that govern nature go on with a steady and unchangeable progression. They are not at any time retarded or accelerated. Nothing can prevent the natural results of these laws. They are established by one great Positive Power and Mind, and equalled by a negative or ultimate equilibrium. Hence their continued and united forces, by the influence of which all things are actuated and developed, and pass on in a steady process of progression." That accompanying each development "were corresponding productions," and that "whether the chain is unbroken from the first development of living species, to those which now exist, is a question which has no essential bearing upon the inductions legitimately received; for the generalisation of the geological and physiological sciences leads to corresponding universal truths."

Your correspondent seems to imagine that seers and disembodied spirits ought, *pari passu*, to have become omniscient, or at all events, to know "more of the great unknown than we that are embodied." But would such an arrangement be in accordance with nature's law of slow progressive development so well known to philosophy? Does it follow because a man is translated to a higher sphere of being, with larger scope for his perceptive

faculties, that the transition should necessarily be accompanied by a simultaneous maturity of judgment and refinement of character? Surely this would not be a natural but a supernatural development.

To be consistent, your correspondent would doubtless hold as absurd, the idea of certain philosophers, that man was *ground* out of mineral elements "by millions of tons annually, which pour like a mighty river through" creation and culminate in him. How much more rational the idea of a miraculous creation as expounded in Genesis. And yet as regards both ideas, he might say, "I am afraid that the imaginations" of men on this subject, "are wild steeds without the rider's reason to guide them. Their accounts differ so much, that I cannot take their evidence in my court of justice." But would not such a mode of procedure be riding a very wild steed indeed towards justice, with little or no probability of the rider ever reaching his goal? A. B. TIETKENS.

SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW.

MR GEORGE DUNCAN (not long ago a strong opponent of Spiritualism, but now an enthusiastic convert to its truth) complains of the violent opposition of the newspaper press. He says:—Take a case in point. A short time ago a discussion arose in the columns of the *Glasgow Herald* on modern Spiritualism. The opponents challenged the spiritualists to exhibit the phenomena. I accepted their challenge, but the *Herald* would not insert my acceptance. The opponents continued to challenge. I again wrote to the *Herald*, stating that I was willing to have a seance with any number of unbelievers, at any time and in any place, the whole proceedings to take place in broad day light. The *Herald* again destroyed my letter, but continued to publish the challenges of our opponents until the end of the controversy. Is this conduct not despicable? Their object I dare say was to make the public believe that the phenomena could not be produced in this city at least. I took an opportunity of publicly exposing this contemptible conduct of the *Herald* in presence of one of their reporters.

Take another instance of injustice. The "Rambling Reporter" of the *Herald* was present at a seance with me, but as none of the usual conditions were complied with, the phenomena was unsatisfactory. I told them that it would be so, but they persisted in violating the conditions. The Reporter promised to *suspend his judgment* in the matter until he saw more of it, but instead of doing so he published a burlesque of the whole proceedings in the *Herald*. I published a reply in the same paper, and offered to have seances with any respectable person who desired to witness the phenomena. The result is, that I stand engaged for nearly 20 seances, and more than 10 persons are to attend each; and all these persons, though unbelievers, are nevertheless disgusted with the conduct of the *Herald*. Such conduct will only tend to promote the cause it means to injure.

INFORMATION WANTED.

I AM a learner, very interested, not a sceptical person—in fact, I neither believe nor disbelieve that disembodied spirits are the intelligences that move the table; but I am engaged in carefully investigating the subject with the simple view to ascertain the truth. I have had

many seances, and very good and delightful messages, but as far as I have gone I have never asked a test question (where the answer was unknown to a member of the circle) that I have got a correct answer to, though the intelligence has indicated that it could and would tell me. Now, I can quite understand that there may be many things good spirits cannot do, but I cannot understand that they should say they can and will, if they cannot. This is the great obstacle to my connecting the phenomena with spirits, and leads me to connect it with some curious law of the mind, induced by a loss of magnetism (a sort of mesmeric state). If you can help me I shall be very much obliged.—INQUIRER.

A NEW METHOD OF PROVING SPIRITUALISM is adopted by a correspondent, who writes a letter bearing post mark Liverpool. He says he is much interested in the subject, having read some of the works, but desires to be convinced of the truth of what he has read. He does not sign his name to the letter, adding that if we can put ourselves in communication with him it will be good proof of the "truth of our teaching." We do not remember having "taught" anything like what is implied in the above novel request, which is a very unique sample of the wild notions which ignorance begets in undisciplined brains. Our correspondent seems to think that it will be a matter of great importance to us to have him convinced of the truth of what he reads. His first step must be to feel his own responsibility in the matter, and his second to secure the services of a wet nurse to help him over his infantile difficulties.

ARISTIDES VERGI, writing from Beyrout, Syria, informs us that science is at a very low ebb in that country; all the ancient splendour is gone. The destruction has been complete; even the change in the race of people has been from one extreme to the other. The giant enemies of science, bigotry and fanaticism, predominate amongst them. An effort has lately been made to establish a society for the study of science, but its prospects are not good. Modern Spiritualism was introduced here in 1864. At first it made rapid progress, but the clergy found that it developed the popular spirit and imparted knowledge inconvenient to their interests. By means of superstition and force they tried to dissuade the people from making experiments, but the propagators did not flinch at this difficulty, and now they have their little circle of good members of different creeds and nations.

A STORY is going the round of the Indian and China papers that the young Emperor of China, being curious to judge for himself of the effect of opium, tried a pipe, and of course suffered severely. The Queen Mother made inquiries, and having found out that one of the chief eunuchs had supplied his Majesty with the opium, had him beheaded, as an example to the rest of the household, and a fresh proclamation against the use of the drug was sent through the empire. There are "Princes" nearer home whose morals are not so well tended.

Artesian wells in the African desert are being sunk in considerable numbers. Thirty thousand palms and other fruit-trees are being cultivated by this means. The water is impregnated with epsom salts, but is said to be wholesome notwithstanding.

HEALTH TOPICS.

THE VACCINATION QUESTION.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"However true it may be, as Mr Paget, the magistrate, said that the 'greatest and wisest men of all nations approve of and strongly recommend vaccination,' that 'the highest in the land have their children vaccinated,' and—what is more to the purpose perhaps—that compulsory vaccination is part of the law of England, it is clearly becoming more and more necessary that the public should be reassured as to the merits of the process. Explain it how we may, the fact is that for many years past a strong distrust of vaccination has been spreading, a distrust which in every case is believed to have good grounds in actual experience and observation. Inquire, not amongst 'the highest in the land,' perhaps, but amongst the poorer classes, and you will find almost every woman abounding in instances of healthy children destroyed by vaccination. It is not often alleged that the children die of the process; what you commonly hear is that 'they were never the same afterwards'—were never well again. So general is this conviction, so fast is it spreading, it rests upon grounds of such painful experience (as they who hold it say), that we may confidently look for increased evasion and defiance of the law. Dread of a fine will not weigh much with men and women who believe the health of their little ones to be at stake; and we may even find parents going to prison, like the poor woman who was dealt with by Mr Paget, rather than subject one child to a process which they believe killed another. Something must be done to reassure the public mind on this subject, or presently it will give us trouble. When the law conflicts with domestic instincts and affections the sooner the misunderstanding is cleared up the better."

EFFECT OF DIET ON THE NERVES.—A man living solely on beef, as the Indians generally do, and full of freedom and fresh air, has blood very nearly approaching in chemical character to that of a lion, the fibrin and red globules being more abundant, in proportion to the *liquor sanguinis*, and the temper of his mind approximates to the indomitable savage. . . . Without exercise of a violent kind, this state of blood is apt to become intolerable, because it rouses the animal instinct to such an excessive degree that reason becomes perplexed and confused by innumerable sensations, which she finds no means of subduing by demand on thought, since the nerves of volition and power are unduly excited to reflex action, and thus the balance of brain-power, by which the mind maintains dominion over the body, being disturbed, the animal is apt to prevail over the rational, and the man to behave like a brute. —*Moore's Use of the Body.*

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

MR AND MRS SPEAR left London for America on 3rd August. Persons desirous of communicating with Mr Spear may address him at our office, and the letters will be forwarded.

Dr E. P. Miller of the Hygienic Institute, New York, is at present in this country investigating the position of the health movement.

A long account is given in the *Eastern Post* of a meeting of the Dialectical Society, at which Miss Anna Blackwell gave the views of Spiritualism as presented in the works of Allen Kardec. We may find space for some of them in our next issue.

Mr J. M. Peebles has arrived in England. At the time of writing we have not had the pleasure of meeting him and learning his programme. We understand that his sojourn in Europe will occupy about six months. We hope our friends will invite him to visit them in their respective localities.

The London Spiritualists' "Day Out" is arranged to take place on Saturday, September 11. The place fixed on is Hampton Court Palace, the gardens, Busby Park, &c. It is thought best to leave parties to find their way down as best they can. Trains from the Chatham and Dover, Metropolitan, North London, and South-Western Railways run direct to Hampton Court and Teddington for Busby Park during the whole day. Excursion return tickets may be obtained at Waterloo Station for 1s. The place of rendezvous, and where parcels may be left, will be Mr Wooderson's, next door to the "Grey-hound" Inn, Busby Park Gates. Arrangements will be made to provide refreshments at a fixed rate at Mr Wooderson's, where parties bringing their own provisions may be accommodated. Those who intend joining this pic-nic should send in their names to our office by the 8th, and give some indications of their requirements. Friends should reach Hampton Court by twelve o'clock. An exploring party, accompanied by a guide, will be formed to "do" the royal apartments, full of ancient paintings, and the gardens. After tea a grove meeting will be held under the Linden trees by the stream in Busby Park. Mr J. M. Peebles, from America, and other distinguished friends are expected to address the meeting.

Manchester Association of Progressive Spiritualists.—The Committee and Members of the above Association intend holding their first half-yearly Convention in Grosvenor Street Temperance Hall, Oxford Road, Manchester, on October 2nd and 3rd, 1869, when papers will be read and discussed relative to the subject of Spiritualism. The Committee respectfully solicits the co-operation and assistance of the friends of progress in Great Britain, feeling convinced that a mutual exchange and amalgamation of influences will conduce to a cultivation of a spirit of harmony and unity of desire amongst those who will assemble together to discuss the best means of propagating and placing upon a true fundamental basis the philosophy of Spiritualism. In consequence of the great success attendant upon the monthly conferences held of late, the Committee feels warranted in the above object, hoping that all friends of the cause will give it as wide a circulation and support by their presence as their position may conveniently allow. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, James Thomasson, 22 Pimblett Street, Lord Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

MISCELLANEA.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON "A FUTURE STATE."

THE following letter, says a correspondent of a Glasgow paper, was received many years ago from Thomas Carlyle, in reply to an inquiry put before him by a young lady who had given her mind much to the moral problems involved in the question of a future state. The letter has never been published:—"The Grange, Arlesford, September 27, 1848.—My Dear Madam,—The question that perplexes you is one that no man can answer. You may console yourself by reflecting that it is by its nature *insoluble* to human creatures—that what human creatures mainly have to do with such a question is to get it well put to rest, suppressed if not answered, that so their life and its duties may be attended to without impediment from it. Such questions in this our earthly existence are many. 'There are two things,' says the German philosopher, 'that strike me dumb—the starry firmament (*palpably* infinite), and the sense of right and wrong in man.' Who ever follows out that 'dumb' thought will come upon the origin of our conceptions of heaven and hell—of an infinitude of merited happiness, and an infinitude of merited woe—and have much to reflect upon under an aspect considerably changed. Consequences good and evil, blessed and accursed, it is very clear, do follow from all our actions here below, and prolong, and propagate, and spread themselves into the infinite, or beyond our calculation and conception; but whether the notion of *reward* and *penalty* be not, on the whole, rather a *human* one, transferred to that immense divine fact, has been doubtful to many. Add this consideration, which the best philosophy teaches us, 'that the very *consequences* (not to speak of the *penalties* at all) of *evil* actions die away, and become abolished long before eternity ends; and it is only the consequences of *good* actions that are *eternal*—for these are in harmony with the laws of this universe, and add themselves to it, and co-operate with it for ever; while all that is in *disharmony* with it must necessarily be without continuance, and soon fall dead'—as perhaps you have heard in the sound of a Scottish psalm amid the mountains, the true notes alone *support* one another, and the psalm which was discordant enough near at hand, is a perfect melody when heard from afar. On the whole, I must account it but a morbid weak imagination that shudders over this wondrous divine universe as a place of despair to any creature; and, contrariwise, a most degraded human sense, sunk down to the region of the *brutal* (however common it be), that in any case remains blind to the *infinite* difference there ever is between right and wrong for a human creature—or God's law and the devil's law.—Yours very truly, T. CARLYLE."

EXTRAORDINARY MIRAGE AT DUNBAR.—One of the most extraordinary instances of mirage that has been witnessed at Dunbar for fifty years at least, occurred on Friday afternoon. The remarkable appearances were principally confined to the objects in connection with the sea, and it was to the Bass and the May, St. Abb's Head, and the various promontories, the extraordinary phenomena seemed particularly restricted. Somewhere about mid-afternoon the Bass began to assume a size and

appearance out of proportion with its usual character. Instead of the bluff bare rock rising nearly at right angles from the sea, it had the appearance of a huge castle, surrounded by a giant causeway, seemingly fifty yards broad, and as compactly Macadamised as any court-yard. The most extraordinary appearances, however, were presented by the May. The island itself seemed to be within a few yards of the shore, although it is at the distance of six or seven miles, and the smallest object could be perceived upon it with the naked eye. At one time it seemed to open up, the jagged rocks opening and closing like the jaws of a shark, and displaying a deep and dark gulf between. At another time it seemed reversed, and the north could be as distinctly seen as the south. Several vessels which were in its neighbourhood had a most remarkable appearance, some of them seemingly inverted, and others standing right on their beam ends. St. Abb's Head, which in ordinary circumstances can scarce be seen from Dunbar, seemed to stand half-way across the bay, and all the creeks and points intervening were as clearly defined as if they had been at right angles to the eye instead of being on the same plane with it. The extraordinary phenomena attracted the attention of large crowds of people, many of whom appeared considerably excited by them. The afternoon was excessively hot and sultry, but there was nothing otherwise to account for the unusual phenomena. The appearances lasted under various shapes for several hours.—*Scotsman.*

Warning in a Dream.—A few weeks ago a serious accident occurred in Bulmer village to a pic-nic party going to Castle Howard. The party made the journey in an omnibus, and it seems that the wife of one of the men hesitated to join the party, and tried to persuade her husband not to go, because she had dreamt a week before that they were in an omnibus and were upset going through a village and greatly injured, fright awakening her. The man and his wife, however, did go, but on reaching Bulmer the woman became greatly excited. Not only, she remarked, was the omnibus that which she had seen in her dream, but the village was that in which the accident she dreamt of happened. The words were scarcely uttered when the omnibus was upset, and a scene of great confusion resulted. Those on the outside were thrown to the ground with great violence; one man was rendered insensible by the omnibus falling upon him, and several sustained rather serious injuries. The woman to whom the accident was revealed beforehand was herself badly hurt, but her husband's was the worst case, he sustaining a dislocation of an ancle. Medical aid was quickly procured, the sufferers were relieved, and afterwards conveyed to their homes. Every incident of the accident seems to have been pictured in the premonitory dream.

A Cure for Somnambulism.—Professor Pellizzari, of Florence, has hit upon a cure for somnambulism. It simply consists in winding once or twice round one's leg, on going to bed, a thin flexible copper wire, long enough to reach the floor. Eighteen somnambulists treated in this way have been either permanently or temporarily cured. The *Gazzetta Medica*, of Venice, which reports the fact, says that copper wire is known to dissipate magnetic somnambulism, and that this circumstance led the Professor to have recourse to this strange remedy.

FOURTEEN YEARS ASLEEP.—The *Hickman* (Kentucky) *Courier* says:—Miss Susan Caroline Godsey, the sleeping wonder, died at her mother's home, some eight miles from Hickman, on Wednesday the 14th July. The history of Miss Godsey is well known to the public, a statement of her wonderful condition having been published extensively by the press of the United States. At the time of her death Miss Godsey was about 26 years of age, and had been asleep, as described, about 14 years. The existence of this wonderful case of coma or preternatural disposition to sleep has been doubted by many, but the fact is indisputable. Indeed, some twelve months ago Miss Godsey was taken to Nashville and other places for exhibition, but we understand many even of the physicians of Nashville looked upon the case with suspicion. The history of the case is briefly—When about twelve years of age she was taken with a severe chill, and treated accordingly by her physician. As the fever which followed her chill subsided, she fell in a deep sleep, in which condition she has remained ever since, except at intervals. It was her custom at first to awake regularly twice in every twenty-four hours, and, singularly, within a few minutes of the same hours each day; but of later years she awoke oftener, so much so that many considered it was an indication of her final recovery. She would remain awake five, ten, or perhaps fifteen minutes, and then gradually drop off to sleep again. When asleep, it was utterly impossible to arouse her. She never complained of bodily pain, though when asleep she was very nervous at times, and appeared to suffer considerably by the violent twitching and jerking of her muscles and limbs, and her hands clenched tightly as if enduring severe pain, but when awake she did not appear to suffer except from a drowsy, gaping inclination, and persistent effort to cleanse her throat of phlegm. She generally passed into sleep through violent paroxysm, which would last perhaps five minutes, and she would then sleep a while as calmly and quietly as an infant. Miss Godsey was of medium size, and her limbs and muscles were well proportioned and developed, and grew considerably after her affliction.

A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."—Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream!" for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real! life is earnest! single blessedness a fib; "Man thou art, to man returnest!" has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way, but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day. Life is long, and youth is fleeting, and our hearts, though light and gay, still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle! be a heroine—a wife. Trust no future, howe'er pleasant, let the dead Past bury its dead! act—act to the living Present! heart within and hope ahead! Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and departing leave behind us such examples as shall "tell." Such examples that another, wasting life in idle sport, a forlorn unmarried brother, seeing, shall take heart and court. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.—*American Paper.*

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

OCTOBER, 1869.

CREATION—THE EXISTENCE OF EVIL.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

IN a previous paper we have spoken of God as the Infinite Perfection; but, as a part of his creation, we are made painfully conscious that this perfection of the divine being is not yet fully reflected in his work. We are imperfect, and there is every indication that the entire plane on which we exist is similarly characterised—a speciality, however, by no means very mysterious or difficult of explanation, when we regard creation as a process of evolution rather than as the completed result of a creative fiat. God is not yet manifest in his work, because that work is still unfinished. And here it will perhaps be asked, Why, if God be infinite in wisdom, goodness, and power, did he not at once make a perfect creation? But this is equivalent to demanding that God in ultimates, on the plane of time and space, where he is, to our perceptions, necessarily conditioned by the sequences of duration and the limitations of extension, shall be identical with God in first principles, as the eternal and the infinite. Creation, as the manifestation of God on the temporal plane, must have a beginning and an ending, involving the idea of a great cycle of development, embracing the whole life of the cosmos, through all the successive hours from dawn to dusk of its great day of being. But growth, development, and evolution, imply degrees of excellence, necessitating the relation of superior and inferior, of worse and better—that is, of comparative evil, often in juxtaposition as to time and place, with comparative good. Nor can any plane of being short of the absolute, be altogether superior to these conditions of comparative excellence and relative good, which from their nature must

attach to the several provinces of an imperfect, and the successive states of a progressive creation.

It is, we suppose, almost needless to say that the material universe is constituted on the principle of a hierarchy of forms and functions, and as this is the all-pervading characteristic of this sphere of effects, we have reason to believe it is equally characteristic of the sphere of causes; or, in other words, that God in manifestation, whether on the material or spiritual plane, is, in accordance with the laws of creation, as applicable to his creatures, characterised by diversity of condition, implying successive gradations of duty and responsibility, and these again involving susceptibility to different, because proportionate, degrees of "sin and suffering." Let us illustrate our meaning by a few instances in point. We may say that the animal instincts are all good on the brute plane, but not always so on the human. Nay, there are diversities in this respect even among animals. Thus the indifference of the crocodile mother to the eggs, whence her young are to be hatched by solar heat, is good on her plane, but would be fatal to the species on that of birds, whose higher structure and superior functions, as warm-blooded animals, demand parental care and solicitude not only during incubation but infancy, the prime duty of the bird in its parental relationship being no duty to the crocodile, which is accordingly devoid of those parental affections wherewith birds and mammals are so richly provided. But this higher endowment of parental affection, on the part of birds and mammals, involves of necessity a susceptibility to suffering from which the reptile is exempt. The cry of the brute mother howling for her slaughtered young, like that of Rachel weeping for her children because they are not, is an instance of wounded maternal affection, which could not exist in the strength requisite for the due care and protection of offspring, without this susceptibility to heart-rending grief for their sudden and premature loss. It is one of the conditions necessarily attaching to sentient organisms of a certain grade, though very properly absent in others of an inferior character. It is the same with susceptibility to physical pain, this being one of the preservative conditions of a locomotive and fragile organism, like that of an animal; while it would be a very inconvenient superfluity to a vegetable, whose immobility is mercifully accompanied by insensibility. The tree cannot throw itself over a precipice or thrust its branches into the fire, and therefore does not need to be prevented from doing the one or the other, like an animal or a man, by that acute suffering which is the corporeal conscience whispering or thundering of wrong done to the organism. We thus see that susceptibility to pain is the necessary accompaniment of those higher endowments which attach to the phase of being we term

sentient, and so is not an absolute but only a relative evil, the unavoidable condition of corporeal existence, now and here, on this earth-plane.

Let us now ascend into the human sphere. We have seen that their susceptibility to suffering, whether corporeally or through the affections, is a preservative endowment of the various classes of animals, without which indeed they would soon perish, whether as individuals or species; and in so far as man is an animal, these remarks apply to him as well as to them. It is absolutely necessary to its safety that the child should not put its fingers into the fire without pain. It is equally necessary to the well-being of the man that he should not overstep the bounds of healthy action, in the way either of work or indulgence, without penalties, that warn him against a repetition of the offence. While the existence, and more especially the progress of the species, demand that those who, by the violation of nature's laws on the part of themselves or their ancestors, have become hopelessly disqualified for the efficient discharge of their corporeal functions, should ultimately cease to live, first as individuals, then as families, and finally as communities and races. Let us clearly understand this matter. Disease and premature death are simply the merciful arrestment of that process of indefinite transmission, whereby abnormal structure and disordered function would otherwise be rendered the sad inheritance of a large portion of the human family. Nature provides against this by very trenchant means in the purely animal sphere of her wild Fauna; and it is equally obvious that she also has boundaries which even civilised man, with all the resources of science and art at his command, cannot continually overpass with impunity. Away, then, with all puling regrets about the existence of pain, disease, and early death as forms of needless evil: they are simply the conditions most effectually conducive to the permanent well-being of humanity on the material plane, and without which the corporeal structure, and we may add mental constitution, of families and nations, would be liable to indefinite deterioration. What we really want is not the dreadful privilege of violating the laws of nature with impunity, but the wisdom and self-command that would enable us to obey them, and our ultimate choice is in reality between this obedience and extinction.

But man is not only a sentient, he is also a moral and intellectual being, his higher endowments implying of necessity graver responsibilities. In this respect his position is unique; for, if we may judge by organic indications or mental characteristics, he is the only earthly creature endowed with a clear sense of moral obligation, and so rendered capable of committing what theologians term sin. This, then, is his tremendous speciality,

his terrible prerogative among the things of time, the grandeur of his possibilities on the excelsior path to virtue, admeasuring the depth of the abyss into which he may be plunged by lapses into vice. What, then, is the essential character of this sin, whereof we hear so much in our popular pulpit oratory, and whereon every unfledged divine thinks himself at liberty to utter the vaguest platitudes and most wearisome commonplaces, in language so stereotyped that we are at a loss which most to admire, the plodding industry of the preacher or the inexhaustible endurance of his audience? And we reply—The inversion of a moral nature, which, if persistently carried out, would eventuate first in its injury and ultimately in its destruction. Thus, the man who violates the dictates of his conscientiousness by theft, unfair dealing, or any other form of dishonest procedure, injures his sense of rectitude and develops his covetousness at its expense. So he who indulges himself in wanton cruelty, encourages his destructiveness at the cost of his benevolence. It is almost needless to say that sensuality in any form tends to sink the man to the level of the brute. It is, in truth, impossible to sin against others without, in the first place, sinning against ourselves—that is, doing violence to those higher endowments which constitute our humanity, under the influence of those baser propensities which we share in common with the inferior grades of sentient life. By every act of sin we tend to weaken the manhood and strengthen the brutehood of our complex nature. Of necessity, such a neglect of our primal duty, that which we owe to ourselves and to our species, must entail stupendous penalties. Our susceptibility to regret and remorse is a part of the price we pay for the sublime endowment of humanity, and this susceptibility will be keen in the exact proportion that our humanity predominates over our animality. However onerous the law, and however restrictive the conditions may seem, it is nevertheless unavoidable that, as men, we should have duties to discharge, sacrifices to make, and restraints to endure, which, as brutes, we should escape—just as the mammal has duties to its offspring which the inferior fish and reptiles are not called upon to perform.

As are your powers so are your duties; as is your capacity so is your responsibility. They are so unavoidably—on the principle that every individuality is an organ of the universal life, through which, if normal, a specific function is discharged, the performance of which, within certain limits of regularity and efficiency, is the sole condition of permanent health and sustained vigour. The leaf or lung that does not respire, perishes as a functional instrumentality, and gradually sinks back into the condition of inorganic mould; so the man who fails to discharge his human functions, either gravitates towards the condition of a

brute, or, if too finely constituted for so base a transformation, dies of the diseases produced by this malign perversion of his higher nature. Hence, then, we may clearly perceive that sin, consisting as it does in a violation of the laws of the moral universe, and eventuating, first in our own injury and ultimately that of others, must result in suffering, its punishment being a proof, not of God's anger, but of his love, like our liability, in common with all sentient creatures, to corporeal pain. This of course disposes at once of eternal torment, predestined damnation, and other atrocities of the Augustinian and Calvinistic schools of theology, founded, not on Christ's benign revelation, but Paul's superficial metaphysics. Under an infinitely wise and powerful paternal government, all punishment is remedial, and all suffering simply the discipline of an imperfect, and so erring, creature for its ultimate good.

These very simple, and almost self-evident truths, have been largely obscured by that popular divinity which teaches, if not directly, then by figure and implication, that the moral law is an arbitrary code, enacted by the Divine Autocrat, and so to be obeyed simply because God has commanded it, thus reducing our gravest moral duties almost to a level with the ceremonial observances of some particular religion; as where the command to keep holy the Sabbath is placed in the same table with forbidding to murder, and the dimensions of an altar or the decoration of a priest's vestment is assumed to be as directly by divine command as the obligation to speak truth and do justice to all men. It is almost needless to say that of this commingling of ceremonial institutes with the essentials of the moral law, we have an example, though by no means an aggravated one, in the Mosaic code as embodied in the Pentateuch, and that the teachings of the prophets, and more especially the example and discourses of Christ himself, were an endeavour to separate these regulations of the rubric from the elementary principles of morality. But this great work of restitution and enfranchisement, though commenced so nobly, is still incomplete. The masses, even of Christendom, are for the most part spiritual slaves, who endeavour, after some weak and pusillanimous fashion, to blindly obey the arbitrary behests of an infinite despot, or the stern injunctions of an exacting master; not confiding children, who know and feel that all kindly parental regulations are simply a formulated expression of the law of their well-being—that God their heavenly father really wants nothing but their "growth in grace," and their consequent increase in happiness and power for good.

The principles we have been endeavouring to illustrate do not terminate with man. From their nature they must, in essentials, be applicable to every grade of created being. From the grey

lichen on the rock to the sun mounting zenithwards in his chariot of light, and from the miserable worm wallowing in mire to an angel of purity, resplendent with the glory of the highest heaven, everything has its legitimate place and its normal function in the great scheme of universal being. It exists for its uses, and grows into its appropriate excellence and power in their effectuation; nor can any of these instrumentalities fail in the duties appropriate to its sphere and condition, without at the same time violating the laws of its own well being, or, as we may phrase it, sinning against itself. This at once disposes of the popular and even poetic conception of Satan as the archangel fallen, yet retaining all his vast powers after countless ages of rebellion against the divine government, which could only be maintained by a persistent inversion of his own nature, resulting, as a process, in slow though sure self-destruction. In truth, the popular notion of ready-made angels, converted into self-subsistent devils, inhabiting a hell, whence God is in effect excluded, presents a tissue of contradictions so evidently absurd, that the wonder is how sensible and educated men can be induced to entertain a serious belief in such a merely childish rendering of old theological traditions, mostly derived from Zoroastrian sources during the later years of the Jewish captivity.

An angel is presumably a spiritual being of vast endowments, both morally and intellectually, and who, although possessed of stupendous powers for action, is nevertheless altogether devoid of impulse. In other words, he is an immortal man, purified by discipline and suffering from the last stains of an earthly and animal nature, and so existing on one of the celestial planes in his perfected humanity—that is, with all the higher attributes of his manhood so beautifully developed into harmony with the divine life that his every thought is an inspiration, his every word but an expression, and his every deed but a fulfilment of his heavenly Father's will, of which therefore he is, according to his plane, at all times, not only the apt and obedient, but the willing and delighted instrument—whose pleasure it is to do the work and fulfil the purposes of his Eternal Sire. Now the supposition that such a being could be *suddenly* made—not slowly evolved by all the manifold processes of education and experience, of trial and temptation, of labour and suffering, which constitute the only phases of created existence on the conscious plane, as known to us, obviously belongs to the same stage of mental development as the corresponding supposition that the earth, with all its various orders of animal and vegetable life, was created in six days. Both stages, we may remark in passing, are based on the radical misconception that God, as the creator, is absolved from processes, thus confounding the absolute and unconditioned, on the plane of the eternal and the infinite, with

the relative and formal, on the plane of time and space; or, as we have said elsewhere, expecting God in ultimates to be identical with God in first principles.

But the supposition that such a being could suddenly fall into the lowest abyss of depravity and wickedness, is not less monstrous and self-contradictory than the idea of his sudden creation. As an angel, his attributes are in perfect harmony with his environment and his duties, while presumably, his several endowments are finely poised in relation to each other. To convert such a being into a devil, you must *unmake* him, by abstracting his moral elements, or *remake* him, by the superaddition of passional elements, by supposition, long since, eliminated from his expurgated nature; or, more correctly, disciplined out of their primal condition of chaotic impulse into the orderly uses of rational and beneficent action. But such a process of inversion, if possible, must needs be gradual, like the growth through which so much of moral worth and intellectual power was built up. How, for example, could such a being, accustomed to obey the slightest monition of his sense of duty, lapse into sloth or self-indulgence, much less actual criminality, without fearful reproofs from his powerful and well-exercised conscientiousness —in other words, without remorse of the most fearful and agonising character? And how could one, accustomed for ages to acts of the most kindly benevolence, suddenly become an instrument for the wanton torture of others? Would not his own refined and exquisite sympathies provide that he should himself be the chief sufferer in such a transaction? We need scarcely ask how could the pure and spiritual creature, who had respired with rapture the divine aura of heaven, suddenly become the tempter to abomination, the instrument of depravity? Above all, how can we conceive of a being accustomed momentarily to the profoundest soul-communion with the Infinite, and whose mind must for ages have been pervaded by sentiments of the deepest filial love and reverence for his heavenly Father, suddenly becoming a conscious and intentional rebel against the Most High? And even supposing such moral perversity possible, what intellectual insanity is implied in the act of making war on Omnipotence! In truth, this story of the fall of the angels, if accepted literally, involves such improbabilities, and we may say impossibilities, that it is only explicable as a myth, not as a fact, the laws of psychology and the principles of theosophy being alike opposed to a literal rendering of the text of the tradition.

Independently, however, of any consideration as to their origin whether as fallen angels or fallen men, or creatures different from either, and so essentially *sui generis*, let us look at devils as a type of being, and see how far the popular conception

of these spiritual monstrosities is in accordance with our experience of mind, in any of its grades of development that are within the reach of our observation. A devil, more especially one of superior rank in the hierarchy of evil, is presumably endowed with stupendous intellectual power, while utterly devoid of either principle or affection, his motor forces and his determining influences being all derived from the sphere of the baser passions and more grovelling impulses! Now a grave question here arises—Whether such a mental constitution as this implies is, psychologically speaking, possible? A creature far transcending man in intellectual resources, yet inferior to mammals and birds, and only on a level with the lowest reptiles, in principle and affection, is in direct contradiction to all we know of the fine harmonic relations, the beautiful balance and proportion of things, everywhere perceptible in creation. Such a conception involves the idea of power without due guidance for its proper use. In truth, the popular devil is simply a moral centaur, pardonable as the childish idea of men, ignorant of the very elements of psychology; just as the physical centaur was a notion, pardonable as the idea of men, ignorant of the very elements of comparative anatomy and physiology. But as the latter involves a violation of all the known laws of normal structure and function, so does the former involve an equal violation of all the known laws of mind, whether as to its constitution or operation, the ordinary devil being simply a chimera of the undisciplined imagination of generations, blissfully ignorant of the restrictive limits of possibility!

But not only is a devil thus abnormal and exceptional in mental constitution, he is also presumably the inhabitant of a sphere whence God is in effect excluded. This brings us to the root of the fallacy. Devil-worship—that is, a belief in the existence of malignant beings of stupendous power, continually engaged, whether by subtlety or violence, in endeavouring to thwart the beneficent designs of Providence, is based upon an inadequate conception of Deity. The God of the devil-worshipper is finite. His plans, as in the creation of angels or men, prove abortive, and his purposes in reference to their virtue and happiness either remain unaccomplished or are but partially fulfilled, in consequence of the subject-matter of his operations being inappropriate, or the instrumentality through which his designs were to be accomplished being inadequate. And even when he is supposed to achieve a final triumph, his success is not accomplished in an orderly manner and by the first intention, but through a clever afterthought! Nay, it is very doubtful if we can ever grant him the honour of final victory; for, according to a very large school of theologians, hell is better peopled than heaven, the subjects of the devil being far more

numerous than those of God; nor is this terrible arrangement temporary, but eternal, or, as it is professionally phrased, "everlasting"! Thus a system, based on lies and injustice, is, according to these gentlemen, as stable as its opposite, founded on truth and rectitude, evil being thus, not essentially suicidal and self-destructive—in short, an error, and so of necessity a failure; but, on the contrary, something as enduring, as good, so that it has been said of the wicked, "the smoke of their torment ascendeth for ever and ever"! In reply to these monstrous conceptions of a finite God, a rebellious devil, and an eternal hell, it is of course sufficient to say that the Omnipresent *is* everywhere, and wherever the Omnipotent is, he REIGNS; even therefore, as Swedenborg would say, in the Hells!

These remarks suggest rather melancholy reflections, for they show us the gravity of the errors still prevalent in the popular, and we may say orthodox, creed of Christendom. These may be succinctly summed up in a finite God and the consequent perpetuity of evil, that is, of sin and suffering. But though thus susceptible of facile statement, these errors are so fundamental that they cannot fail to exercise a deteriorating influence on the habitudes of thought and feeling in the mind of their recipient. A finite and inadequate God, maintaining internecine and sometimes disastrous war with the well-organised and embattled hosts of Satan, is simply an idol, whose worship cannot prove the most edifying to his miserable votaries. But what shall we say of that worship of fear awarded to his diabolic rival, who is supposed to preserve his sanity and to retain his supreme authority over his associates in evil, implying a strong government, with all its accessories of wisdom, or at least tact, firmness, forbearance, and foresight in the rulers, and unswerving loyalty in the ruled, despite countless ages of opposition to the divine will—that is, in reality, notwithstanding an indefinitely prolonged violation of the laws of the moral universe! Let any psychologist realise to himself the condition of mind implied in the acceptance of such dogmata; the inadequate faith in truth and rectitude, the ignorant belief in the permanent power of fraud and violence, the limited idea of good, the exaggerated conception of evil, the utter and hopeless confusion of thought as to the existence and operation of law in the spiritual sphere, and he will at once see that the religious teaching that involves such absurdities and contradictions must tend, as far as its happily declining influence is really effective, to rear up a priesthood who are tyrants and a laity who are slaves.

We have spoken of the psychologist, and perhaps a few words on the subjects we have been discussing from his especial standpoint, may not be wholly misplaced. He will not fail to have noticed that the popular conception both of angels and devils, is

essentially and simply that of good and bad men respectively, the former completely purified and the latter thoroughly vitiated. This view of the spiritual sphere and its inhabitants is formulated by the Swedenborgians, who boldly affirm that angels, whatever their grade, are only exalted, as devils, whatever their depravity, are only fallen men. Or yet more correctly enunciated, each class is composed of the spirits of men largely liberated from the thraldom of circumstance, and so of necessity emerging more freely into their respective specialities; a devil being only the inner consciousness of a bad man, made manifest without disguise, that is ultimated into form and act, on the plane and amidst the environment, appropriate to his vicious condition, as conversely, an angel is only the inner consciousness of a good man, vestured in the celestial beauty and revealed in the beneficent deeds, appropriate to his place in the heavenly hierarchy of the good and the true. But it is very doubtful whether this anthropomorphism, which extends even to our conceptions of deity, be anything more than a relative truth. As men we cannot, even in imagination, rise above the human plane, when we would embody our abstract conclusions in a definite form. Thus it is that we are compelled, like the old Catholic painters and heathen sculptors, to image forth absolute perfection in finite beauty, reducing the universal to the limitations of the individual, and so, in reality, confounding effect with cause, and mistaking the symbol for that of which it is but the index and the exponent

We suppose it is almost needless to say that this anthropomorphism of thought, when formulated into a doctrine, and so propounded as an absolute veracity, proceeds on the principle of ignoring the unconscious sphere in man, the most important province of his compound being, that probably through which he is more especially related to the spiritual and inspirational sphere, whence he obtains at least the germs of all his grander ideas, and where morally and intellectually, he is rooted as a tree in the soil whence it derives its nutriment. Now everything indicates that this portion of our nature where, at least to our present consciousness, everything is, if not elemental and inchoate, at least rudimentary, will undergo a vast and continuous unfolding on the higher planes of being, as we successively attain to them in the divinely appointed process of our own growth and development. We are warranted in entertaining this opinion by the facts presented to our observation on the lower planes of being, and in the inferior divisions of our own. Thus for example, children and savages, and we may say the uneducated classes generally, even of civilised communities, are largely, not wholly unconscious of much which is developed in the educated, and more especially in the gifted members of any advanced society. What sweeps of thought do we find in the

works of Plato and Aristotle, Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke; what accumulations of knowledge in Newton, Cuvier, and Humboldt; what beauty of conception in Shakespeare and Shelley; what grandeur and sublimity in Æschylus, Dante, and Milton, of which the vulgar know nothing and the savage never dreams, and to which the educated youth is gradually introduced by successive initiations and fire baptisms of light and knowledge, as into a new world, where the horizon is vaster and the prospects immeasurably more beautiful than in the land of his childhood. Nor is it in mere accumulations of knowledge that such men differ from the multitude or from barbarians. What powers are unfolded in them, of which less developed natures have little or no experience; what accuracy of observation; what logical precision of thought, to say nothing of the lightning intuitions and inspired revelations, wherewith these glorious hierophants of genius are occasionally favoured! And it is the same when we proceed to the experiences of seers and saints. What developments of their moral nature must have been subjectively familiar to Moses and Mohammed, to Elijah and Christ, of which, from peasant to prince, the many are utterly ignorant!

But when we pass from the limits of our own plane into that of brutes, we find that the sphere of the conscious is yet farther diminished, the mammal being unconscious of the rational and moral elements developed in the savage, and the reptile being unconscious of the affections experienced by the mammal. But if, as we thus gradually descend in the scale of being, the conscious sphere proportionately diminishes, until we are at last landed in the insentient and utterly unconscious, that is in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, have we not reason to believe that as we ascend, the conscious will proportionately increase, developing susceptibilities and capacities whereof man, though he may possess the germs, is still as unconscious as the brutes of those rudimentary endowments of reason and principle, which, incipient in them, attain to conscious action and manifestation only on the plane of the human, and even there but feebly and imperfectly, save in the exceptional instances of a few richly endowed and fortunately situated members of the higher races and more civilised communities? Thus contemplated, our limitation of the hierarchy of heaven, even in its sublimest grades, to the simply human type of mind and form is, to say the least of it, very problematical. What should we think of a dog, however faithful and intelligent, roundly affirming that his master was only a superior specimen of the canine species, which Nero, poor fellow, would of course regard as the *ne plus ultra* of corporeal structure and mental constitution! This matter goes down to greater depths than ordinary Bible readers, or even the Swedish seer and his followers, suppose. It is no doubt quite

true that the entire sentient sphere, from the worm to man, is but the gradual unfolding of an embryo, arrested at the successive stages of its development, and in this sense the dog would have been quite justified in speaking of his master as canine, just as the master would, in the same sense, be quite justified in speaking of all the angelic orders as human, that is, as higher developments of a germ of being that was once human, in the lower stages of its transitional growth into a higher grade of organization and function. But to thus limit the ascensive movement of universal being to the line on which we ourselves happen to stand in the immediate present, is to descend out of universals into particulars, and then foolishly admeasure the possibilities of the former by the actualities of the latter.

We have spoken of organisation and mental constitution in conjunction; we have done so because it is obvious that nature has established a certain harmonic relationship between them. Mind, so far as known to us, is everywhere mirrored in organisation; it is so perhaps primarily, because the latter is the apt and obedient instrument of the former. The predatory tendencies of the Felidæ and Raptores are reflected in their respective structures, according to the specialities of the quadruped in the one case, and the bird in the other, while the opposite qualities are equally reflected in the Bovidæ and Gallinacæ. The reptile form is but the symbol of the reptile mind, and so man, contemplated organically, is but the symbol and expression of that dawning rationality and principle, and that slowly retreating and often recalcitrant brutehood which, in varying proportions, according to racial type and individual speciality, go to make up the present actually constituent elements of his compound being. Now to suppose that any one distinctly marked type of existent humanity, whether Negroid, Turanian, or Caucasian, is to be everlastingly perpetuated on the celestial plane, as the outward symbol and visible expression of every grade of angelhood, is to expect that the harmonic laws are to be suspended, and that presentable form is to be no longer the index of mental constitution and operation. But it will perhaps be said that angels, as grander and purer men, are also to be sublimer in aspect and more beautiful in form and feature than any existent race. Exactly so. Only admit this, and you grant the operation of the principle, the force of the law for which we contend, namely, that whether worm or man, devil or angel, the form will of necessity be declaratory of the mental constitution. But where, then, will you fix the limits of angelic development? Is, for instance, a purified spirit, who presumably subsists by respiring the divine fire-aura of heaven, and who has been liberated from every vestige of sensuality, is he, we say, to have the same proportion of thoracic to abdominal viscera which we find in our-

selves? Is the basis of his brain to bear the same proportion to its coronal and anterior developments, or is the lower portion of his face to be as large in proportion to his forehead as in the common individualities around us? If we find that the nervous temperament is accompanied by finer extremities, even among us earth-dwellers, what is the pattern of an angel's hands, to whom the finest artist or poet here is, supposably, but as a clod of the valley to the noblest of time's great heroes?

But in the cases thus far under consideration, the angel is supposed to be only a superior *man*, and therefore still presentable under the human type. But granting that the sphere of the unconscious in man becomes so far unfolded in him that he differs from us as much as we do from the brutes, or they as mammals do from the reptiles, that is, granting that vast powers of thought and action, and refined susceptibilities to affection and emotion, are developed into effective manifestation in him, which are latent in us, so that virtually he becomes a being of a higher order, separated, shall we say, by a "discrete degree" from us, what then becomes of our predication as to the necessary persistence of his human type? Of course the reply to this is facile on the part of a certain class of theologians who, begging the whole question in dispute, roundly assert the impossibility of any moral and intellectual type superior to that of man in his unfallen condition. But when we consider the relationship organically, of man to the brutes, and when we moreover reflect on the obviously imperfect, and we may say infantile, if not embryonic condition of our own earth, as a mere planetary dependency of one of the great solar centres of creation, we being but the imperfectly developed organs of this cosmic embryo, we shall know what value to set upon their baseless dogmatism, which is in very truth but the insufficient cover of their ignorance of the harmonic laws, and their consequent incapacity to conceive the possibility of a type of being superior to their own.

From what has been said the reader will at once perceive that anthropomorphism is simply the dream of men ignorant of the very elements of the problem they were called upon to solve, and who, in accordance with the mental habitudes of their class, made baseless dogmatism subserve the place of deductive knowledge. But if the limitation even of angelic form to the human type be so manifestly absurd, what shall we say of anthropomorphism proper, that is, the application of the same restrictive law to the Divine Being himself! Only think of limiting the Universal Source of all possibilities of form and function to an animate type, only developed, geologically speaking, yesterday, on a little planet, so minute and opaque that it is altogether invisible from the nearest star to our sun! But the full consideration of this subject necessarily leads us down to such

depths of psychology, cosmology, embryology, and comparative anatomy, that any further remarks on it must be postponed till after the appearance of our promised papers on "The place of man in the scale of being," and on "The probable aspect of future organic life on the earth."

To return, however, from these disquisitions, almost too subtle for the pages of aught but a journal like the present, avowedly devoted to psychological investigations, the reader will see that evil, as comparative good, must exist under some form on every plane short of the infinite and the absolute. The divine is the only condition of existence perfectly good, all others, in virtue of their being inferior to this, though ever progressing towards it, must necessarily be imperfect; that is, their good must have relation to the standard of their own plane, not to absolute perfection. But a being in harmony with his own plane may experience a degree of happiness in proportion to his capacity for its enjoyment, of which, unhappily, but few men can form even a remote conception. This rather strange utterance requires perhaps a little explanation. Suffering may arise from conditions within, or it may impinge upon us through the agency of forces from without. Now a being in harmony with his environment escapes the former, though he may be subject to the latter. Of this we have a lowly example on the merely sentient plane, where apparently the birds sing and the brutes disport themselves in blissful unconsciousness of any evil, till want of food or danger from their enemies occasions bodily pain in the one case, and fear in the other, these being, as already remarked, but the necessarily preservative conditions of their existence. But in man as a transitional type, gradually emerging out of the brute into the human plane, we see, in addition to all extraneous sources of suffering, the strain, often amounting to agony, of a tremendous internal conflict between a life of instinct, in accordance with the demand of the senses and the prompting of the impulses, and a life of reason and principle, in accordance with the inspiration of the intellect and the aspiration of the sentiments. But even here, this is almost imperceptible in the stagnant savage, and is only strongly marked in the higher individualities of the superior and progressive races, where the upward and onward movement of humanity has attained to greater momentum, and as a consequence, the man becomes painfully conscious that his life is not in harmony with his principles, nor his environment in accordance with his requirements. It need scarcely be said that this simple statement of facts affords subject matter for the profoundest meditation on the condition of every grade in the great hierarchy of spiritual intelligence, but our paper, already of undue length, must not be farther extended by the temptation, even of this suggestive theme.

There is yet, however, one other phase of this subject on which we must also be brief. The major part of our remarks in the foregoing pages, apply to evil only on the objective hypothesis. Contemplated subjectively, it assumes a very different aspect and looms out in quite other proportions. If the universe be in reality but a thought in the mind of God, and as apprehended by man, but the play of spiritual forces within the sphere of his subjectivity, then action is in very truth simply thought made manifest, and the deeds done and the things suffered in the flesh are but the indications of spiritual conditions, the phenomena of our experience being only the dreamlife of the soul projected on the plane of time and space. And is not this a fair deduction from the principles already established? If the universe be a thought in the mind of God, is it not possible that his environment may be equally a thought in the mind of man, the son partaking of his Father's nature, and so acting as a demiurgus in his own limited sphere? Thus apprehended, life in time is seen to be but the discipline of the spirit; its joys and sorrows, its triumphs and mortifications, its labours and achievements, being lessons which this prince of the eternity could not receive in the cloudless lucidity and calm serenity of his celestial home, and for which therefore it was necessary that he should *subjectively* descend into a sphere of more restrictive conditions and closer limitations, where his powers would apparently be lessened and his difficulties and temptations increased, and where, on a lower plane, he is schooled by severer experiences than are possible in the heavenly land of his spiritual consciousness.

But whether the objective or subjective hypothesis be adopted, it is unavoidable that, with such views as those embodied in the foregoing pages, we should regard evil as phenomenal. It is a thing of time not of eternity, a finite shadow, to be ultimately swallowed up in the infinite glory. Like the creation conditioned by its existence, it is means to an end—a process, not a result, indicating the truth of that profound saying of the Eastern theosophists, that "God is great when he creates, but greater when he does not," perfection being attained when all things exist IN and not *from* the divine life, or as the sacred oracles phrase it, "God shall be all and in all."

SPIRIT ACTION ON AND IN MAN.

KNOWLEDGE is power. Apply this axiom to the dance of theories as exhibited in *Human Nature*, public journals, and elsewhere; and something like order is perceived in the convolutions of the dervishes. At first sight all is confusion and mystification; the eye, the ear, and the

brain, get wearied with the twistings and twinings of the theorists, and we are apt to turn away with a feeling akin to disgust, and with the impression that "fools all" is a truth; think that the less we trouble ourselves with the subject of spirit-power the better for common sense; but if we watch narrowly the movements of the several parties, there is order in each—each moving in his own orbit of action—all are enjoying themselves in their exercises, and evidently considering their movements superior in natural gracefulness and utility of motion to those of all others acting on the platform of life.

Let us arrange the dancers in order, and order appears; they dance according to the extent of their knowledge. The plain hobby-de-hoy movement was once the only movement of perfection known to several who are now the most graceful; they know all the inferior dances, and can perform them if need be. But the inferior artists cannot understand and appreciate the more advanced stages of action, and between these extremes there are gradations that may ultimately equal and excel the most finished of the graceful throng. Some of these dances are well known by their names of mesmerism, automic action, dual brainage, spasmodic action, insanity, nerve force, od force, electricity, muscular excitation, fever, soul-travelling during sleep, animal sympathy, thought-reading, &c.; and ending in disembodied spirit action. These dances, if ranged in order, will show progressive steps from matter to spirit; and instead of the mirage heretofore imagined, it is simply the declared progress of each class at the date of the exhibition of their powers. Ask No. 5 privately, and you will find that at one time his belief was only that of No. 1; and so on with the rest of the performers. No one has a right to blame them for their limited knowledge; if they know no better, they can only be blamed for ignoring the existence of a higher development, on the ground that they have not yet arrived at the superior range of action. Leaving the figure: we regret that circumstances around us limit the opportunities for learning more of the higher departments of immortal life. There are so few books published on spirit life, and the mental action of every-day human life is so continuous as to fatigue the brain, and unfit it for the additional strain needed for an extended examination of the various departments of the natural and the supernatural; and, therefore, in the majority of instances, man acts with questions as to spirit-life, as he does with medical ones; leaves the one to his priest, and the other to his doctor.

As iron sharpens iron, so does mind sharpen mind by the frank communication of knowledge, and of the laws to be deduced therefrom. The more a man knows of the mysteries of his own being, the more readily will he acknowledge that he perceives powers in play, which in fresh combinations may prove that his present knowledge does not wrap the infinite in its folds.

I rejoice greatly that *Human Nature* is a storehouse for facts; those facts as they accumulate, will, on examination, be found to range themselves into forms or divisions, as crystals in mineralogy. That electricity, od force, nerve force, mesmerine, &c., are all powers from one source, true to, and of themselves; are parts of a whole, not disproving the existence of the diamond-spirit, but links in the chain of creations from the body to the soul, and soul to the spirit; substances

three, a trinity of powers in unity of action; spirit, the life, a substance; moving the soul, a substance; as its lever for the body, that gross conglomeration of particles, the alpha and omega of many, but in reality the mere workshop of the spirit.

The great danger to be avoided is that of giving intelligence to chemical action, instead of to the chemist who thinks, arranges, and performs the experiments. We cannot say seidlitz powders are intelligences, because they come not of their own will; we have to ask for the contents in the blue and white papers, and under certain conditions, the effect is visible. Neither can we say a table moves itself, or a bell rings, or an accordion sounds, without intelligent action being brought to bear on those solids. To say electricity did it, is to show utter ignorance of electrical laws. To say od force did it, shows that they darken counsel by the use of phrases without knowledge, and acknowledge the presence of a power denied by the schools of science in England and Germany. To say that there exists no *substance* but those seen, is to deny the existence of the air we breathe, of oxygen, or nitrogen. To say that *life* cannot exist in those or other unseen powers, is to make mind or life a heavier, denser substance than the gases. To assert that the witnesses of phenomena were biologised, is not only to acknowledge the existence of a power denied by medical authorities, but to acknowledge that there was a biologiser in the room at the time, and that any and every person can, without warning, have his senses suspended without look or touch. To say that the phenomena witnessed were not seen, is simply to give the lie to those persons whose word, in the ordinary duties of life is their bond. It is to make the rule the exception, and the exception the rule.

The idea thrown out that possibly the tables and other solid substances are moved by persons whose bodies are asleep at the antipodes, is to give a power to the physical structure of man more wonderful than that enveloped in the assertion that he lives, and comes to see us, acts upon us, and on inanimate bodies *after* the severance of the spirit from the body. This idea is repugnant to our mental consciousness whether asleep or awake; for if they of the antipodes come to us when asleep, of course common politeness would cause us to return the visits during our drowsy moods; and the remembrance of our journeyings amid strange people, strange vegetation, strange countries, would ever and anon sweep through the chords of memory. But this is not a fact, the producers of the phenomena called Spiritualism assert they are (so-called) deceased relatives, and give evidence to confirm their statements. I avoid the realms of debate as sketched in mesmerine, trance, fever, human muscular action; and stand on those of inanimate substances moved intelligently without visible intelligence, a feat not more wonderful to the uneducated mind than a table being silently moved by an embodied man in the presence of a blind one. To the body being touched and handled by invisible power; to visible hands and wrists showing themselves to the sitters, as plain and as palpable as the finger was seen that wrote upon the wall in the palace of Belshazzar; pray what common sense ground is there for surmising that those hands were parts of an antipodian slumbering during his midnight hours?

Why do men's intellects wriggle into so many shapes to escape the

veracity of testimony? Is the extinction of the human mind so very blissful? Is there no pleasure in knowing that our deceased sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, still live and fondly think of us and ours? Is it so very glorious and consoling to think that flesh-man is *alone* in the universe of the Deity—that seen-man in his palace or his hovel is the only form of intellectual life created and sustained in existence by the Infinite? Self-esteem, talk less and investigate more; then will your discoveries in the realms of the Infinite cause your heart and intellect to dance for joy, and that as gracefully as the choicest among the throng, whose words and works sparkle in the pages of past history.

Think! Has light no substance, no power? Has fragrance from flowers, and fumes from metals, no substance, no shape, no dimensions, when they separate themselves from the solid and float to and past our bodies, giving health or sickness? Men of ordinary sense acknowledge the truth, and the chain of reason, link by link, reaches to the principle—That the subtle power called spirit, being more elastic and ethereal than those fragrances, fumes, air, and gases—could with greater ease manipulate those substances into a form, called soul, than it could manipulate iron, potash, soda, lime, &c., into the substance called flesh. Let us reflect a little. Light coming from the sun, the moon, and the stars, has, incorporated with it, the *mineral essences* of the worlds they come from. That each of these star-worlds is made of a leading or dominant mineral, thus:—one has iron as its basis, another copper, doubtless another silver and another gold. These unseen essences stream towards earth, which doubtless is to them a negative or receiver; they load our atmosphere with their nature and deposit their substance as a seen solid, and that as effectively as oxygen and hydrogen deposit their substance as water; and earth in return, sends to those orbs the substance it contains in excess. Thus substantial reciprocity, unseen, unobserved by the visual powers of man, is ever going on in all the majesty and magnitude of immensity—world with world, as in almost microscopic size, there is in flowers, in trees, in birds, and in animals.

These soul-substances are each, according to its nature, ever in motion; entering into or issuing from solids as positives and negatives, on the same principle as oxygen into animals and carbon into vegetables. If wind can torment oxygen and hydrogen when visible as water, so as to lay hold of pieces of rock several tons in weight, and toss them about as a boy does a ball; wherein is it incredible that spirit should inhabit those soul-powers, and direct the so-called imponderable energies, and produce the phenomena developed as spirit manifestations? What need of imagining that men are liars, or biologised, or that the spirit of an antipodian has set off during sleep on a tour of 12,000 miles to move tables, play instrumental music, intrance mediums, and tell us he comes from the spirit-world, is a brother or sister, husband or wife, when he is only a live blacksmith or Japanese on the other side of the world? Such ideas have no substance but the "baseless fabric of a" vagary. Let the existence of unseen bodies, devoid of intelligence, be firmly riveted on the mind; and then the existence of spirit in those bodies, or a modification of those bodies, becomes a possibility, a proba-

bility, a certainty, even without the wonderful facts scattered broadcast in history, political or religious, and showered in *Human Nature* on its readers during the last two years.

To the Christian who states he only needs his Bible, we say—Thank the God of your forefathers for revealing his angels to *them* in times of distress, and inducing those ancestors to record their experiences; but do not blame us for enjoying the same privilege.

To the Materialist who denies the facts narrated in the Bible, we say: —Trust the testimony of scores of men now living, who have felt the touch of angels, have seen their hands, have heard their voices audible as that of human beings, and have had direct guidance for the duties of ordinary life; and who also feel, who know that His angels *are* MINISTERING SPIRITS sent forth to minister to those who are anxious for divine help. JNO. JONES.

Enmore Park, South Norwood.

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER LVI.—*(Continued).*

It was late in the fourth evening when we reached ———, and I could do nothing toward finishing my journey till morning came. I had seen but two persons besides Manuel, my driver, in the whole journey who could speak English; and I was very fearful I should find no one here. If not, how was I to get my further progress settled? I did not pay Manuel that night, telling him I must see him in the morning. If there were no other chance, I must negotiate through him. I slept well, for I was very weary, and I had here the first bed I had lain upon since leaving the ship.

When I woke, the morning was cloudy, and, walking to my window, my breath seemed to be taken away by the enormous height of the dark, frowning mountain, that reared itself into the mist and clouds of the upper air, within fifty rods of me. It was raining above there, but none had yet fallen where I was, and I hurried through my toilet, and set out on the labours of the day with no little anxiety.

I could make no one understand me, and had to hunt over the public rooms of the *Fonda* myself for Manuel. He was not to be seen, but men who seemed to have just left their sleep were gathering into an apartment across the hall from mine, and I waited and watched for sight of him, finding, after several attempts, that it was hopeless to look

for any other means of making my wants known. I could get a stolid, patient hearing from any one I met; indeed, they seemed rather pleased to have an excuse for stopping so long from their sauntering, lazy motion; but it always ended in—"No sabe, Signorita—no tiende—no Ingles."

What on earth am I to do if he doesn't come?—I asked myself; but then I remembered thankfully that I had been prudent enough to keep his money, which was the safest possible guarantee that I should see him by-and-bye.

I was looking anxiously from the door, and being looked at in return by some not pleasant eyes—a woman of my colour being rarely seen there—when, suddenly, I was gladdened by the sight of a Saxon face. The man who wore it was a sort of half-way gentleman in his garb, and seemed to have some business in hand, for he was walking more like a live person than anybody I had seen since leaving the city. He had entered the street or plaza, where I stood, a little below, and was moving away in the opposite direction, so that I had but one resource, and that was to follow and accost him instantly.

"Pray, sir," I said, when, by hastening—to the wonder of everybody—I had overtaken him, "do you speak English?"

"Yes,"—with a look of unequivocal surprise.

"Then, will you have the kindness to give me a little help? I arrived here last evening, on my way to El Mino Valverde—"

"Ah! that is our place—Colonel Anderson's, isn't it?"

"The very same," I said, almost unable to believe in my good fortune. "Do you belong there?"

"Yes; I am one of his foremen, and am down with a team and some of the hands, after machinery."

"Then you can help me to some means of going out, can you not? I am an old friend of Mrs Anderson."

"Are you Miss Warren, whom they expect from California?"

"Yes."

"Then there is an old shipmate of yours here now—Antonio; he came down with us yesterday, and spoke of you on the road; I will send him to the *Fonda*, and he will be able to do everything for you; I suppose you would like to be on the road soon?"

"Yes, as quick as possible; but do you drive waggons all the way?"

"Our heavy teams we do; but there is no road that a light waggon could go over, and passengers always go on mules. Mrs Anderson went on one."

"Well," I replied, "I will try it—though I am not a rider. Can you put a trunk into your waggon?"

"Oh, yes, anything you have can go with us; but you could not stand our slow travel. It will be well on to five o'clock by the time we get up, and you will go in two hours, or two and a half."

I accordingly returned to the house, paid Manuel, who soon appeared, and, having got him to order me coffee and eggs for breakfast, I sat down to wait for Antonio.

There was a kind of aching expectation in all my nerves. I was not more than half sensible to the wonder and grandeur of the spot I was in, though I looked at the awful mountains with my face right up to heaven, and followed out with my eye a zig-zag path up the precipitous side of one, which I greatly feared was the very one I should have to try, by and by, on a perilous mule's back.

Before my breakfast was brought in, Antonio came. I could almost have kissed the creature, I was so heartglad, in that wild, strange spot, of the sight of his honest affectionate face.

"Antonio," I said, "you are a treasure—you are better than gold to me now! Sit down on my trunk,"—chairs are very scarce in the Andes—" and tell me how I am to get out to Colonel Anderson's."

Either his English had improved marvellously, or it was so much better than the vile attempts at it I had heard along the road, that it seemed so.

"I got a firs'-rate mule of master's here," he replied; "I put you on him, and walk."

"Oh, no," I said; "if your mule is very good, let me ride it, and I will hire one for you."

But he would not hear of this. He could walk as fast, he said, as I would ride. "I walk home in two hour, Miss Warren; and Signorita and Mas'r Philip and the Colonel all be so glad you come. Talk much about you."

"Do you live in their house?" I asked.

"Yes, I live with Colonel all the time; no been here before since we come."

"Then," said I, "it must have been Providence that sent you now, I think."

"No, Signorita; mistress send me for some very nice chicken to lay egg. I bought many, and they go in waggon, by and by."

I took my breakfast while he was gone to get his and arrange his affairs; and at last he came, leading to the door a sturdy, shining brown mule, with a very shabby side-saddle, that might have been the property of Mrs Noah before they took to the ark: it was so very aged, that I feared to trust myself upon it without trying the girths and stirrups; but Antonio looked so hurt at my pulling and examining them,

that I desisted, and stepping on a large stone near the door, I took my seat in it. Mr Johnson, the foreman, had come to receive my luggage, and when all was adjusted, I pulled the bridle-rein and followed Antonio, a little nervously at first, but with a lively sense, all the time, of the spectacle I should be in any other part of the world I had ever seen.

It was our road, as I suspected, that lay up the breast of the high mountain—not the highest one—and through what seemed to me a slight depression between it and the next peak, south. But when we reached the top of our ascent, I found there were still great elevations on either hand, and we looked back into the narrow basin we had left, and off over wild, rugged groups of mountains, with slender valleys, and dark, wooded gulfs between them—an endless confusion to my eyes. The rarefied air swept through the elevated passes, and moaned softly among the sorrowing evergreens that welcomed it, as if it grieved for the living sea and the distant populous worlds it had left below. How profound the solitude of that cloud-piercing world! How awful the power that had sent forth such proclamation of itself!

When we reached the next valley, Antonio told me we were a little more than half-way. Our path often left the rude waggon-road, making "cut-offs" up or down the mountains.

It was Mrs Anderson's favourite ride, he said, to the top of the next hill, and when we got there, we could see the smoke from Valverde.

"I go first, and tell her you come," he suggested.

"No, no, Antonio; I can't spare you."

"Mula safe," he said; "he know the way home; bring you right there."

"But I don't wish them to know till I get there," said I. "I want to walk into her house without a word.

He laughed, as understanding something of my feelings, and we held our way to the hacienda.

From the height overlooking it, I could, as Antonio had said, discern something more like a palpable wreath of light than smoke, changing and shifting slowly among the piles of evergreen foliage. Two giant birds of prey floated lazily, in majestic circles, in the thin air above us; but except them and ourselves, no living thing was in sight. The mountains were bald in patches, but generally thinly covered with the evergreens I have mentioned, sparsely intermixed with the more generous foliage of larger-leaved trees.

Down, down, down we went—the verdure increasing with our descent, or, rather, the evidences that there had been verdure, and would be again, when the new rains of the season had brought it forward.

The wonder I continually entertained, was—how did anybody ever find this spot, or dream that it contained treasure? Indeed it was "a wild and wondrous region," as Colonel Anderson had told Eleanore.

At last we emerged upon a hand's-breath of level ground—a miniature valley, which a large house would almost have filled—and then our path lay across a little elevation beyond, from which we saw the houses, through the scattering tree-tops, and heard noises; and then Antonio's impatient feet literally danced to be gone before me with the good news. But I could not let him.

"You must let me go first, now," said I—"there's a good soul—and you shall have the first word some other time."

We entered upon the short bit of worn road, that might be called the street of the hacienda, and a few rods in advance I saw a house, with neatly-curtained windows, standing alone, and a little back from the dust-line, with a rustic piazza, supported by small knotty trunks and thatched with evergreen boughs, which I immediately guessed to be Eleanore's home; and glancing at Antonio, I saw by the direction of his gleaming eye that I was right. Mula knew it also, and set his ears forward, and shambled into three or four steps of trotting to bring me to its front.

How clean swept was every inch of the dry ground on which I alighted! The door stood open, and I was hoping to steal in before anybody should see me; but when I had scarcely two steps left between me and the threshold, there appeared the happy face and well-remembered form of the master-spirit of this little world, with wide-extended arms, that took me in and folded themselves about me with a heartiness which filled my eyes instantly.

"Where is *she?*" I whispered, when he had kissed my cheek.

"In a back room," he answered, in the same tone, "and doesn't know you are here. Come softly, and we'll surprise her."

I followed without speaking. She had heard his footstep, but not mine, and was occupied for the moment with something that kept her face turned from us.

"Come in, dear Leo. I was just thinking of something I have to say to you—something very important."

"I am afraid you will have to put it off, Nelly. I can't possibly hear it now."

"But you must and shall, sir."

"I cannot, my queen. I have something to say to you, instead."

"That will do quite as well," she replied; and I could hear the old laugh in her words. "I'd rather hear you than myself. It was only a bit of stratagem to keep you a few minutes."

Colonel Anderson had pressed me from the doorway, so that, after the first glance at her, I was out of sight. She now turned toward him, and seeing his face, asked, in quick, surprised tones: "What is it, Leo? There's a pleasant story in your eyes"—approaching rapidly with the words. "Tell me what it is." And she drew his arm coaxingly about her.

"Somebody has come."

"Ah! your Mr Hedding, is it? or Huntley? or who else?"—seeing him shake his head.

"Somebody better than either. Here she is"—stepping suddenly aside and disclosing me.

We went spontaneously into each other's arms.

"I felt you were near us this morning," said she; "and I wanted to tell Leo so, but I was afraid of that deep smile in his eyes. He thinks I don't see it, because he doesn't let it come out of them, but I do. How good and handsome you look, dear Anna."

"Yes," said Colonel Anderson, "you both are handsomer at this moment than usual; so much so, that I am not willing to act the part of mere spectator any longer;" and with a strong arm about each of us, he drew us away to a lounge—yes, a real Yankee lounge, got up by Eleanore's own hands—that stood across the room, and there seated himself between us.

CHAPTER LVII.

I SHALL not attempt to give you the sequel of that meeting, nor how question and answer followed so fast on one another, that Col. Anderson at last stopped his ears, in an affected agony of confusion, and kissing Eleanore, said, impudently, he should have to go, as a measure of self-defence. It was necessary he should preserve his intellects.

"Which will require little effort, sir, I should say, if we are to judge by the magnitude of the thing to be saved," was her answering thrust.

"There it is, you see, Miss Warren," he said, appealing to me. "So merciless she is. I am always sure to get a heavier shot than I send, when I get this battery opened upon me. But I am so spicily treated after the wounding, that I love the warfare."

"Go away, sir," she said, looking after him with such radiant large eyes, "and come again when you can behave better. O Anna, I am so glad you have come, and yet I was happier before anybody could deserve to be. You see what he is now, and he is always so or better and nobler as he is graver. But I shall not tell you about him. You shall see for yourself. What is your first want, dear?"

"Phil," I answered.

"He is gone a little way up the mountain, with one of the men, who hurt his hand, and is disabled. You'll have to wait for him; and I suppose the next thing will be water and towels, or shall it be lunch?"

"Oh, the water first, by all means," I replied, and while the process it served was going on, our tongues were going too—all the thousand questions, and sort of outside experiences we had had, which friends such as we were, take off first and lay aside, as they do their dusty garments, thereby opening the way to the inmost heart-talk that would follow. I was eating a biscuit and some sweetmeat which Eleanore had brought in, when Antonio entered, and after many pleasant cheering words, for the good gift he had brought her, to my surprise asked some direction about the dinner.

"Is Antonio a house-servant, then?" I asked after he had gone.

"He is my cook and butler," she responded, laughing, "and we find him invaluable, I assure you. He is better than anything we could get of the natives—to say nothing of his being so attached to us, so cleanly and agreeable, where they would be intolerable. He does all the work with a boy to wait on him, and the house, when he is home, is perfect in neatness."

"How very fortunate," said I, "and the creature is so good and faithful."

"Yes," said Eleanore, her face shaded with a serious look of the past. "He seems to feel that there is but one pleasure in life for him, and that is in serving us. He will not take his wages from Leo, except enough to supply his wants, and make a few presents. He is very generous in that way to those he likes; but they are few out of our house. Most of the money he spends goes for gifts to Phil, and the rest we are laying up for him."

"Your house is small, Eleanore," said I. "What are you going to do with me?"

"You shall have my room, dear Anna, if you will consent to share it with Phil, and sometimes with me."

I was surprised at these words; but either she did not observe that I was, or did not see fit to heed it. I was moved almost to speech; but there was no pause in the flow of her varied talk, to give me an opportunity for so unwelcome and delicate an utterance as remonstrance would have been then, and therefore the subject passed into silence, not however, without a firm resolve on my part, to do my duty in regard to it some day.

In due time the little matters of settlement were disposed of. I was shown the resources of the house, and assigned my place in the largest sleeping-chamber, where she still kept her own bed, and as we had

never been a hindrance to each other in these ways, so we seemed now to take up our old relations of amity and order at once.

There was a small room, or rather closet, which she had had made off and lighted, between this and the next one, which was occupied by Colonel Anderson, and this was his dressing-room. I was shown with some pride all the order and comfort and neatness which she had been able to create here, with rather slender resources in furniture, which the cost and risk of transportation forbade their bringing in any considerable quantity; and I remember as we were returning to the parlour, her saying some confused words, which she blushed in uttering. "Leo and I have found that, dear Anna, which robs external life equally of its plainness and splendour. We both forget the isolation and rudeness here, as we should their opposites, were we in the midst of royal luxury. He *is* to me, and I *am* to him. That suffices us. I am absolutely and wholly happy except in the moments when I remember that this resplendent state on which I have entered, hangs upon a single life, and that a mortal's. Do not think me weak, dear friend. I have the sublimest sense of power in this experience. It is a revelation of myself to myself."

So I was established in this remote starry household, and there I spent four months, almost the entire rainy season, in an atmosphere of peace, love, refinement, and harmony, such as it was never my lot to breathe elsewhere. Intellect, taste, culture, wit, and sentiment, lighted and warmed our daily life.

Colonel Anderson was a man endowed with a mind at once so comprehensive and exact, and with so much executive force, that in his business matters there was rarely any jarring or hindrance. He had great forecast, and exercised a keen attention—therefore he had rarely an unsupplied want. His chief difficulty lay in the inferiority of the labour he was obliged to employ; but as there was no escape from this, he went on the first few months, diligently sifting his labourers, sending away the bad and encouraging the good, until at last he had about him, he said, as efficient a set of men as he had ever employed. But in no case were his out-door cares permitted to cloud the hours of leisure in the house. He often communicated to his wife the nature of the difficulties he met with; but when he came in from the works they were laid aside peremptorily, and a ride or a walk, or reading, or conversation, closed the days upon us, all grouped together sometimes, and at others, knowing their intense happiness in each other, I stole away by myself with Phil, and left them sitting like two unwedded lovers, and treasuring like them the charm of the hours, till they should separate for the night. Long before my visit was over, I gave my

hearty assent to Eleanore's family arrangements, seeing how harmoniously they moved on with them, and with what entire respect as well as tenderness each was considered in them. I told her so one day.

"Ah, dear Anna," the said, "I felt you would see it so after a while. Leonard, I think, had your feeling and thought about it at first; but now he tells me he is so grateful for my having entreated him to give me my way for six months. He will never think of any other, he says; and I am sure the whole world would not induce me to risk one spark of his precious love, by a greater familiarity."

"You are right," I said, "dear Eleanore, I am persuaded; "but I do not feel certain that the same views and practices would serve all sorts of people."

"Possibly not, Anna, lower persons than we are. One blushes and grieves to think of the army of people in whom sense is the only or chief bond of union; but there are also very many, dear, who would be as happy as we are, if they would but search themselves out, and estimate truly their sources of enjoyment. The laws which govern our gratifications are as invariable as any others in nature; and if we will not study and heed them, how can we expect to be blessed with the rewards of obedience? Leo and I are, thank God, so mated in our mental being, that we have infinite joys derivable from it alone. When some thought or subject of our own does not come to us, we go with equal pleasure to serious or entertaining books—to Ruskin, or Dickens, or Carlyle—though I confess the last is less a favourite with me than with him. But in these, and such as these—in the great poets, and in the thinkers and teachers of our own country, whom I am proud to bring to his acquaintance, we find such exhaustless themes for our tongues, that we often bid each other good-night as reluctantly as if we were not inmates of the same house. Then we have the same zest in meeting again, that two such persons, loving each other as we do, would have under those circumstances.

"Did I tell you that he surprised me one day, a short time before you came, by walking into the house with that set of Ruskin in his arms. Hearing me refer to him frequently in our talks on art, mental growth, and so on, he had written to Mr. Hedding to ransack the city for 'The Stones of Venice.' They were not to be had in the book-stores, and the good old gentleman, by great diligence, found this set on a gentleman's library-shelves, and made out such a piteous case about our seclusion and suffering tastes, and so on, that he sold them to him. He said he supposed he could wait for others from London better than we could; and we were very thankful for them, I assure you. They are not a quarter read yet, because Leonard has seen a

great deal that he describes; and this, and all our discussion, makes the reading slow.

"We agree, dear Anna, in sentiment, in our hopes for man, and in all the main estimates of what life is to do for us. The only differences we have, are as to means and practicabilities, and thus we have endless agreement and disagreement without discord."

TRUST.

BY MRS. E. P. THORNDIKE.

Dark lowers the cloud! oh human heart,
Still bleeding and despairing?
Then let me rend the veil apart,
Thy deepest sorrow sharing.

The past a dark, sad picture weaves,
To eyes all moist with weeping;
The future, under love's bright leaves,
Is purely, sweetly sleeping.

In memory's heritage of tears
The meadow-land is flowing,
The hill of life at last appears
To have another showing.

A greater lesson comes to-day,
Born of the tempest's raging;
More true and lasting is its sway—
A nobler life presaging.

Shrink not to scan the picture well,
Though pain in retrospection
Shall cause the chords of life to swell
Beneath the deep inspection.

No faltering step has e'er been lost,
But nobly, wisely taken,
Though sharp and strong the pang it cost,
With reason almost shaken.

But poised above the sullen roar
Of error, seething, swelling,
The troubled heart, though sad and sore,
Has reached a purer dwelling.

All bright above the tempest's strife,
In calmer *trust* reposing—
A heritage well earned, a life
To grander ends emerging.

A broader sweep of destiny
Beams now above displaying
The true and wave-like symphony
That higher love is swaying.

All eager climb the mountain height
Of sterling, wise endeavour;
The beacon now is pointing bright,
Despite the wind or weather.

The guiding hand is thine; accept,
For at the threshold waiting,
An angel in the heart hath kept
Thy earliest thoughts debating.

The aspirations of the child,
All garnered and protected,
Assume a power more firm and mild,
That still is heaven directed.

Life's mission, then, will be more plain
Unto thy comprehension,
When thou dost learn it is in vain
The Father's plan to question.

But trusting, yield thy better self,
Heeding thine own impression;
And let thy deep soul's glowing wealth
Become the world's possession.

—*Banner of Light.*

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

EVIDENCE CONTINUED.

It is well to state that the meetings of the committee were held every fortnight during the months of April, May, June, and July, to receive the evidence of witnesses, at the residence of Dr. Edmunds, 4 Fitzroy Square, London, W.C. That held on the 14th of April, 1869, was interesting and important.

Several ladies and gentlemen attended before the committee and gave highly interesting details of what they had seen and heard. Many of the committee were considerably puzzled by the manifest sincerity with which persons, not mere *gobe-mouches*, testified to having witnessed phenomena of so extraordinary and incredulous a character. Some of those who favoured the committee with their experience had no professional interest in the matter, as media or otherwise, and their *bona fides* was as unquestionable as their intelligence.

Mr. Jencken, barrister, read a paper of great interest. We regret that space does not allow of more than an abstract of this document, which treated of the different classes of spiritual phenomena. Speaking of the remarkable "levitations" (floating in the air) of the body of the medium, Mr. Jencken said—

"These levitations you will find recorded as having occurred as far back as the year 1347, and another instance took place in the year 1697: Göethe refers to this wonderful phenomenon in his life of Phillipinari. The levitations of Mr. Home are so well known that I need not more than allude to them. Upwards of 100 levitations have taken place during his lifetime, of which the most remarkable are the carrying of his body out of one window of the third floor at Ashley House into an adjoining window, and the lifting of his body, raised three or four feet off the ground at Adare Manor for twenty or thirty yards. As regards the lifting of heavy bodies I can myself testify; I have seen the semigrand at my house raised horizontally

eighteen inches off the ground, and kept suspended in space two or three minutes. I have also witnessed a square table lifted one foot off the ground, no one touching it, or being near it; a friend present seated on the carpet, and watching the phenomenon all the time. I have seen a table lifted clear over head six feet off the ground; but what is more remarkable I have seen an accordion suspended in space for ten or twenty minutes, and played by an invisible agency.

"The second group of phenomena is that of the producing of raps or knocks, to which, no doubt, the tradition of the Poltergeisters owes its origin. Thousands in this town have heard them and received messages spelt out by these means, the well-known alphabetical method being usually employed. I have known messages spelt out by the tilting of a semigrand piano, accompanied by loud raps, no one at the time being in contact or within several feet of the instrument.

"The third group of phenomena includes the uttering of words and sentences, sounding of music, singing, &c. These sounds have been produced without any visible agency being present. Thus at Great Malvern, at the house of Dr. Gully, I heard three voices chanting a hymn, accompanied by music played on an accordion suspended in space, eight or nine feet off the ground.

"At the passing away of an old servant of our household, a strain of solemn music was heard by the nurse and servants in the room of the dying woman; the music lasted fully twenty minutes.

"The fourth group includes the playing on musical instruments, the drawing of figures, flowers, and writing, by direct spiritual unseen agency.

"These phenomena are of frequent occurrence. The following are more rarely exhibited:—The fire-test I have seen several times. I have seen Lord Adare hold in the palm of his hand a burning live coal, which Mr. Home had placed there, so hot that the mere momentary contact with my finger caused a burn. At Mr. S. C. Hall's a large lump of burning coal was placed on his head by Mr. Home; and only a few days since a metal bell, heated to redness in the fire, was placed on a lady's hand without causing injury. At Mr. Henning's house I have seen Mr. Home place his face into the flames of the grate, the flame points penetrating through his hair without any injury being sustained.

"The next class of phenomena are those extraordinary elongations of the medium's body. I have witnessed the elongation and shortening of Mr. Home's person many times, and at Mr. S. C. Hall's, about three months ago, Mr. Home and Miss Bertolacci were simultaneously elongated."

Mr. Jencken described various other phenomena, such as the suspension of fluids in space and the appearance of spirit hands and forms, which have been both seen and felt by himself.

Two ladies present stated that they had seen the phenomena referred to by Mr. Jencken.

One of the committee asked Mr. Jencken what kind of evidence he would think adequate to get a jury in a court of justice to believe that a man had walked down the street carrying his head under his arm?

Mr. Jencken said that he would simply ask the jury to come into the street and see the fact for themselves. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Honeywood at the request of the chairman, then stated that she had witnessed spiritual phenomena. While sitting in a circle recently, the table rose, the room vibrated so violently that an engineer said that nothing but the strongest machinery could cause such oscillation, and an accordion was played in the air, Mr. Home holding one strap. There were lights in the room. Three or four persons,

unknown to Mr. Home, mentally wished for particular tunes, and they were played.

The Hon. Mrs. Egerton gave her experiences in the following words: —The most remarkable manifestations I have seen were those of last Sunday evening, at my house. We were seated in a room which would have been dark but for the light outside. We first heard raps, and then we saw a figure at the window. It entered and then figures came trooping in by dozens. One waved its hand and passed through us—the atmosphere became fearfully cold. A figure—that of a relative—came behind my chair, leaned over and brushed my hair lightly with its hand. It was eight feet high, and, approaching the person of Lindsay, passed through him. He sobbed hysterically from the intense cold. But the most extraordinary thing of all was the laughter. One of us said something and all the spirits laughed with joy. The sound was indescribably strange, and it appeared to us as if it came from the ground. That was the first time we heard voices.

Interrogated by the committee, this lady stated that Mr. Home was present on the Sunday evening, but she had seen things when Mr. Home was not present. We sat, she continued, in a circle at first, and we were seven in number. Five of the seven saw just what I have described, and the others saw something, but not so distinctly. Mr. Home said there were nineteen spirits in the room at one time, and I could see their eyes—peculiarly brilliant eyes—looking at us. Mr. Home said to me, "Don't be frightened, there is a spirit coming to you," and in a few minutes I saw the bright eyes of the figure looking at me. The figure was defined. There were no clothes, but there was a peculiar rustle like that of silk. The faces were not defined to my view, but Mr. Home said he could see them—they had bare faces. Mr. Home was in the trance state. He walked about the room. I did not sleep much that night, for the spirits followed me to my room.

In answer to a gentleman it was stated that Mr. Home had no previous access to the room beyond having dined there.

Mrs. Honeywood stated that she was one of the seven at the house on the Sunday evening, but she did not see everything the others saw. She, however, observed the shadows quite distinctly.

Both these ladies made their statements with great clearness and intelligence, and replied with frankness to the questions put to them.

Mr. Simkins was next invited to speak. He said that having been induced to disbelieve in all religions he went to America, and then heard of Spiritualism, which he set down as the newest American humbug. Six days after his arrival he went to Henry Gordon's for the purpose of laughing at the imposture, but no sooner had he entered the room than the body of Gordon approached him, and said, "How are you? You know your old college friend, Michael Carew?" Now, Michael Carew had been dead four years, and he (Mr. Simkins) had not thought of him for some time. "It is," said the body of Gordon, "it is your old friend who has influenced you to quit the old country in order that you might be convinced of Spiritualism." Then a young woman, who had been dead many years, and whom he could not recall to mind, made herself known to him by a circumstance—he had followed her to the grave, and her funeral was the only one he had ever attended.

Three years ago his wife had been thrown into a trance by spirits. For days she ate nothing, and for two months she partook of very little. She was under an Intelligence of some kind. She saw and described spirits, and then she became developed so that she could see and describe spirits without losing consciousness. Her hand used to be taken, and she wrote mechanically the name of Annibal Caracci and others of whom she knew nothing, and he had to consult cyclopædias to find out about them. She described the minutiæ of the Roman dress—the toga, sandals, &c.,—of some spirits, although she knew not even the names of those articles of antique costume. Spirits sometimes possessed her. One was that of a Scotchman, and she on such occasions, spoke broad Scotch—a feat she was wholly unable to accomplish when not possessed by a spirit.

In reply to a medical gentleman, Mr. Simkins, stated that his wife was a strong wiry woman, never subject to fits or faintings, strong nerved, and almost insensible to fear. She went to a circle merely out of curiosity, and was entranced in two minutes. The only peculiarity she had was that her circulation was unusually rapid.

Mr. E. L. Blanchard then favoured the committee with his testimony. Some years ago, he said, circumstances threw himmuch in the way of haunted houses, about which he wrote magazine articles, and he in time came to believe in them from finding them so profitable. He then heard that the Marshalls in Red Lion Street were in the habit of raising ghosts to be seen at a shilling a head, and, indignant at this profanation of beings which he regarded with a sort of affection, he went to see the Marshalls for the express purpose of "showing them up." He found that pieces of glass whitened, when held under the table, had names and sentences written on them in a remarkably small hand. The Marshalls were people who were unable to write some of the things which came up on the glass. Well, he went there some six years. A spirit would lay hold of his arm and "pump" the vital force out of him. Sometimes a small spark would appear on the floor; it would increase and grow into a hand. Then arose the question could the hand sustain a weight? and to test this a handkerchief would be thrown into it, and the spirit fingers would slowly uplift it into the air. At other times bells and accordions were played in mid-air, the table would rise, &c. He would sometimes be uplifted by the spirits and kept in the air; he used to ask them to let him down gently, lest he should be hurt. All this so weakened him that he did not like it, for he found that nothing but chops, &c., would sustain him under the "pumping" which he had to endure, so much was his vital force acted upon. He went there one evening after the death of his friend, Francis Talford, at Mentone; a paper and pencil were flung under the table, and the name "Francis Talford" was written. The Marshalls did not know the name, he used to go to their place, but they only knew him as "the young man with the fair hair." He took the signature to the club, and there compared it with an undoubted autograph, and it was found that it could not possibly have been the result of forgery. At Foster's he placed a name in a pellet on the table; the name was divined. He then said, "What name is written on my arm under my sleeve?" "William Blanchard. Your father?" "How long has he been dead?" While he was calculat-

ing the number of years "25" appeared in a hand—the exact number of years that his father had been dead. He had given up spiritualism during the last four or five years, for he found it very inconvenient when the printer was waiting for copy to be interrupted by spirits who wanted him as a medium. Mr. Blanchard subsequently related that the spirits of Alexander the Great and Joan of Arc appeared to write their names. Joan of Arc was asked if there was any other by which she was known, and she wrote "La Pucelle." The Marshalls of a certainty did not know so much French.

Mr. J. M. Spear, a professional medium, residing at Ampthill-square, Hampstead Road, said that originally he did not believe in spiritualism; but one day he saw his hand being moved, and it wrote "We wish you to go to Abingdon to see David Vinning." He went to Abingdon, and upon making inquiries found that a David Vinning resided there. He visited Mr. Vinning, and found him suffering from neuralgia. Instantly something passed from his (Mr. Spear's) hand to Mr. Vinning, and, after a shock or two, all pain went downwards through the legs and feet, and the suffering ceased. Thus he had proof that there was an Intelligence which made him write down a name he did not know, and that the Intelligence was benevolent, for he was sent to do good. Then his hand was taken and he wrote autographs which he knew nothing of. He took them to an autograph collector and they were pronounced to be wonderfully exact and different altogether from his own writing. Then the spirits would make his hand write, "We wish you to go to New York, to England, France, Scotland, Ireland!" He always obeyed, and the result was always satisfactory. From a lock of hair or a line of writing he could, by the spirit power, judge of character, aptitude, disease, &c. He had been sent to give a course of lectures, at Hamilton College, New York, on geology. He knew nothing of geology. When he arrived at the college he told the Professor, "I have been sent by the spirits to give a course of twelve lectures on geology." The Professor asked, "Have you a programme?" The answer was "Yes; look here," and the programme traced by the spirits was shown. The Professor could make no objection, and gave him the use of his cabinet. Sometimes the spirits guided his hand, and he wrote the lectures; sometimes they supplied him with words when he stood up to speak. Reporters took down his twelve lectures, and the Professor said, "He takes up geology where the books leave off. He contradicts nothing that is ascertained, but he explains much." In the same way the spirits caused his hand to write a paper on socialism, which Robert Owen—a good judge on that question—said was the ablest he ever read. This closed the testimony given on the 14th.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE IN A PUBLIC HOUSE AT NANTWICH.

In various parts of the country public-houses are becoming notorious for "spirits" of a different kind from the "British and Foreign" of numerous brands, which they are accustomed to furnish to the thirsty multitudes who devote their vital powers and mentality to the worship of Bacchus. A few months ago a case similar to the one described

below excited considerable interest in a small town in the West of Scotland. Recently in Manchester, disturbances of a like description occurred; and now the operations of the invisibles have manifested themselves at Nantwich. In Wright's, a beerhouse in Churchyardside, very remarkable doings have been chronicled by the newspapers:—

"On several days during the past week we are told explosions occurred at intervals among the beer and porter casks. A great deal of liquor was lost, and it was impossible to keep some of the bungs in for any length of time, though some old hands had a try at it. The bottled porter towards the latter part of the week began to go also, and in order to preserve it a large number of the bottles were uncorked and the contents emptied. But this was an unpleasant, not to say dangerous operation, for while bottles were being carried from one room to another, they burst in the hands of the person carrying them, covering the said person with froth and porter, and leaving a quantity of broken glass in his or her hand. Empty glasses, jugs, decanters, and such like dead and inert articles were jumping from the shelves on to the floor! From the people in the house we learned that a few glasses and bottles had been cracking during the week, and that a number of bottles in exploding jumped from beneath the counter right over it. A number of bottles were placed in the yard in the hope of their being safe there, but it made no difference, off they went. On Friday afternoon bottles and glass, decanters and jugs were cracking at such a rate that the inmates scarcely durst go near the shelves to lift them down but retired to the yard to view the destruction from a safe position. And lest anybody should say that all this was owing to the fact that the glasses, &c., had been used for the beer and porter, and that something too strong had been put into those liquors, it was affirmed that a vinegar cruet had tumbled to the floor unaided, that a bottle with peppermint in it had, of its own accord, gone to smash, and to cap the climax, an ink bottle had flown out of the window! Moreover, we were informed that the bottles under the counter had been empty many a day, and the glasses had been washed and turned upside down. So much for the account of those connected with the house. Of outside testimony we have not very much. But there is one very respectable and reliable witness—this person (one well known in Nantwich) was passing the house that Friday afternoon delivering letters, and seeing a crowd looked in at the door. Just as she did so she says a glass came tumbling off the shelf, and, instead of falling straight down, came *over* the counter (which is opposite the door) towards the grate on the other side near the door. A moment after another came in the same way, and then she turned away feeling quite faint. Having, she says, just before been laughing at the tales she had heard of it as all nonsense, this sight gave her a great shock. Well, then a young man also of thorough respectability, was in the house and saw a tray full of glasses removed from the bar and set down on the parlour table; while his back was turned to them he heard a smash, and turning round he saw they had all tumbled to pieces. The tenant himself says that he has lost some £30 by it, and can show you a pile of broken glass in the yard, which certainly indicates that glass has been broken, but as to how or by whom, gives no clue."

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

THE RELIABILTY OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

(*To the Editor.*)

The question whether or not the soul can leave the body during life, time, and the latter survive the event, seems to be still further complicated by the evidence of other clairvoyants and disembodied spirits beyond the instances mentioned at page 321 of your June number.

In Hudson Tuttle's work "the Arcana of Nature," vol. 2, page 158, the controlling spirit writing through his hand says, speaking of the "Superclairvoyant State," "The spirit leaves the body, and, united with it only by the finest cord, traverses the remotest regions, converses with superior intelligences, and after its wanderings, again returns to the physical body."

Hudson Tuttle himself, also gives an incident of his own clairvoyant experience. "I apparently, he says, 'left the body,' and in company with my guardian, went to the spirit-world. I knew I must return. I came to my body. I saw it cold and motionless, rigid in every muscle and fibre. I endeavoured to regain possession of it several times, yet could not, and became so alarmed that I could not even make the effort; and it was only by and through the influence of the friends who were present that I succeeded at all. When at length I did recover my mortal garb, the anguish, the pain, the agony of that moment was indescribable. It was like that which is used to describe death; or which drowned men tell us of when they at length recover." "Some assert," he goes on to say, "that such is not the fact. If so, then good bye to clairvoyance for ever; for its teachings are too vague for embodiment in a system. All its revelations stand on the same platform, and if one is discarded so must be all."

Here is evidence of a clairvoyant and a controlling spirit on one side: what do we find on the other side of the question?

A. J. Davis in his "Stellar Key," at page 170, says, "To spirit power there is scarcely any limit. It would be difficult for any spirit to prove an *alibi*. This is an important point for all investigators to remember. The power of the spirit is the power of all to study. The force of the soul is not so important. The soul is organically wedged up in the body. No man's 'soul' ever goes out of his body but once; then it never returns, for from that moment the body is dead. Mediums have been permitted to say and do a great many things, because of the assumption being credited that they were not personally present in their own bodies. A multitude of spiritualists and mediums are now recovering from the effects of such mischievous superstitions."

At page 286 of "The Inner Life," Mr Davis says, "The clairvoyant may be hallucinated and completely deceived by the insinuating presence of some psychological influence, and he will fail utterly either to perceive or understand the nature and significance of the vision presented by a spirit-power." In illustration, Mr Davis gives a "remarkable and instructive vision of the spirit-world" as narrated by Plutarch.

He further tells us that "the clairvoyant medium is one, who,

differing from the natural, organic, independent clear seer, obtains distinct perceptions of spiritual things and personages, but not always associated with wisdom or comprehension.

"Individualized vision, and special lucidity of mind are, as I think, without a single exception, produced directly or indirectly by supermundane influences. There is nothing in cerebro-dynamics or natural laws capable of achieving such a development." "Individuality of character is not a condition of that clairvoyance which is spiritually induced."

Without personal experience it is impossible that any person can form a definite conception of clairvoyance or impression; it is therefore of the greatest consequence, that all persons having that experience should add to the stock of information, both by facts and arguments; and with this view I submit the above statements for consideration.

A. B. TIETKENS.

THE LOGIC OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

OUR scientific contemporary, *The British Journal of Photography*, has of late contained quite a number of facts, letters, paragraphs, and other notices of Spiritualism, chiefly in connection with the celebrated spirit photographs. Out of these allusions to Spiritualism, a very spirited controversy has arisen, which we have much pleasure in transcribing. Mr. R. J. Fowler, Paris correspondent of the *B. J. of Photography*, opens fire as follows:—

"One little expected that spiritualism, whatever that means, should ever be alluded to in the pages of a photographic journal, or that photography should be drawn in to aid in the deceptions of the craft; but so it is, and in my opinion it is one of the most absurd and painful notions of the present age that spiritual beings should come at the will of photographic operators, and should 'stand for their portraits.' I am led to these reflections, and to make these remarks by the indignation I felt at reading the ridiculous nonsense which the Editor of the *Art Journal* is said to have communicated to Judge Edmonds, of Mumler Trial celebrity. If people will perpetrate such absurdities in print, they must take the consequences, and, although I would not willingly hurt the feelings of any one, nor touch upon such matters at all, I cannot avoid making my protest against the illogical and impious matter attributed to Mr. S. C. Hall, and to ask all photographers to scout this so-called 'spiritualism,' and wipe their hands of such things. I have longed as much as any one for the visits of glorified beings, but I would not wish to see one in a 'mutch' cap, with 'hair plaited back,' and blind. I should be shocked to think that such was the garb of 'this mortal when it shall have put on immortality,' and my common sense would teach me that 'mutch' caps and 'plaited hair' were at any rate mortal accessories, and could never survive eight months in the grave. My ideas of a glorified state would not let me believe that the 'getting up' and starching that 'mutch caps' would require were celestial occupations; nor could I imagine they could be obtained ready made in the habitations of the just. The vision of Mr. Hall will not hold together; it is full of absurdity, and is most illogical. If Mr. Hall believes that what he saw was the spirit of his risen sister, he must also believe in the resurrection of 'mutch caps' and 'plaited hair.'"

Notwithstanding this curt letter, the writer's "longings for the visits

of glorified beings" are quite creditable to him, and show that like all human beings he is a spiritualist at heart. However ignorant of the subject he may be, he takes up the same ground that George Cruikshank, the celebrated artist, occupied so facetiously in a pamphlet about eight years ago; and as the exceptions taken are important, the following able letter which appeared in reply will be read with interest:—

"MR. HALL'S LOGIC *versus* SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

"*To the Editors.*

"Gentlemen,—Your number of the 13th inst. has found me out in this somewhat out-of-the-way place, where I have arrived *en route* for a still more remote locality. After perusing Mr. Fowler's letter of the 9th, I desire to make a remark or two upon it.

"No person who knows me personally will accuse me of agreeing with all that Mr. S. C. Hall has written, and into no person would I more unfrequently desire to have a 'pitch in,' especially on the subject of 'spiritual photography.' But at the same time I cannot help arriving at the conclusion that the materialistic zeal of your excellent Parisian correspondent has prevented him from looking at the case in its true logical bearings.

"He protests, he says, against the illogical and impious matter attributed to Mr. Hall. Now, waiving altogether the impiety of the matter, there certainly is nothing 'illogical' in Mr. Hall's statement. He saw, when he was in company with a Scottish nobleman and several others, a certain thing or person which he says was luminous enough and stationary enough to permit of its being photographed; and this thing or person was seen by others than himself. Now, this is simply a matter of *observation*, not of *reasoning*. There is nothing 'illogical' whatever in recording a fact alleged to be observed. My remarks on the other side may have more force if I say that I not only am not a 'spiritualist' but I do not believe in the existence of spirit as apart from matter. Writing myself thus down as a materialist I cannot perceive that Mr. Hall who narrates an incident without comment, is so illogical as is represented by Mr. Fowler, who deduces from the narrative that a physical body, the recognisable part of man, may possibly reappear, but not so a garment, whether it be a 'mutch cap' or 'flowing raiment of white apparel.'

"Does Mr. Fowler not perceive that if the spirit render itself visible, either for photographic or other purposes, the body it once occupied, as well as the 'mutch cap,' are still resting in a definite spot—the grave, and that if it be possible for a recognisable semblance of a physical body to make its appearance, it is quite as possible that it should appear as it was wont to do, even if instead of embroidered garments it may have been the more homely 'mutch cap?' I know hundreds of estimable friends who profess to believe in visible angelic or spiritual visitations in the former times, some of which visitants could accomplish the matter-of-fact feat of taking a substantial meal from off a slain kid. Now, if angels or spirits could do this at *one* time, is it so very 'illogical' for the editor of the *Art Journal* to say that he has, in the presence of several other persons, seen a similar form or being sufficiently illuminated and for a sufficient length of time to permit of its being photographed? If Manoah could show his hospitality to visitors of this nature who were able to dispose of a hearty meal, what is there unreasonable in Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, with the Hon. Mr. Lindsay and others, seeing a similar figure?

"I have only confined myself to the logical bearings of the case.—I am, yours, &c., AN OLD M.D.

"*Peterhead, Scotland, August* 23, 1869."

In the following number "A. B. C." adduces much important testimony in favour of the facts of Spiritualism, and thinks in the face of such

respectable evidence, Mr. Fowler had handled Mr. S. C. Hall rather harshly. Mr. Fowler replies and gives his belief respecting matters spiritualistic. He is an old-fashioned resurrectionist. "Putting on immortality" is, with him, to become a glorified nothing, "till the resurrection of the natural body." He argues—"Everything that is seen is material. If material it is not spiritual; if spiritual it is not seen." A very fine use of terms, indeed, but unfortunately no definition accompanies them. What is "spiritual" and what is "material"? Is man not as spiritual now as regards his inner being as he will ever be? It is only his conditions, his phenomenal attributes, that which enables him to make an "appearance" on a material plane of being, which is material. Our physical bodies are indeed a "spiritual manifestation." But let the spirit change its conditions by the death process, and its phenomenal attributes will be altered. But no testimony exists that the relations of the spirit to matter then terminate. Matter without spirit is inert and dead, and what is the whole scheme of creation but spirit exhibiting itself through matter? Why, then, should it be questioned that intelligent spirits, or in other words, *spirit* individualised in human consciousness and experience, should not be able, under certain conditions, to control matter so far as to constitute the "appearances" which Mr. Fowler believes in, and is so far a hopeful pupil? He suggests that the question might be settled by some one capable of seeing spirits focussing an extra sensitive place on the spirit form when it appears at a circle. We would strongly recommend Mr. Fowler to visit a circle and experience the phenomenon for himself, and we will eagerly await his report thereon.

MR. PEEBLES' VISIT TO EUROPE.

WHO IS MR. PEEBLES?

The readers of that veteran and staunch exponent of Spiritualism, the "*Banner of Light*," have long been agreeably attracted towards the last page of that journal, on which was, till lately, printed the "Western Department—J. M. Peebles, Editor"—in which capacity this gentleman has been chiefly known to British readers. As a lecturer, the *Banner* has also introduced him to this country by the copious reports of his orations on the Spiritual Philosophy which it has given from time to time. Mr. Peebles was in his earliest years educated for the ministry in the Calvinistic Baptist Church, one of the strictest orthodox communions of America. His aptitude for knowledge and liberal education prompted him to overstep the narrow limits of study assigned to the office of pastor. He read, observed, and thought for himself, all the while strenuously opposing that which his theological education pronounced erroneous, and conscientiously defending that which his creed inculcated as truth, and graduated from the Calvinistic school of thought into the broader views entertained by Universalists, in which church he was a preacher several years. While his mind was thus oscillating between the narrow, pent-up confines of educational theories, and the shoreless frigid ocean of doubt and negation, the Spiritual movement swept over America, and the manifestations occurred to members of his congrgation, and before his own eyes. He examined the phenomena and communications cautiously, and with strict regard to his sacred function as a minister of religion, and after many doubts and misgivings, his objections succumbed to the force of truth, and he entered the ranks of Spiritualism.

Since that eventful time he has devoted his whole energies to the diffusion of Spiritualism and other humanitarian movements. He has travelled many thousands of miles from New England to California, from North to South, in the

polished cities of the East, amongst hardy mountaineers, plodding settlers, the go-ahead Californians and aboriginal Red Men of the prairies and mountains; all the time dispensing knowledge as he found opportunity, and gaining experience of man from his intercourse with him in so many degrees of civilisation.

Personally, Mr. Peebles is tall and gentlemanly in bearing. His figure is light and symmetrical, and his temperament may be termed "Spiritual;" and being a man of classical education, extensive reading, deep thought, and literary culture, the impression which he makes is favourable and agreeable in the extreme. He is easy, unaffected, simple, and child-like in his manners, while he is eminently manly, refined, and sympathetic. Hudson Tuttle thus writes of him in the *American Spiritualist*:—"J. M. Peebles.—This well known author, student, and speaker is the St. John of the New Dispensation. If we desired a portrait of that loved disciple of Jesus, Brother P. should sit for it. We hope the beloved of Old equalled that of the new in all-embracing charity, unselfishness of character, and a love which extends from the highest to the lowest. He is closing his engagements preparatory to spending six months or a year in Europe. Our literature undoubtedly will be enriched by his researches." Col. D. M. Fox, Editor of the *Present Age*, and President of the National American Association of Spiritualists, in a recent issue of his truly talented and live journal, thus speaks of Mr Peebles' departure for this country:—"We are sorry to learn that Brother Peebles cannot postpone his embarkation for Europe until our Annual National Convention; as we very much desired the calm counsel and genial influence of one who has been so long identified with the Spiritualistic Movement. Our best wishes go with him, for we know how long and anxiously he has desired to visit the scenes of the old world; and his intense desire to delve in its grand old libraries, containing their millions of volumes of ancient lore. With us, thousands of American Spiritualists will unite in saying,

"Where'er thou journeyest, or whate'er thy care,
My heart shall follow and my spirit share."

Mr. Peebles does not visit us simply as a Spiritualist; he carries with him credentials to the Friends of Peace in Europe from the Universal Peace Society, of which he is Vice President. At a recent convention he was delegated to visit Europe, and confer with the Friends of Peace as one "interested in every movement of a humanitarian and international character that will tend to make peace secure and lasting." Mr. Peebles has recently assumed the position of Editor in Chief of the *Universe*,* an original and comprehensive weekly journal published in Chicago; devoted to Spiritualism, Progressive Philosophy, Human Nature Science, Social Reform, the Position of Women, and all that can interest and instruct intelligent and thoughtful men and women. Mr. Peebles had been favourably known by the few in this country, and the news of his visit had preceded him, so that many were ready to give him a hearty welcome on his arrival on the 11th of August.

MR. PEEBLES' TOUR IN THE NORTH.

Having enjoyed the kind hospitality of J. Wason, Esq., and other friends in Liverpool, Mr. Peebles proceeded to Manchester. Of the results of his visit to that city, Mr. James Thomasson, the active Secretary of the Association of Spiritualists, writes,—"Mr. Peebles gave us three very interesting lectures. He will do much good wherever he goes." Mr. P. then travelled to York, where he had a very remarkable corroboration of a spirit communication; and from that ancient city to Glasgow, by way of Edinburgh, where he spent the day. Our Glasgow friends were in active readiness for his visit. On the evening of his arrival, notwithstanding his great fatigue, he desired to see Mr Duguid the painting medium at work, who was soon entranced. After the usual time occupied in painting on a large picture now in course of production, the medium painted a small sketch in the dark in a few minutes, and handed it to his distinguished visitor, which will no doubt be cherished as one of the most remarkable phenomena which modern Spiritualism has developed. Next evening, after a highly gratifying visit to our much esteemed contributor, J. W. Jackson, Esq., Mr. Peebles lectured in the rooms of the Psychological Society, of which circumstance a friendly hand writes:—"There was a crowded house, which, under the circum-

*Copies may be obtained at our office. Many of our readers would delight in a weekly perusal of this high-toned journal.

stances, indicates a growing interest in Glasgow on the subject of Spiritualism. The lecture had been advertised for the Tuesday evening previous, and hundreds had to go away with the verbal intimation that the lecture would take place on the Friday evening. However, when it did come off, it was no small affair, and it was evidently relished much by the audience. The lecturer brings to the elucidation of his subject, all the powers of a classically trained mind, apt and racy illustration, experience of his subject, and the happy knack of carrying his hearers along with him. His appeals to the sympathies of his audience were at times thrillingly eloquent, while his hits right and left at opponents, Psychologists and all, were no doubt felt in the proper spirit, and seemed to be highly enjoyed by the President of the Society, J. W. Jackson, Esq., who occupied the chair. A similar meeting was held in the same place on Sunday afternoon, when Mr. Peebles lectured eloquently on Immortality and the Future Life. The audience was again large, and appeared deeply interested in the subject. Saturday was spent in a trip to the most beautiful region of the Highlands. Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet, and Messrs Clark and Brown, constituted the party. While waiting for the Lochlomond steamer at Tarbet, right opposite to grand old Benlomond, the steamer going North with her Majesty the Queen on board, passed about a hundred yards from the shore, affording Brother Peebles an opportunity of seeing a real live Queen. Our only feeling is that he has been so short a time with us. We hope to have another visit from him, with timely notice to enable us to get up some suitable demonstration."

MR. PEEBLES' RECEPTION IN LONDON.

Mr. Peebles reached the metropolis on the morning of September 6, and after an interview with Mrs. Hardinge previous to her departure for Liverpool *en route* for America, he took up his abode at the PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY AND SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION, desiring quiet and retirement that he might prosecute his literary labours. A committee of leading London Spiritualists quickly resolved on giving their distinguished guest a public reception, and, accordingly, a circular signed by "J. Burns" was issued to the prominent Spiritualists of London and the provinces, stating that "the arrival of Mr. J. M. Peebles, of America, in this country, had suggested the desirability of entertaining him at a meeting of welcome, on the occasion of his visit amongst us; and give a representative gathering of London Spiritualists the opportunity of exchanging fraternal greetings with an American medium and leading Spiritualist of culture and experience." The meeting took place at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, W. C., on the evening of Wednesday, September 15, when a most influential and harmonious gathering met to do honour to Mr. Peebles and the movements and nation he represents. Amongst those present were, Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, widow of the late Professor Gregory of Edinburgh; the Countess Paulett; Mrs. George Thompson, whose husband is so well known in England and America for his active sympathies with the cause of human freedom; Mrs. and Miss Cooper, Mrs. Tebb, Miss Santi, Miss Houghton; Mr., Mrs., and Miss Dornbusch; Two Gentlemen, members of Cambridge University; Rev. M. D. Conway; Rev. S. E. Bengough, M.A.; B. Coleman, Esq.; A. B. Tietkens, Esq.; Dr. Robt. Colquhoun, Dr. Wilmshurst, Mr. Hannah, Mr. Mawson, Mr. Armfield, &c.

Numerous letters were received from eminent Spiritualists who were absent from London or unavoidably occupied by previous engagements.

William Howitt, Esq., writing from North Wales, regretted that the great distance did not allow his attendance. He could only send his cordial wishes for a very pleasant and profitable assembling.

The following letters were read:

FROM D. D. HOME, ESQ.—"The Priory, Great Malvern, September 10, 1869.—My dear Mr. Burns—It is not only with regret, but with very deep regret that I find myself unable to be with you on the 15th. I am advertised to read in Clifton on that evening, and nothing but this would have prevented me from being present to give a hearty welcome to such an honest and good worker in the glorious cause of progress. I hope Mr. Peebles does not think of leaving us yet, and I hope soon to see him and assure him of my heart's best sympathy. Again expressing my deep regret."

FROM J. W. JACKSON, ESQ.—"39 St. George's Road, Glasgow, September 11, 1869.—My dear Mr. Burns—Accept my most grateful thanks for your kind invi-

tation to the social gathering in honour of Mr. Peebles. Were I in town, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to once more see and hear our able and estimable transatlantic friend, whose visit to Glasgow has left an impression that will not be soon effaced, even from the general public, and will be treasured as a life-long remembrance by the few, who, like myself, were privileged to meet him in private, and exchange those thoughts, which, we trust, may prove seed germs for the ages. Though absent in the body on the evening of the 15th inst., few will be more present with you in the spirit than, my dear sir, yours very truly, J. W. JACKSON."

FROM DR. NICHOLS.—"Malvern, September 12, 1869.—My dear Mr. Burns—I regret that we shall not have the pleasure of visiting London this week, and being present at the reception of so active and eminent a co-worker in the world's enlightenment as Mr Peebles, with whose writings we have long been acquainted. The health of Mrs. Nichols requires that we should spend a little time at the sea-side. If it were possible for us to be in town, we should, I have no doubt, greatly enjoy such a re-union as you propose to us, and we send our best wishes for its success. Differing very widely on some points from many who are called Spiritualists, we, nevertheless, hope and expect great good from the Spiritual movement, and look upon it as a providential means for ushering upon the earth a happier and holier era for our race. Kindly give our welcome to England, our home for so many years, to your guest, and our God-speed on his mission in all that may be for the greater glory of God and the greater good of all His creatures."

FROM REV. F. R. YOUNG.—"Rose Cottage, Swindon, Wiltshire, 10th Sept., 1869.—My dear Sir—I thank you for your invitation to meet my friend Mr. Peebles, with whom I had many pleasant conversations in Boston, and who is an honour to the cause of Spiritualism in America. But as I am at this very time endeavouring to arrange for a visit from Mr. Peebles towards the end of the month, and as I shall be very busy with home duties next week, I must beg to decline it."

Mr. S. C. Hall, Editor of the *Art Journal*, regretted that he would be in Derbyshire on the 15th. Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the well-known author, was from home, and unable to attend a meeting in the desirability of which he cordially concurred.

After refreshments were served in an apartment devoted to that purpose, the company assembled in the drawing-rooms, and the business of the evening commenced by B. Coleman, Esq., being invited to the chair. Mr. Coleman kindly responded to the call, and presided with much cordiality and grace.

Mr. COLEMAN, in opening the proceedings, said,—Ladies and Gentlemen, I have just been requested to take the chair on this occasion. We are met here, as you are aware, to give a welcome and greeting to our friend Mr. Peebles, and to those who are acquainted with American literature his name will be familiar. I have known him by reputation for many years, and I am free to say, I know no man more unselfish or more earnest than our friend Mr. Peebles. I may also say that though I cordially respect my friend, and highly appreciate his earnest working in the cause, yet I might not be able to agree with him in all the views he might take of our movement; but as we can all agree to differ, and respect the differences of opinion which exist amongst us, that does not prevent us from thanking him for his presence amongst us this evening in the cause of Spiritualism.

Mr. TIETKENS was then called upon to read the following

"ADDRESS to MR. J. M. PEEBLES, of AMERICA, by the SPIRITUALISTS of LONDON.

"Dear Sir and Brother,—We have the greatest pleasure on the present occasion in welcoming you amongst us, and in extending the warm hand of brotherhood to you, as an eminent representative of the millions on the western hemisphere who share with us the beautiful teachings derived from spirit communion.

"Peace, wisdom, and inspiration be with you, and the highly enlightened nation of which you are a distinguished citizen. We perceive in your life-work as inspirational medium, teacher, author, and editor, an apt illustration of the genius of modern Spiritualism. In your learned researches, you have shown that the stream of human progress has been fed ever, in all ages, from spiritual sources; that this divine influx is inexhaustible and ever present; that it is confined to no age, race, sect, or form of belief; and that its redemptive work will

yet extend to the complete development of man from all angularities and imperfections.

"We welcome you also as an authorised delegate from the friends of peace in America, and as an active promoter of individual and social reform and human welfare in every sense.

"We shall be glad to hear from your lips some account of the present position of Spiritualism in America, its upward struggles, its achievements, and its future tendencies; also the status of mediumship most prevalent and useful, and any other information which the impressions of the moment may furnish.

"We shall be glad if you can extend your sojourn amongst us, and help us in the great work which we have scarcely yet begun. We cordially invite you to our platforms in the metropolis and chief cities of this country. The people require much teaching concerning our principles and motives, and the leaders of our movement would be benefited by your guidance in the matter of organisation and the best means of promoting the popular diffusion of Spiritualism.

"Wishing you a prosperous and safe journey to the Consular appointment in Asia, which your Government has been pleased to confide to you, and praying that you may be the recipient of those blessings (in this and other worlds) which flow from the soul's most cherished treasure—the possession of truth,—We are, sincerely, yours."

Mr. Tietkens concluded by moving a resolution that the address be adopted by by the meeting and presented to Mr. Peebles.

The Rev. S. E. BENGOUGH, M.A., seconded the resolution, and at the same time desired to say a word with regard to his own feelings in welcoming a gentleman from the Far West. He owed a great debt of gratitude to the mind of America because much that had led to his improvement and added to his manhood in the truest sense, had been derived from those writings which had emanated from the other side of the Atlantic. He thought no Englishman could become conversant with such writers as Emerson without being the better for it. He was very anxious, indeed, to become acquainted with the book on the table, entitled the "Seers of the Ages." In looking over its pages, it promised a rich feast. From it he observed that Spiritualism has been known in all ages, and to all nations, in Persia, Greece, Rome, and Palestine; and this led him to notice one fact with regard to Spiritualism: it seemed that we could not possibly separate opinions from national character, and that our national character influenced our conception of everything and Spiritualism among the number. How very different, for instance, said Mr. Bengough, is the tone of French writers on Spiritualism, to those born in England and partaking thoroughly of the English spirit. This holds true of every nation. Then, in what respect are we to derive especial advantages from American Spiritualism? They speak our language, while at the same time their thoughts are not confined within the barriers which of necessity confine, in a certain measure, our own, and prevent the true development of the spiritualistic idea; and I think, therefore, when we have brought prominently before us by the first minds of America, these great truths, we are likely to have many of our narrow opinions broken down, and new life imparted to us. Therefore, for my part, I shall listen with great interest to Mr. Peebles.

Miss HOUGHTON said—We are most happy to see Mr. Peebles, and to welcome him to this country.

Rev. M. D. CONWAY being called upon, said—Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I have great sympathy with you in giving welcome to a genuine American thinker and labourer in good works. Not being a spiritualist, I have no claim upon the generosity which has invited me here except the great respect I have for truth. I am more friendly with spiritualists than with spirits, and I acknowledge a large number of very dear friends in that body. There has not yet been a complete and thorough attempt to bring the scientific men of London to the point of testing the great and important claims of this movement. No one can travel through America or Russia, and mix in any company but they will find a spiritualist present, persons perhaps of great intelligence and refinement—Barons and Princes, and persons who have studied in all languages; and no person can for a moment doubt their integrity. The subject has not been sufficiently decided by men of science and culture, except such as were spiritualists; and few are capable of strict scientific investigation. The most of people can only believe what they can *bite*, more they cannot understand. Of course I

know what the Dialectical Society has been doing, but the public will have no more faith in them than they have in any of you gentlemen, and when they come out with their report no one will respect it. The only thing in the world for the sceptical mind of this age will be when two or three well-known scientific men can report that they have seen the manifestations. As for Mr. Peebles, I have long known him as a liberal American and an earnest man, and I am obliged to those gentlemen who have so kindly enabled me to meet him.

Mr. Coleman then put the address to the meeting, which was carried with unanimity.

Mr. PEEBLES then rose and said—Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—The privilege of meeting you upon the present occasion affords me intense pleasure. Personally strangers, yet for years I have known some of you, at least through your public lectures, authorship, and contributions to the English and American press; and I am exceedingly happy this evening in the privilege of clasping your warm hands, looking into your earnest faces, and coming into closer relationships with you socially and spiritually. Delegated by the "Universal Peace Society of America," planting my feet upon your soil, I held in my earnest right hand the olive branch of peace; and the other day, numbering one of that thirty or forty thousand assembled in the Crystal Palace, and seeing suspended over those eight thousand choralists the national flags of England, Ireland, Scotland, and America, responding seemingly in holy quietness to the melody of Oliver Wendell Holme's peace hymn, so touchingly rendered at the Peace Jubilee in Boston, my soul throbbed in gladness, and for the moment I fancied myself in Syrian lands, listening to the echoing refrain—"Peace on earth, and goodwill towards men." Your own Lord Brougham said—"I abominate war as unchristian. I hold it the greatest of human crimes." England and America, as elder and younger brother, united by the common sympathy of race, speaking one language, and connected by thousands of commercial interests, should never breathe the word war. All nations should settle their civil and international differences by arbitration and congresses of nations. The genius of the age calls for the practice of these divine peace principles. Doubtless I shall come into closer sympathy with your present soul desires by referring to the Spiritual philosophy. Spiritualism, as a science and a religion, a phenomenon and a philosophy, is a word from the utterance of which I never shrink. Enunciated in good solid Anglo-Saxon, it is ever music to my ear. I am not a mere believer in the fact that spirits are with, and under favourable conditions communicate to, us; it is a matter to me of positive knowledge. If I can know anything by the aid of my senses, in connection with reason and consciousness, I know the two worlds are bridged and in continual communion.—On reaching this country, Mr. President, instead of pushing to London, the world's metropolis, I speedily made my way towards York, via Manchester, Huddersfield, and Brotherton, to identify and localise a spirit with whom I had conversed frequently and intimately for some eleven years. This spirit first entranced a young man of Battle Creek, Michigan—E. C. Dunn (at present a prominent lecturer and healer)—giving his name as Aaron Knight, spelling it himself Nite, because the more natural. He said he passed into the spirit world about 170 years since. His brother's name was James Knight, an English clergyman of considerable eminence, who had preached in York and London. He intimately described the county of York and the city of York, the river Ouse, the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the Minster, the position it stood relative to the points of the compass, the beautiful window designs, the location of the Virgin Mary with the hissing serpent under her feet, &c., all of which we found as he had often described. After faithful research in the annals of Yorkshire, I repaired, in company with Robert Green, Esq., to the "Will Office," where, aided by the clerk, we found upon the records the brother's name, Rev. James Knight. We have the full Latin copy in the clerk's own hand. This is the translation:—"Twenty-fourth of October, 1714.—James Knight, A.M., was ordained deacon in the Savoy Chapel, London, and priest in the same chapel on the following Sunday." (From the Institution Book in the Archiepiscopal Registry, York, England.) The confirmation of the localities, and the identification of the spirit were most satisfactory; and this is only one among the thousands of similar tests that have gladdened and touched with a new life our souls' affections. The Rev. Mr. Bengough, M.A. of Christ College, Oxford, who has just taken his seat, deeply interested me, as did the subsequent stirring words of Rev.

M. D. Conway, so well known in Unitarian circles of America. His well-timed sentences reminded me of a half day spent in the library of Emerson. This "Sage of Concord" said—"The *universe* is to me one grand spirit manifestation, . . . but as to the minor, the specialities so to speak, I shall have to refer you to Mrs. Emerson, who is much interested in these spiritual matters." It is often asked, If Spiritualism be true—if its facts are all that is claimed for them—what of it? I answer, it solves the problem of the ages,—"If a man die, shall he live again?" By lifting the veil and showing us those we love, it gives us a present tangible demonstration of a future conscious existence. The sweetest answer to prayer, it comes a living inspiration, a key to the mysteries of the past, a power to educate and a baptism warm with holy influences, preparing us under the providence of God and the ministry of Angels for this and the immortal life.—The animus of Spiritualism spanning all human interests, and connected with all the reform movements of the age, is both destructive and constructive, both conservative and radical. It would conserve the good of all the Asiatic civilisations, of all the Semitic religions; yet, at the same time in harmony with the law of progress it throws its pulsing feelers out and upward in search of higher thoughts and more heavenly truths. Perhaps some of us in America have been too destructive. Putting forth too much strength for the demolition of the old theologic notions of the fathers without being sufficiently constructive, we have neglected organisation, co-operation, educational interests, and religious culture. Whittier says, "The destroyer should be the builder too," and Carlyle insists that he who "goes forth with a torch for burning," should also carry a "hammer for building." Many have yet to learn the full import of the term toleration—the meaning of the word *charity*. Intellectually we may, we necessarily *must* differ; but our hearts all touched and tuned to the Christ principle of love may beat as one. The angels do not ask—what do you believe?—but, what do you do? what are your life-aims? what practical work have you wrought for humanity?—Speaking in one of the New England States, a while since, I received a note from Bishop —— to spend a day with him, and the whole theme of our conversation was "Spiritualism." I saw among his books, of which he has a fine collection, some upon Magic and Spiritualism. He is a firm believer in the fact that spirits commune with men. Why, I asked, do you not come out and proclaim these things openly? He looked at me, and said, "*You* are just designed to traverse the country, and scatter the seed, to get the golden fruit; but I," said the Bishop, "instead of scattering the seed, am content to *graft into the old trunk*, and if I put in too many grafts, they will absorb the juices and spoil the whole tree." Every man has a right to think for himself, hear for himself, judge for himself, and believe for himself—these are in consonance with the genius of the Harmonial Philosophy. I am very happy this evening in seeing before me Mrs. George Thompson. I speak of George Thompson as an old friend, never forgetting the pleasant conversation we held together at the residence of J. C. Woodman, Esq., Portland, Maine. In fact, there is a common sympathy which tends to make our philosophy, our science, our spiritual gospel of reform in this age a practical one, and we should bring it down to every day life and live it that others may see "our good works and be led to glorify God." The principles of Spiritualism are marching on rapidly in America, and gaining attention in every circle of society. It has been estimated that there are eleven millions of spiritualists in America; this, probably, includes those still in the churches, and whose religion simply recognises the fact that spirits *can* communicate. The lowest estimate, however, is four millions. We have a national association, several state conventions, thousands of organised societies and Progressive Lyceums, which that highly illumined seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, first saw in the spirit land. In these Progressive Lyceums, to the importance of which many of our American spiritualists are not yet educated, our children are taught to develop their whole being mentally, morally, physically, and spiritually; for we know that the great power of the sectarian churches consists in warping and training the young in their superstitions and dogmas; and the Roman Catholics know that if they can get the charge of the children for the first few years they need have no fear of their becoming Protestants, a hint which Spiritualists should turn to good account. If we would liberalise the race we must educate the young, and this Spiritualists should accomplish through Children's Progressive Lyceums, Progressive Libraries, new educational institutions, the support of our periodicals and literature, and the encouragement of mediums and speakers; and thus the work of progress would go

forward, on a broad liberal basis of sympathy and harmony, labouring to educate and spiritualise ourselves and our race.—The good that comes from this gospel of Spiritualism no tongue can tell. People have come to me saying, "Oh! how happy I am with this knowledge, for by it my heart has been made glad. I knew a venerable man in Berlin, N. Y., a fine character, but who had lived a Deist. He had lost his companion, and all his sons excepting one young man, and he, just from college, succumbed to consumption. My text upon the funeral occasion was, "If a man die, shall he live again?" The discourse finished, the coffin lid lifted, the venerable patriarch, looking upon the cold face, baptised it with tears, and exclaimed, "Oh! I loved my son while living, and I love him now though dead, and if I could only believe as you believe, that I could see him again, I should be happy. But all is dark, dark." Four years ago I met that old man again, and when he saw me he rushed forward and said, "Why, brother, you told me the truth, my son does live, he comes day after day, and has given me proof after proof. I no longer doubt my son does live, and I can hardly wait the call to rejoin him;" and his chin quivered, and his tears again streamed, not in sorrow, but in joy—a joy too deep for utterance. Now to him death was but the beginning of life immortal. Thus Spiritualism directs in health, comforts in sickness, cheers in death, brushes all our tears away, and rolling up the curtain of immortality, shows us the glorified faces of "loved ones gone before."—I again thank you, kind friends, for the very cordial reception with which you have greeted me. You have been pleased to link with my name that of my country, and the position of Spiritualism therein, and on behalf of the Editors, the public speakers, the media, and co-workers in this common cause in America, I extend to you the brotherly hand of friendship and sympathy, and, though upon metaphysical and theological points we may differ, let us differ in that spirit of charity which the apostle said was of higher import than faith or hope. "By this," said Jesus, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, in that ye love one another." Finally, I can only hope to have the pleasure at some future time of greeting you in America, and reciprocating, to the full extent of my power, the high honour and pleasure you confer upon me this evening.

Mr. BURNS being called upon by Mr. Coleman, said,—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I do not well know how to express the pleasure I feel in meeting you all and our brother, Mr. Peebles, this evening. I have known him for several years; I have corresponded with him and collected rare books for him, I have read his lectures, and spoken to those who have met him. He has now been my guest for several days, and I feel that the longer I know him, and the more I see of him, the more he is worthy of my love and respect. I have had great pleasure in listening to his fervent and enlightened remarks. We see in Mr. Peebles a form of Spiritualism too seldom met with. As Mr. Bengough remarked, Spiritualism bears the character of the people from amongst whom it emanates, and the same may be said of the individual. If the spiritualist is an enlightened man, we have an enlightened Spiritualism; if he is a deficient man, we have a deficient Spiritualism. In Mr. Peebles we have a full Spiritualism. It is not, however, my place to talk to you this evening further than to express the pleasure I feel in meeting you, and to thank you for the cordial response you have given to the missive which I have had the honour of addressing to you. This is the first occasion on which a meeting of any importance has taken place in this Institution, and I would be glad, with your kind permission, to say a few words with respect to the position which I would wish it to take in this movement. It is now about seven years since I went to W. M. Wilkinson, Esq., and told him I was a bookseller's clerk, and had just heard of the gospel of Spiritualism. It filled a great want in my nature, which I had been years waiting for. I thirsted to communicate the glad tidings to others, and regretted that books on the subject were at that time scarce, expensive, and difficult to obtain, and resolved to do what I could to make the literature of Spiritualism more popular. Mr. Wilkinson received me very kindly, and told me that I was free to advertise my books in the *Spiritual Magazine*. I began to import books from America, and my grateful remembrance will be ever due to Mr. Plumb, of the firm of Davis & Co., New York, without whose kindly co-operation my plans could not have been carried out. Like an inspiration came the idea of the Progressive Library, which, from being a thought in my mind, soon became a fact. We had a library

in our cottage, from whence we sent out tons of books and periodicals. Thousands of volumes that otherwise would never have been read, found a perusal because of the facilities which this humble library afforded. After a while kind friends and propitious circumstances enabled us to erect this Institution, which, for the present, may be quite adequate to the demands of Spiritualism. In the first place, we have a shop to sell books, and we wish to make it useful, as a source from which instructive books may emanate, and, if possible, of a cheaper and more popular character than has hitherto appeared. Those who become members of this Institution obtain from the library two books at a time, which may be changed as often as they please. Besides Spiritualism, the books in the library relate to all departments of Anthropological science, so that there is ample room for selection, and all tastes and wants may be gratified. Members are also entitled to the use of the reading room. This front room is used for conversation, and where lady subscribers may meet. The back room is a general reading room for all. This Institution is a home for Spiritualism and Spiritualists. We cordially welcome people who come from a distance or other countries, and we do not put a fee at the door or any other obstacle in their way. This may also be called a kind of spiritualistic club, and this meeting is the first of a series of similar meetings which we hope to see weekly during the winter. We also purpose commencing a college for instruction in the science of human nature. The classes will open on Tuesday evening, October the 5th, and I hope it will ultimately develop into a useful educational centre, from which will radiate a trained band of teachers and lecturers.

Mr. COLEMAN then rose to review the evening's proceedings. He did not think Mr. Conway had gone into Spiritualism sufficiently far to enable him to give a decided opinion on the subject. He understood that Mr. Conway held a prominent position in scientific circles, and would remark that the Spiritualists had freely offered to meet men of science, with whom the fault lay, rather than with the Spiritualists. The ranks of Spiritualism contained the names of eminent scientific men already, and if all the scientific men who investigated Spiritualism were Spiritualists, it was a most powerful argument in favour of the truth of Spiritualism. Those scientific men who were not Spiritualists, had never approached the subject in a spirit of fairness, but had dictated terms contrary to the principles upon which the phenomena were elicited, and had otherwise exhibited a want of scientific method in their pretended treatment of the matter. In the room at that moment they had an eminent scientific man who commenced the investigation as a sceptic, but being a lover of truth rather than his own preconceived notions, he adopted those methods by which alone the question could be explored, and was now an intelligent believer in Spiritualism. Mr. Coleman challenged any scientific man to a survey of Spiritualism, if he entered upon it as a learner—an investigator, and not as a dictator, which was a most unwarrantable position to assume respecting a subject which was not understood. Mr. Coleman said he was the first to press upon Mr. Burns's attention the desirability of having such an Institution as the one they were that evening assembled in. He thought Mr. Burns was fully entitled to the hearty support of all Spiritualists, and he hoped every lady and gentleman present would become members of the Institution.

Mr. PEEBLES rose, and spoke of the excellent spirit in which the meeting had been conducted. He paid a high compliment to the culture and liberality of the Radical wing of American Unitarians: there was a deep sympathy between these and Spiritualists. To him this charity, this toleration was beautiful, and it should be cherished towards each other as members of one family partaking of a common nature.

The Chairman, in closing the meeting, congratulated those present on the arrival of Mr. Peebles in England, and the privilege they all had enjoyed in hearing such an eloquent and sound lecture.

Mr. C. W. PEARCE rose to propose a vote of thanks to Mr. Coleman, for the able and genial manner in which he had discharged the duties of president. In doing so, he begged permission for a few moments to illustrate the great advantages to be derived from being a member of the Progressive Library. Through the kindness of a gentleman now present, he had been privileged to first become acquainted with the Spiritual phenomena; and after being a nominal Spiritualist,

he had greatly enlarged his views, and gained a truer knowledge of the principles of Spiritualism, for which he was chiefly indebted to the facilities afforded by the Progressive Library.

Mr. BURNS seconded the vote of thanks, which was carried with acclamation, and the remainder of the evening was spent in introductions and social converse.

REVIEW.

"DIVINIUM HUMANUM" IN CREATION—Spiritual Revealings. By the Writer of "Ecce Homo," "Primeval Man," &c. London: J. Burns. 3s 6d.

THIS book puzzles us. From a perusal of it we can most fully agree with the opening sentence, "The manifestation of spirit power is not confined to the establishment of order, but is often found to produce disorder in the human mind;" but it is stated that an end is always attained by that disorder. "Men are never allowed to become cognisant of that end until it is accomplished in nature. The spirit is, however, fully conscious of that which pertaineth unto itself, but the natural mind cannot be entrusted with that secret." Such, indeed, is the experience of almost every one who has ventured on the investigation of Spiritualism. Former notions have to give place to new ideas; facts seem opposed to facts, and theories upset theories in delightful perplexity and confusion, till the most gifted and experienced spiritualist is bound to exclaim, "I have not yet seen the full drift of this subject in all its bearings." But existence and its numerous problems and inextricable labyrinths are facts; they constitute the sum and substance of our conscious being, and the series of thoughts and phenomena called "Spiritualism" form a portion of this opaque web of human life. We must not, then, approach the examination of a work purporting to throw light on such intricate topics in a spirit of self-sufficiency and dogmatic assumption of omniscience. Much that is stated in this volume we absolutely know nothing of experimentally, and hence have great difficulty in understanding aright the testimony which it presents. Speaking of the writer of the work, the preface declares "She is not cognisant of one word she is employed to write till it is on the paper before her." "Her spiritual director," who is her "spirit counterpart," holds habitual interlocution with her in her "inner mental chamber" "in a perfectly abnormal and spiritual manner," and thus the contents of this volume have been conveyed to the world. Yet it is further declared that this very extraordinary process "is not inconsistent with the statement, that it is her own spirit which is operative in the production of the work. It is simply that the natural consciousness has to make application to the spiritual consciousness for guidance in all matters relating thereto." Thus it appears that the writer is her self and her "spiritual counterpart" at the same time. The author proceeds to prove "that a twofold consciousness exists in the human mind," and that all are constituted as described above. The real author is "a spiritual being in intimate relation with a woman in the mortal clothing." This is not the only work which has been produced

by their agency in this manner. "Primeval Man," published a few years ago, is a work of which this may be considered a continuation, though much more lucid and interesting in style. These volumes profess to set forth a system of spiritual anthropology of a very remarkable kind, as the following sentences show:—"I will state that I am not a separate being from her, and yet that I did live on earth as a man of due proportion. I had then no conscious perception of my inner belongings; they were concentrated in the mind and person of her who is now writing these words. My inner self was then in that form; it is so now, but consciously so; formerly it was so in perfect unconsciousness." While on earth he was physically a man, but spiritually was the spiritual counterpart of this lady medium. At her earthly decease they will become one mind and possess one consciousness. This is a law of human existence. Every man and woman is similarly constituted. Persons who are evil disposed have no counterpart in material existence, hence are unsexed in spirit, and are thus devoid of the guidance of the spiritual aspect of their being. The spirit further states that though consciously masculine when on earth, he is now consciously feminine, and has "no identity independent of the medium of this communication, nor has she any identity out of myself." But the "wicked, having no counterpart in natural life," are still men and women after death, and continue so until the second death has passed upon them. The interval is hell. Such a state is "an abomination and a horror." With the good, who have partners in nature, the case is vastly different. When the first dies "the spirit form is that of the partner left on earth, and at the departure of that one the form is angelic." In her previous work, "Primeval Man," the writer detailed the "origin, declension, and restoration of the race." The same arguments are repeated here, but more logically and clearly. The "fall of man" is stated to consist in his being made male and female, and his salvation is attained through the presence of Christ in every human being, Christ being God and God being synonymous with nature. Thus every man as he is constituted by nature is his own Saviour. But the statements in the book before us often defy the rigid application of logic, inference, and analogy. The meaning cannot be appreciated by every reader, even as every person is not capable of testifying to the presence of spirits. Speaking of the babe, the writer says, "It is a man—a spirit—an angel, is visible to mortals on the mortal plane, to spirits on the spiritual plane, and to angels on the celestial plane of life." Thus there is world within world, or above world, which is the same thing, and the inhabitants may commingle without those in the lower planes, knowing it. "The angels of the Lord" are affirmed to be angelic beings who have attained a complete immortality or the unitary state, by the combination of male and female in one individual as it is in God. These angelic beings were visible in the olden time, and communed with men, but now-a-days our exclusive development on the mortal plane precludes our cognisance of them. Many passages remind us strongly of Allan Kardec's doctrines, while the views of Mr Harris respecting the inner breathing and the new life are often presented, but we think in a more lucid and intelligible form than is to be met with in Mr Harris' own works. Our space will not permit us to

extend our remarks much further. The theological views presented are very peculiar, and to the "natural mind" very contradictory. Social questions, the position and mission of the sexes, the relation of this life to the past and future, and many other important topics are largely dwelt upon, and amidst a wilderness of vague assertions and interminable repetitions many excellent thoughts and pertinent observations occur. In this writer's works there is ample material for a very curious and unique spiritual philosophy, but it lacks system and connectedness of treatment. To those who are very intimately and deeply acquainted with spiritual science, this work will speak with peculiar significance, and that which is deemed extravagant and exceptional to the uninitiated is often of greatest value to the enlightened spiritualist. It is by the careful study and comparison of abnormal cases and extreme views that the grand principle of truth is to be arrived at.

THE SOIREE TO MR. PEEBLES.

THIS interesting event will be found reported on another page. We do not remember witnessing an occasion connected with Spiritualism on which so much harmony prevailed, and where all who attended so thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Success waited on every department of the proceedings and accessories. We were proud to notice the presence of Mr Conway. The remarks he so frankly made, called out statements which made the business of the evening more instructive and valuable. It was also a pleasure to shake hands and exchange greetings with ladies and gentlemen of intellect and distinction. The rooms of the Spiritual Institution are admirably adapted for such meetings, which we hope to see often. The dressing room for the ladies is a special comfort which will be duly appreciated. The refreshment room was attractive and well arranged; and the drawing rooms are spacious and tastefully furnished. We sincerely hope that such a laudable enterprise as the establishment of this institution, will receive the support which it deserves from all true Spiritualists. Last, but not least, all were gratified beyond expectation by the results of their interview with our good brother, J. M. Peebles.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

This distinguished lady has left our shores for a short sojourn in America. In a letter to her American friends, published in the *Banner of Light*, she says:—

"The visit is chiefly undertaken to promote the publication of the work upon which it is known to many of my friends I have long been engaged, namely, 'Twenty Years' History of American Spiritualism.' In the production, construction, and completion of this work, I have been entirely guided by those beloved spirit-friends, whose counsels I have for many years esteemed it my highest privilege and best wisdom to follow. The portion of my task which I now propose to offer to the world embraces as much as such a publication could possibly present of the history of the movement, including brief notices of many hundreds of persons who have figured in that eventful drama, together with accounts of the phenomena, literature, and other important features. That portion of the work already

completed may fail to satisfy the egotism of individuals, but in the assurance that the integrity of a marvellous history has been preserved, and that by the peculiar facilities for research that I have enjoyed, I have been enabled to pen a record unprecedented in human annals, and wonderfully strange in retrospect, even to the most advanced spiritualist, I shall do my best to give my book to the world equally fearless of blame and unambitious of praise."

Mrs. Hardinge will engage in lecturing during her stay in America, and we are pleased to understand that numerous engagements already greet her.

A gentleman in America is engaged in obtaining subscribers for the new work. We may state that during the last two years we have received repeated applications for it, in many instances from foreign countries.

We shall be glad to receive the names of subscribers, and hope that the many warm friends of Mrs. Hardinge will not only subscribe for the book eagerly, but use their influence among their friends to extend the roll of subscribers.

SOCIAL SCIENCE—LIFE INSURANCE—No. II.

There is no question in social science which at this moment forces itself more prominently into notice than does Life Insurance.

The recent disclosures in the Chancery Court show, that an office insolvent many hundred thousand pounds, can, under the present system of business, completely deceive the public as to its true state, provided it has just sufficient cash in hand to meet pressing calls.

Having of late turned our attention considerably to this science, we are forced to the conclusion that the public are themselves to blame for this state of things, in consequence of their own neglect in not insisting upon the offices in which they insure, *keeping intact the entire net premium fund*, and the heavy loss which will now fall upon many little able to bear it is but the legitimate effect of such neglect.

The elaborate financial statements put forth by some offices are intended to mislead, and this they do most successfully.

Our friends are aware that we have placed before them a system of life insurance (which has been adopted by Government through the medium of the Post Office) now in course of development by the British Imperial Insurance Corporation (Ltd.) This we did advisedly, being aware of the unsoundness of a system which places all the premium funds at the disposal of managing officials. We are glad to find our opinion of Dr. Farr's system shared by our Trans-Atlantic friends, and we gladly copy the following from a New York paper:—

"The day of life insurance mystification is gone by. The public is tired of being hoodwinked by technicalities, abstruse figures, and algebraic signs; and though willing to pay a fair, and even liberal, price for life insurance, wants to know what disposition is made of its money—what proportion of each premium is consumed in commissions and running expenses; what in carrying the insurance from year to year; what is actually reserved to meet its liability, and what the policy is actually worth and will bring in money at any given time. If the face and endorsement of all policies can be made to tell this in

plain language and figures comprehensible to all, their value will become equivalent, if not superior to the best currency in the land, and they will soon, at least among husbands, fathers, and the heads of families, have almost as many possessors. Such universality and adaptable excellence are, we believe, reserved for life insurance in the future, and if we hasten their realisation, we shall proportionately lessen the sum of human misery and increase the amount of human happiness. The reformation has been initiated in England, and is already projected in this country. It will be the triumph of justice and right, and we are glad to be among the first to hail its advent.*

"The British Imperial Insurance Corporation of Manchester and London has taken a most honourable stand in the assertion of equity in behalf of the policy-holder. It has opened a banking account in Government securities for each policy, to the credit of which its full value, including that of every premium paid, is placed, year by year, and held in trust as the sole property of the insured, wholly subject to his control, and liable for no other engagement than that of providing for the policy. The company thus makes each policy a negotiable security of the highest order, always available to the holder for monetary purposes by endorsing thereon its current realisable value for every premium paid, determined by a published valuation table, and amounting to nearly 50 per cent. of all premiums paid. The company reserves one-fifth only of the premiums for management expenses and bonuses, and the insured has the right to terminate his insurance at any time, and demand the full stated current value of his policy. An inspection of the register of policies at the chief office, always accessible to the insured, enables him at any time to ascertain that the full value of his policy is invested in Government securities, in trustees' names, from its commencement to the date of the last premium paid. The published valuation table, by which all the policies are valued, is incorporated with the Deed of Trust, and is so simple in form that the insured, with its aid, finds no difficulty in estimating the current value of any policy, according to the number of premiums paid, and the official returns of investment in funds show him that his insurance rests on the highest order of security. The British Imperial is, consequently, always able and ready to discharge every policy liability at once, without receiving any notice."

MISCELLANEA.

THE veteran Father of the Temperance movement, Joseph Livesey, Esq., of Preston, says of Mrs. Bray's Lessons on Physiology,—"It is an excellent work, and I shall induce every one of my family to read it." To truth and progress our respected leader is faithful unto the end.

* "The American company projected on this system, which is ascribed to Dr. Farr, will be entitled the Government Protection Life Insurance Company. Some of our well-established life institutions have adopted the leading features of this plan, and are rendering it still more complete to the equity and the intelligible simplicity of its operations."

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL has been visited by a Mr. Robert Fowler, an East London Medical Officer. He declares her case to be one of "Simulative Hysteria," but he throws no new light on the facts. He thinks she has the propensity to deceive very strongly developed, and that therewith is associated "the power of very long fasting." This is calling things names without imparting the least information,—an exhibition of words to hide ignorance, for which the drugging trade is so famous. This medical luminary, without the least evidence to hang his assertion on, adopts the mean expedient of attributing deception to the patient, and that her parents are her greatest dupes. The condition and sensation of nervous and hysterial patients are very different from those of healthy women; but what must it be in one who has added to her ordinary functions that new one, for the discovery of which Mr. Fowler has the credit, viz., "the power of very long fasting"? Her organ of secretiveness is not by any means abnormally large, and it is well balanced by the other cerebral developments; so that it seems quite absurd to make her tell a lie twenty-three months in duration, especially when she had added to it the "power of fasting" all the time. Does our Medico possess the power of logic?

THE *Voz Femina*, a Lisbon paper, edited and printed by women, has changed its title to *O Progresso*. It is well printed, and equally well edited by Misses Wilhelmina and Frances Wood. The motto on the title is, "The free woman at the side of the free man."

MRS. WILKINSON has again resumed her classes for the Musical Gymnastics at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street. The great satisfaction which Mrs. Wilkinson has given to her former classes, and her efficiency as a teacher, together with the importance of the subject, all constrain us to urge our London readers to investigate the merits of Mrs. Wilkinson's system and apply it to themselves and families.

A LETTER from Mrs C. H. Spear to a friend in London gives information of the safe arrival of herself and Mr. Spear in New York, and they expect to depart for California almost immediately. Mr. Spear took part in Sunday service on board the steamer, and the captain requested him to address a meeting in the saloon on Spiritualism, which he did with great acceptance. Letters for Mr. Spear may be left at our office.

ON the evening of September 16th, Mr. J. M. Peebles addressed a crowded meeting convened by the St. John's Association of Spiritualists in the Hall, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell. Spiritualists from most parts of London were present. Mr. Peebles delivered a most eloquent address. He is a speaker of the highest class, and our movement is in great want of his services. Mr. Pearce, secretary of the Association, has sent him a most flattering letter of thanks for his able services.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' PIC-NIC at Hampton Court Palace and Gardens was a day of high enjoyment to all who participated in it. The weather was delightful, and the beautiful parks and gardens were one picture of soul-soothing grandeur. These as well as the noble gallery of paintings were duly inspected. A substantial tea was provided by Miss Wooderson, when a party of social spiritualists joined the excursionists, and a meeting was held under the trees in Bushy Park. Sig. Damiani ably presided, and Messrs. Peebles, Burns, and Pearce, addressed the meeting in a very acceptable manner.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RE-INCARNATION.

No. I.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I gladly avail myself of the invitation which you have addressed to me, as an English member of the Society presided over by the late Allan Kardec, to give to English readers, through your periodical, a sketch of the theory of Existence and Destiny elaborated, from Spirit-teaching, by the earnest and indefatigable seeker, the results of whose labours are exercising so potent an influence on so many minds.

Let me begin this sketch by stating that, at the period of the first occurrence in France of the manifestations that have everywhere marked the opening of the new era of intercourse between the material world and the spirit-spheres so closely connected with it, M. Allan Kardec had already been engaged, for many years, in the study of mesmerism, somnambulism, and clairvoyance. He perceived that a new and important field of enquiry had been opened up, and entered at once on a careful investigation of the novel phenomena. A friend of his had two young daughters who soon became very excellent mediums. They were gay, lively girls, good and amiable, but fond of dancing and amusement, and habitually received, when sitting by themselves, or with their young companions, communications in keeping with their worldly and somewhat frivolous disposition. But it was soon found, to the surprise of all concerned, that, whenever M. Kardec was present, the communications transmitted through these young ladies were of very grave and serious import. On enquiring as to the cause of this change in the character of the communications, M. Kardec was told that spirits of a much higher order than those who usually communicated through the young mediums came expressly for him, and for the purpose

of enabling him to fulfil an important religious mission. M. Kardec thereupon drew up a series of progressive questions, with a view to the elucidation of the various problems involved in the study of the world in which we find ourselves. These questions, with the replies obtained through the mediumship of the young girls referred to—who were utterly incapable of appreciating the bearing of the instructions thus transmitted—were embodied by M. Kardec in a work which, by spirit direction, he published, under the title of *The Book of the Spirits*. This book contains a demonstration of the existence and attributes of the Causal Power, and of the nature of the relation between that Power and the universe; and puts us, so to say, on the track of the Divine operation. Its appearance created a great sensation on the Continent. It has been through nearly a score of editions, and has become the basis of the school of Spiritist Philosophy* with which the name of Allan Kardec is so intimately associated.

Soon after the publication of this book, M. Kardec founded "The Society of Psychologic Studies," which he presided over until his death, and which met every Friday evening at his house, to obtain from spirits, through writing-mediums, instructions relating to Truth and Duty. He also founded, as the organ of this Society, a monthly magazine, entitled *La Revue Spirite, Journal des Etudes Psychologiques*, which he edited until he died.†

Similar associations were speedily formed all over the world, and sent to the mother-society of Paris the most remarkable of the communications received by them. An enormous mass of Spirit-teaching, unique both in point of quantity and also in the variety of the sources from which it has been obtained, thus found its way into M. Kardec's hands, and was by him studied, collated, and coördinated, with unwearied zeal and devotion,

* The term *Spiritualiste*, applying to all systems which admit the existence of a spiritual element, as distinguished from matter, and the term *Espritiste* (which would be most strictly in conformity with the genius of the French tongue), being harsh and inelegant, the spirits who assisted M. Kardec advised the adoption of the term *Spiritiste*, or *Spirite*, to indicate the special views he was called to set forth. After some little hesitation, the shorter word has been generally adopted, although many disciples of the Kardec school, the writer included, prefer the term *Spiritist*.

† The charge of "partiality" brought by the writer of the paper on Spiritualism in Russia, in the last number of *Human Nature*, against M. Kardec (who, by the way, never delivered a "lecture" on Spiritualism in his life), can only have originated in an entire misapprehension of the nature and object of the *Revue*, which was designed to be, not in any sense, a summary of the general Spiritualistic movement, but, simply and solely, the exponent of the views and transactions of the Paris Society of Psychologic Studies, and of the kindred associations connected with it by identity of convictions, based on the doctrine of re-incarnation, the corner-stone of the Spiritist Philosophy.

during a period of nineteen years. Assuming that the views most generally taught by Spirits were probably the nearest to the truth, M. Kardec successively compiled, from the materials thus furnished him from every quarter of the globe, four other books. Of these, the work entitled *Heaven and Hell*, vindicates the justice of the Divine government, by explaining the nature of Evil as the result of ignorance, and showing the process by which all men will eventually become enlightened, purified, loving, and happy. *The Book of Mediums* treats of the various methods of communication between spirits in the flesh, and spirits that have put off their earthly integument. *The Gospel according to Spiritualism* is both a beautiful commentary on the moral precepts of Christ,* and an analytic examination of the incidents recorded of his life, showing, by a comparison of these with the manifestations of spirit-power now occurring, that they may have occurred through the action of natural causes. The fifth, and last of the series, entitled *Genesis*, shows the accordance of the Spiritist philosophy with the discoveries of modern science, and with the general tenor of the Mosaic record as explained by spirits. These works are regarded by the majority of continental spiritualists, as constituting the basis of the religious philosophy of the Future—a philosophy in harmony with the advance of scientific discovery in the various other realms of human knowledge; promulgated, by the host of enlightened Spirits acting under the direction of Christ himself, as the explanation and continuation of the teachings which, in its ignorance of natural law, the world, at the time of his appearance on our planet, was not ready to receive; and destined—by showing the true nature and end of terrestrial existence, and of the economy of the universe—to unite all mankind in a noble brotherhood, whose links reach downwards to the dim beginnings of Derived Existence, and upwards to the highest of the relatively "perfected" spirits who have preceded us on the path of Progress.†

The perception of the fact however vaguely understood, that whatever exists must exist in virtue of a Sufficient Cause, in itself or out of itself, may be regarded as the earliest result of

* The Spiritist view of Inspiration, and of the person and life of Christ, will be set forth in a future communication.

† It must not, however, be supposed that these books, which are circulating on the Continent by scores of thousands, are regarded by Spiritists as constituting a complete and final exposition of Truth in the branches of enquiry which they specially elucidate. Spiritists regard Allan Kardec as having laid the foundations on which successive generations of enquirers will continue to build. But Spiritist literature already comprises other important works, based upon, and still further developing, the views set forth in the Kardec books, which latter are considered by Spiritists as the beginning of a consecutive series of constantly-expanding teachings, to be given, from time to time, through other minds, as the progress of Natural Science shall pave the way for their reception.

the outlook of the human intellect upon the world in which it finds itself; and the first question which, at the threshold of the attempt to arrive at a rational theory of the universe, demands of us an answer—as imperatively now, with the light of science to guide us, as in the first reachings-out of the savage mind after the meaning of the world about us—is that which asks whether this world, wonderful even to the apprehension of the savage, has made itself, or has been made by something that is not itself; in other words, whether the constituent elements of the Material Universe can be regarded as the Sufficient Cause of the phenomena of Material, Mental, and Moral Existence, or whether those phenomena imply the action of something which those elements are insufficient to account for or to explain. If it can be shown that the Material Universe contains within itself the Sufficient Cause of the phenomena of existence, the Material Universe must be admitted to be its own cause, in other words, to exist *per se;* and Matter must be regarded as the Be-all and End-all of all that is. But if it can be shown that the elements of the Material Universe do not suffice to account for the evolution of those phenomena, then the evolution of those phenomena must occur in virtue of a Causal Power competent to produce them through its control of the material elements submitted to its action, anterior and superior to those elements, and standing, to the phenomena of the universe, in the relation of Cause to Effect.

But, so far from such demonstration being possible, the incompetence of the Material Universe to account even for the phenomena of Material existence—to say nothing, for the moment, of the phenomena of the Mental and Moral Worlds—is demonstrable from the fact that every object of that Universe consists of molecules—declared by our Spirit-teachers, and already suspected by Science, to be ultimately resolvable into a single primal type—not necessarily or permanently united in any given mode or form, but diversely combined for the production of each object, under certain pre-determined conditions, in certain fixed proportions, according to certain fixed laws; and it is evident that no one of those molecules can have been the cause of its own existence, because in that case it must, before creating itself, have determined not only the laws of its own existence, but also those of its innumerable possible combinations with its fellows, destined to produce the future forms and correlations of the Material Universe; in other words,—although there is nothing in Matter (whose molecules are perpetually changing their modes of aggregation) to account for the stability of the laws which regulate the evolution of the phenomena of material existence—each molecule must be supposed, before creating itself, to have devised the entire system of the Universe,

and to have imposed that system upon the Universe, as yet non-existent.

Nor can the several objects of the Material Universe (nor that Universe itself, considered as a Whole) be regarded as competent to account for their own existence; for, as the sum of a Whole is only the sum of its Parts, the aggregate possibilities of any object (or of the Material Universe), can only be the sum of the possibilities of each of its constituent molecules; and, moreover, as the totality of each object (or of the Material Universe) consists only of its constituent molecules, each object (or the Material Universe as a Whole) must have created its constituent molecules before creating itself. To assert that the Material Universe exists *per se* is, therefore, not only to attribute, to its constituent molecules, possibilities which they do not possess, but is tantamount to asserting that a thing can act before it exists. And this argument is not invalidated by the fact that, through molecules organised into compound forms, there is evolved a higher and wider range of phenomena than those molecules, as separate units, are capable of producing, as the well-constructed steam-engine, in full blast, produces effects to the production of which its several parts, uncombined, would be incompetent. For, in this case also, the sum of the Whole is neither more nor less than the sum of its constituent elements, which, in the case of the working engine comprises, in addition to the original possibilities of each portion of its machinery, the oil which lubricates that machinery, and the steam which sets it in motion, the fire and water that generate the steam, the action of the practical skill that superintends the working of the engine, and the genius of the Engineer that devised the whole.

The hypothesis which seeks to explain the phenomena of existence by attributing them to the necessary action of the "essential properties of matter," is equally fallacious; for not only, if our Spirit-guides say true, is the last stronghold of molecular essentiality—impenetrability—destined, ere long, to be relegated to the limbo of exploded errors; but, even admitting, for the sake of argument, the impenetrability of the ultimate material molecule, that single property is manifestly inadequate to account for the phenomena of the Universe. Moreover, even if we suppose matter to possess the entire range of possible properties—excepting that of Final Causality, which it has been shown that it does not possess—those properties could only be an effect resulting from the action of a cause adequate to their production.

What may be called the "Wave and Ocean theory," which regards the various temporary forms of the universe, ourselves included, as rising out of the general mass of existence and sinking again into that mass, as waves rise out of, and fall back into,

the mass of the ocean, not only leaves out of sight organisation, self-consciousness, all mental and moral phenomena, and the facts of development and progress, but also ignores the incapacity of water and of the ocean to produce a wave. For waves are not produced by any spontaneous action of water or of the ocean, but are altogether the result of orbital, equatorial, atmospheric, and lunar conditions, which are absolutely independent of the water, and which wave and ocean alike obey. The only analogy which exists between the evolution of a wave and that of an organism (human or other), is that both occur in virtue of the action of forces, which they are alike inadequate to account for, to have created, or to have employed for their own creation; and that they alike subserve a vast economy of related ends which they know not, and which only become apparent to the human intellect in the course of ages. This analogy, therefore, so far as it proves anything, proves conclusively in favour of their being Something that is not Matter within and behind the phenomena of the universe.

The idealistic theory which denies the objective existence of the Universe, and declares that there is no other Universe than the ideal conception of one existing subjectively in each human brain, is as incompetent to account for the conditions of the existence of that ideal conception of the Universe, as are the theories we have been examining to account for its actual existence. For, if the molecules of the brain were competent to originate such a conception—which we have seen that they are not—each individual brain, possessing the Universe in its own consciousness, ought to have found itself, from the earliest era of human existence, in possession of a complete synthetic knowledge of that Universe; whereas, on the contrary, our knowledge of the Universe has had to be laboriously worked out, through successive ages, by unnumbered enquirers, and so slowly that science, in all its departments, is still in its infancy.

The hypothesis which attributes the production of the phenomena of existence to the action of Force in and through Matter brings us logically to the conception of a Causal Power distinct from, and superior to, the constituent elements of the Material Universe. For the Force thus credited with the constructive evolutions of the Universe must be either intelligent, or unintelligent. If it be unintelligent, as no effect can be greater than its cause, it could neither have originated the harmonious laws that govern every detail of the infinite complexities of related existence, nor have produced the intelligent minds by which, through the accumulated heritage of successive generations of searchers, those laws are being gradually discovered, formulated, and applied. Unintelligent Force being thus seen to be incompetent to produce the

evolutions of existence, the Force that produces them must necessarily be intelligent; and if that Force, thus seen to be intelligent, be so absolute in its action, that not only we cannot change an iota of its laws, but that we can accomplish nothing, from the drawing of a breath, to the weighing of the globes of our solar system otherwise than in virtue of those laws, the universality of whose action proves the unity of their Source, while the immutability of their action proves that Source to be distinct from what we call Matter, as otherwise it would be subject to the transformations of material existence, and there would be, in that case, no stability in the laws which regulate the evolutions of the phenomena of the Universe; and if, moreover, those laws are so beneficent in their scope that all the pain of existence results from our failure to bring the conditions of our lives into harmony with their ordinations, while, on the other hand, did we know and obey them in their integrity, we should have attained all the happiness that life, in its highest forms and spheres, is capable of affording, we arrive at the conception of the Universe as the result of the action of Supreme, All-pervading, Intelligent, and Beneficent Force; and thus—as we cannot conceive of such a Force otherwise than as the attribute of BEING—we are compelled to admit the existence of the Unique, Omniscient, Omnipotent, and Beneficent Producer and Ruler of the Universe, whom Theists for convenience call GOD.

The present development of our intellectual faculties being proportional to the present degree of elevation of the planet in which we are incarnated (a very low one, though not the lowest), we have not yet acquired the increase of capacity which enables spirits who are sufficiently advanced for incarnation in higher types of humanity, in higher planets, to arrive at a nearer approximation towards that understanding of the Nature and Activities of the Causal Being which—as that Being is the one sole, all-creating, all-sustaining Life of the Universe—is the one grand, all-embracing aim and end of Derived Existences. But I shall endeavour to show in my next that our present incapacity of such understanding is no argument against the reality of the existence of that Being, and also, that we obtain, even here, through increasing knowledge of the laws of the Material, Mental, and Moral Universe, a constantly expanding, inferential knowledge of the qualities and modes of action of its Creator; while the fact that we are compelled, by the necessities of our intellectual nature, to propose to ourselves problems that we are, as yet, unable to solve, may be accepted as a promise written by the Creator, in the very texture of our being, that we shall eventually work our way up to their solution.

ANNA BLACKWELL.

Paris, Sept. 7, 1869.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

NARCISSUS.

SELF-LOVE.

THE most selfish phase of humanity is infancy. The baby regards the sun and moon as its playthings, and would place the whole world in its mouth as a lozenge, were it able. Even father, mother, brother, sister and nurse, are loved only in their relationship to self. In its own little world, and to the extent of its small power, it is the most tyrannical of autocrats—the limitations to its exaction being wholly from without, and not at all from within. Every cradle is an imperial throne, whose little occupant esteems the universe his own; poor mamma being only the chief slave, or, at most, supreme minister of this baby-realm. This is self-love, pure and simple, neither weakened on the one hand nor perverted on the other, by those extraneous circumstances and educational influences, which have always acted more or less on matured despots.

The reverse of this may be expressed in a single sentence, "God is love." The strength of the selfhood is the admeasurement of our imperfection, the plain index of how far we fall short of our proper standard as children of the Supreme. In theological language it may be said that exactly in proportion as men are selfish, they are also devilish; while in proportion as they are capable of self-sacrifice, they are angelic. Philosophically speaking, then, selfishness is simply a sign of spiritual imperfection and immaturity. The worshipper of self is still at an infantile stage of soul-growth. His base idolatry is only a characteristic of his babyhood, to be pitied, perhaps in a sense to be deplored, but not as an irremediable defect, seeing that it cannot fail to disappear at a higher stage of psychic advancement. Fear not, in due time this poor, grovelling worm, whose chief aim it is to gorge himself to the full with filthy earthslime, will some day learn, not parrotwise, but in very truth, that it is more blessed to give than receive, to minister than to be ministered unto.

We have said that the very reverse of all this is predicated in the sublime aphorism, "God is love." But we fear that in the ordinary teaching of theologians, God is only the great Narcissus, the supreme self-worshipper, doing all things, not out of the exhaustless plenitude of his paternal love, but for his own glory! and so very consistently demanding not so much to minister as to be ministered unto. But this is only an indication how very imperfect and immature theology really is—like much

else indeed that passes for profound learning, the product of scholastic pedantry rather than inspired insight, and so simply a melancholy record of intellectual perversity on the part of men who prefer traditional authority to the tuitions of nature or the revelations of genius. We need not, however, very seriously concern ourselves with "the dark sayings" of such an expiring echo from the bygone centuries, whose sectarian responses, moreover, present little other than a Babel confusion of conflicting testimony, the oracle being apparently susceptible of equally facile manipulation, whether the questioner be Papal or Protestant, Arminian or Calvinistic, in his sentiments and proclivities. Practically, however, and for present purposes, it is of some importance that a most stupendous fallacy respecting the divine nature should, week after week, be systematically preached from the fifty thousand pulpits of Britain, and the three hundred thousand of Christendom. Whether God be predominantly and essentially, father or tyrant, is of some significance to the generation who happen to entertain the one idea or the other, for on it they will infallibly, though perhaps unconsciously, fashion the general tenor of their own thoughts and feelings. Nevertheless, even this need not give us much anxiety; for the pulpit, like the press, while professing to lead, often follows public opinion—the only difference being that the latter is the more pliable instrument of the two.

The effect of this theological teaching is summed up in that favourite expression of the religious public, "a God-*fearing* man," that is, a self-seeking worshipper in his terrible relation to a self-seeking Deity. It is also seen in the *coercive* and selfish character of the usual inducements to piety, the pains of hell and the pleasures of heaven making their respective appeal, now to the fears and then to the hopes of the presumably self-seeking subject of this wondrous psychological discipline; the sermon on the mount, the parable of the prodigal son, and the beautiful beginning of the one great prayer, "OUR FATHER," having apparently all failed to establish the essentially *paternal* character of God, and consequently the *filial* relationship of man to his divine sire. Theology, however, is already in the throes of a new birth, and we need have no fear, when its transmutation shall have been effected, that the character of God as the all-loving Father will be effectually vindicated, and taught with the resistless authority of triumphant and established orthodoxy. The tenor of Christ's discourses, and the example of his life, demand this, and the spirit of modern Christendom will be satisfied with nothing less.

Leaving theology, however, with its misty cloudbanks of baseless dogmatism on the one hand and endless controversy on

the other, let us address ourselves to nature—that primal revelation of our infinite Father, that first declaration of his will to all his manifold children—and see if we cannot obtain some satisfactory response to the momentous question of self-seeking or self-sacrifice, written out in the sublime language of her magnificent symbolism. What say the great cosmic bodies? and they reply—Suns give and planets receive the life and splendour of the material creation. The former, central, regal, throned in light and glory, as if the express image of their divine creator, diffuse their radiance with beneficent prodigality to all recipients, withholding no one of their blessings from any of their manifold dependencies, bringing, now the moss, and anon the oak, to equal perfection, and ripening worlds in their orbits, as surely as the little seedcorns that are so blithely gathered in the golden harvest-time of successive seasons. And what says our own world, germal, infantile, planetary, and opaque, as it still is? and its luxuriant vegetation and superabundant animal life reply—that it appropriates solar influence only for reproduction in these rich and varied forms of a diversified vitality, ever ascending into higher and yet higher planes of organic existence. And does not its rain proverbially fall on the just and the unjust? And are not its choicest blessings, light and air, the green fields and the blue sky, the bosky woods and the running streams, the azure seas and the snowy mountains, equally the inheritance of prince and peasant, as if to show that with nature and her God there is neither favour nor affection, all being regarded with an absolute infinity of love, their receptivity being the sole admeasurement of the extent to which they become the recipients of its blessings? Thus, then, we see that the earth, although not like the sun, an apt symbol of the universal Father, is, at all events, an equally apt symbol of the universal Mother, engirdled by her many olive-branches, who are fed by her bounty, and reared upon her all-embracing beneficence and love.

And what say her subordinate organisms, vegetable and animal? Do not the former seem as if they existed largely for the subsistence of the latter? Are they not a part of that beneficent provision which constitutes so important a feature in the great scheme of nature, having indeed their "uses," and those, too, by no means insignificant, in the plan of the universe? And these uses, as we ascend the scale, gradually rise from the mere physical nutriment of animals, to the beauty and odour, which minister to the minds of men. And passing to the animal kingdom, do we not find that its initial and lower types, such as insects and fishes, are often wholly devoid of parental love, and consequently of that element of self sacrifice which its

manifold duties imply; while in birds and mammals this beautiful phase of affection attains to a strength and persistency of manifestation, that might almost shame humanity itself? And when we come to man, do we not find that the savage is more selfish, more cruel, and less sympathetic, than the barbarian? And is not modern and Christian more merciful in its punishments, and more beneficent in its general character and tendencies, than ancient and heathen civilisation? Is not philanthropy in its present acceptation a modern idea? And what say our public hospitals, our poor laws, and our treatment of criminals? And, speaking individually, are not the noblest men and the purest women those in whom we find the element of love and the principle of self-sacrifice the strongest?

Thus, then, it is obvious that the tendency of all being, both cosmic and telluric, is towards emergence out of the selfhood, the higher the grade and the more mature the individual the more marked being his uses in relation to others, and the larger the area over which his beneficent action extends. This could only be so in virtue of an all-pervasive law, the expression of a force underlying the entire scheme of existence. And this again translated into theological language means the essential character of God, who is love, and into whose likeness the universe is in that process of vital growth and development which we term creation.

Perhaps we can now afford to be charitable even to the selfish. Poor fellows, they are only at the infantile stage of their career, or, if the figure be preferred, striking their dark and unsightly roots deep into the soil, preparatory, doubtless, to throwing up stem and leaf, fragrant blossom, and luscious fruit, hereafter. As children of the infinite perfection, it is impossible they should remain for ever at their present germal condition of existence. There is a sublime futurity awaiting even the basest and meanest of self-seekers. They admire and worship self, because nothing greater or better has yet been revealed to them. Wait till the divine has been fully awakened within the now slumbering human consciousness, then shall the unutterable grandeur of the universal absorb the littleness of the individual, and self-love wane in the glory of self-sacrifice, as the shadows of night depart ere the sun has arisen in his splendour.

CHARLES DICKENS says that "the first external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, or to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

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CHAPTER LVIII.

THE lack of music was the one substantial privation of this position, which we all lamented at times, but saw no remedy for. It would have been madness to attempt bringing a piano over the mountains I had crossed; so we could only lament, and listen occasionally to Colonel Anderson's flute, which he played very sweetly, but without variety or brilliancy. He was only an amateur, and had too great a respect for Eleanore's taste, to gratify us often by his modest performances.

One day, after luncheon, when there had been a deal of sharp-shooting between us all round, and Eleanore, as usual, had borne off the banner, just escaping him at the door, with a very saucy speech on her lips, he took me aside, and told me confidentially that he had a little surprise in his hand for her, which he wished me to help him prepare.

Of course I was ready. What was it?

"A piano."

A piano! It almost took my breath to think of it.

"You see, dear Miss Warren," he said, "I couldn't endure to keep her here a year, or perhaps two, without one. Music is so much to her life. And beside," he added, solemnly, Eleanore has such a religious conviction of what is due to our child, that I must be a very infidel to neglect any joy or satisfaction for her that might be a blessing to it. I am, after much conversation and thought—the subject was so new and startling to me—convinced that hers is the true philosophy in regard to the offices and powers of your sex; and with God's help, who has given me so noble a wife, no child of ours shall suffer blight or warping of its nature through lack of aught that may make the mother strong, happy, and harmonious. I have said so much, that you might understand that this apparent rashness is not mere weak indulgence of myself or her."

"I could scarcely judge either of you in that way," I replied; "but in your view of it I see a higher faithfulness than simply that of affection for her, which alone I should have been little likely to question.

"Your heart is true and always to be trusted," he said, laying his hand upon my shoulder; and now that you understand all, I know you

will zealously second my plans, and appreciate the importance of keeping from her the possible disappointment that may await me. If we fail, I must leave it to your ingenuity to devise some plan for sealing Phil's lips. *She must not know it at present*, Miss Warren, remember that."

"How do you expect it?" I inquired; "and who is to put it in order, if it comes safely?"

"Oh, I have taken care of all that. Hedding and Huntley are both coming to see the works and spend a few days. I haven't told her of them, either, and I wish to take her a ride and keep her out till the waggon comes, and the thing is proved. So if I may depend upon you to see to it, and receive them in our stead, I shall feel very grateful. Huntley is all sorts of a genius—very musical himself, and could make a piano perhaps, for lack of a better hand at it. He purchased it for me, and understands my wishes perfectly. May I now leave the whole affair to you?"

"I will do my very wisest and best," I replied; and hearing the sound of her coming feet, I immediately spoke on another topic, and the subject was dismissed.

But you may be assured that I did not, with the cessation of speech, cease to think upon and admire the nobleness, delicacy, and true manly tenderness, which were thus endeavouring religiously to fulfil the measure of duty and blessing to the unborn. I knew that he had happiness, great happiness, in pleasing the beloved of his soul; but I saw, by the radiance of his beaming eye, and the glow of his countenance while he spoke, that there was here a holy, elevating, and sacred purpose, higher even than that, which warmed this great true soul. Eleanore had spoken to me, long ago, in one of her exalted, prophetic moods, of the children that would one day be born, when it should be understood how richly ennobling and high influences could flow to them through the daily life and experiences, the susceptibilities and capacities of the mother. I remembered this, and her saying, once, that man could exercise his most potent and beautiful influence over the character and destiny of his children only through pure and divine ministration to woman in this greatest office of humanity; and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable in the assurance thus afforded me, that appreciation, and noble, delicate, and religious aid toward the actualising of these holy hopes, were to be hers. The announcement cheered and exhilarated me more than I can tell, and gave me an almost feeling of importance in the magnitude of the secret entrusted to me.

When dinner was over, and José, Antonio's lieutenant, brought the mules to the door, I hurried them away as fast as possible, for the Colonel had told me that, the roads being much improved of late, the

waggon, which was to us like a train of rail-cars or a steam-packet, might be there earlier than it had yet come, and, in any case, the gentlemen might be expected soon.

"You must make my case good to them," he said, "for deserting in this unusual manner, but there is nothing else I can do to keep her away till the experiment is tried, and I will make all amends when I get back."

As soon as they had turned from the door, I took Phil, who stood kissing his hand to them, to my heart and confidence.

"A piano!" he exclaimed, with dancing eyes; "a piano, Miss Warren! Oh, isn't that nice! I believe mamma will teach me to play on it when I am big enough—don't you?"

"Yes, darling."

"Do you know," he asked, thoughtfully, and seeming to reach far back into the shadowy past for it—"do you know that Harry used to play, away off in the other land?"

"No, Phil, I didn't know it."

"Yes, he did, Miss Warren; and mamma used to show him how."

"But you must not talk to mamma about that, dear Phil. It will grieve her."

"No, I won't; but I 'member it. I am so glad we shall have one here; I like to have mamma play for me to dance."

Antonio was full of business, for he understood affairs also, and was bustling about outside preparations for the extra dinner, and we were both watching for any sign of approach down the mountain.

At last the shouts of the muleteers were heard, and shortly after, the great waggon, with its immense burden, and long train of little patient slaves, rumbled into the street, and stopped before the large storehouse a few rods below. There were no strangers there though; but Antonio soon came in with the cheering news that they were coming. They were to start from ——— at two o'clock, and as it was now a little past four, we might expect them immediately. At once there was a little bustle of preparation running through the house.

I shifted a table and some chairs in the parlour, to make room for the welcome arrival; strong in faith that all would be right with it, and the next day, if not earlier, we should hear some of the sweet sounds which Eleanore could make it discourse, to delight us. In my care, I went out myself to see that it was properly handled in the unloading and bringing in. It was certainly well packed, being apparently in the centre of a gigantic bale of some soft material, and all strongly sewed in sail-cloth. When all this was removed, and the exhumation fully effected, I saw a smallish, old-fashioned instrument, which I greatly

feared must disappoint our hopes. It was of antique make, and English, as I judged, from the unfamiliar name, Whitehouse, which appeared upon it.

We had but just got it safely in-doors, when the two gentlemen came, and after being introduced to Mr. Huntley, I proceeded with the explanation of their host and hostess's absence. They accepted it with entire good nature, entering heartily into the spirit of the affair at once, and Mr. Huntley, after returning from his room, put his hand readily to the setting up and tuning, saying, good humouredly, he had done a little of almost everything since he had been in Chili, and it should go hard with him, but he would make this undertaking of the Colonel's successful. He lost not a moment till dinner was laid, and then, taking only the Yankee measure of time for that important event, came back and resumed his labours—examined this and that, groaned here, whistled despairingly there, and by and by muttered a few syllables of encouragement to himself—keeping very busy all the while—tried the keys—tuned the strings, tried them again, tuned a little more—ran over them, caught his breath painfully when some unexpected discord rang out, stopped, set it right, and tried them again and again, growing flushed and heated all the while with the exertion, and the consciousness of the shortening time—called for lights, and went on still more excitedly, but with a calm and steady hand, and at length hurried a chair up to the instrument, sat down and played, from memory, one of the Strauss waltzes.

"There," said he, exultingly, "it's all right but that A," sounding the rebellious key, "and I fear we may have to get a new string for that. I am afraid it will jar Mrs. Anderson's fine ear. I'll try it once again, though. Yes, that improves it a little more—yes that is better, very good, in fact. Now, Mr. Hedding"—this gentleman had been sitting, talking with me and Phil, telling us how he had brought stores of rare seeds and flower-roots for Mrs. Anderson—"now, Hedding, I call that a triumph, by Jove! When Mrs. Anderson comes home, I think she'll be a little surprised. I believe I'll conceal myself, just to see the effect."

"You'll have but little time, sir," I said, "for stratagem; for I think I hear their voices in the still air from that hill-side; and if so, they will be here in a few minutes." And so they were, and you must imagine Eleanore's incredulous look, and how her large eyes opened upon us wider and wider; and how, having shaken hands mechanically with her guests, she allowed her exulting husband to seat her at the instrument; and how, after a few touches of it, she seemed to become convinced that it was a veritable piano, and proceeded to make it tell

the story itself by such an outpouring of sweet sounds as had never before startled that little valley; and how the peons and their dark wives and children gathered around, and pressed up to hear; and how, after this, she rose, and with tearful eyes, clasped and kissed the dear hand that had conferred this great pleasure on her, and then gave a cordial and meaning welcome to both the gentlemen; and how the evening passed in alternate music and talk, till a late hour, when we all retired —even Phil having been allowed to sleep there, with his head pillowed on my lap, when he could no longer keep waking; and how, when he was laid in his little bed, Eleanore came and bade me good night, with such an earnest and religious thankfulness in her eyes, that I said, without her speaking, "Yes, dear friend, you are indeed richly blest."

CHAPTER LIX.

Our guests remained a week with us, prolonging their visit from day to day, in pure surrender to the beautiful life we enjoyed. There were rides, and walks, and visits to the works, in which both were largely interested; there were games at chess between the three younger ones, Mr. Hedding generally managing to keep me under a perpetual challenge to backgammon; there were discussions—political, theological, and scientific; there were conversations upon art, esthetics, life, death, matter, and spirit. Mr. Huntley, when tried, proved an accomplished talker. He was a Cambridge man, and the difference in conversational resource between him and our host was well characterised by the latter one evening, when, smarting under a temporary defeat, he said: "Ah, Huntley, you and I are too unequally matched in this ring. The years that went over me in my wanderings on the deserts and in the jungles of the East, were spent by you in the drawing-rooms of London and the salons of Paris. You can level me at one fell swoop with authorities of which I am ignorant, or which I know only by report."

"And you," replied his antagonist, "can throw about me, before I know what you are doing, the giant arms of some law, which Nature, in your love passages with her, has revealed to you, and there I am, bound and prostrate at your feet. What are all the musty opinions of the schoolmen—speculations between man and man—compared to a decree which lives and works daily and hourly in the elements that sustain us?"

Eleanore looked proudly at her husband as these words fell upon her ear, and gratefully at him who uttered them. "You have spoken truly, Mr. Huntley," she said, "and in your self-disparagement have

proved the highest claim to acknowledgment. I admire that soul, which, valuing its own possessions, sees and confesses richer treasure in another. I think it is the secret of deep and true happiness in our relations;" and her eyes turned, as she spoke, to Colonel Anderson's, with a language that needed no interpretation from the tongue.

In some manner, and for some reason—whether of greater fitness in years or tastes I scarcely know—but it often happened, when the conversation was not general, that Mr. Hedding and I found ourselves a little apart, and on subjects less cosmic than our young friends were apt to settle down upon, when once they had loosed their pinions in the field of thought. True, we sometimes sat and listened when a more than usually eloquent strain was falling from some one of those living, hopeful tongues; but, however it happened, it was quite natural and easy for us to treat ourselves as the "old folks." The young ones were all musical; they often sang and played whole hours away; for Huntley had inexhaustible stores of pieces in his memory—English, Scotch, and Irish; marches, lilts, jigs, waltzes; opera pieces, and pieces that were older than opera. He was a cyclopedia, Eleanore said, of music, though not remarkable in execution.

"We want to be inspired now, after all this hum-drum playing," he would say to her. "We must have you here for that."

And then often came a grand, solemn improvisation, or a brilliant and capricious one, or a tender and timid one; but whatever it was, it was living. There was no mistaking and no resisting it. We could chat or pursue our game while Mr. Huntley was doing his best, or even while she was playing written music; but when the instrument was made to interpret her, it was quite otherwise. Then it was as if her soul spoke to us its highest conceptions, and we listened perforce.

Their last evening with us was brilliant in music, conversation, and wit. It was prolonged till a late hour, and as we were parting for the night, I said to Mr. Huntley: "You will return to the gaieties of the city, after this seclusion, with a keen relish for them."

"The city!" he exclaimed. "Think of that, Anderson! We are both compelling ourselves to go away from you all, and here is Miss Warren singing the praises of the city. I assure you it has never been so dull as it will be now, to me, and I am quite certain it will be equally so to my friend, will it not?"—addressing Mr. Hedding.

"You are right in that," he replied; "for, really, I have been thinking of trying to get myself into society by asking Col. Anderson to give me a situation here. Have you anything that would suit me, Colonel?"

"Yes, admirably," replied he, looking with that deep smile, as he

spoke, first at Eleanore, and then at me. It brought the colour to my face; and she, too, turned her glowing eye upon me, and pressed my hand on her arm. What did all this mean?

But we were just separating, and so there was no time to ask—only time for speculation and dreamy conjecture after I reached my room.

In the morning our guests took their departure—not without repeated promises to visit Valverde again before the flowers should have faded. Mr. Huntley, with his universal readiness and faultless taste, had laid out and planted a flower-garden and numerous beds around the house, and already vases were in requisition for the eschscholtzias and lupines of the wild lands, and we were promised, in a couple of months, to be overrun with the annuals of the garden.

We had visited the "works" many times, and watched with a deep interest the riddling of the great mountains. There were three separate mines being opened, with all sorts of vertical, lateral, and ascending and descending shafts—a perfect labyrinth it seemed to Eleanore and me. There were the old and new galleries, up and down, to the right and the left, winding hither and thither, and all seeming endless in their grim blackness. At all hours of the day and night they swarmed with men, quarriers, drillers, carriers; and many times each day the dull, heavy boom of the great blasts reverberated through the valley and from side to side of the towering mountains in thundering echoes.

The work was driven with an energy and quietness that were admirable to witness; no confusion, no noise, no disorder, anywhere; one potent and enlightened will directing every step and every blow to its exact purpose—one clear eye computing every foot of progress—one accurate and always calm mind comprehending and controlling, without the slightest show of authority, all that vast application of labour. It inspired me with a more enthusiastic admiration of Col. Anderson than I had before entertained, to see how he moved among these men of all grades of capacity and varieties of ambition and desire—labourers, mechanics, machinists, and sub-engineers—governing all perfectly, yet so utterly without pretence or show of doing it, that they were never made conscious of his relation to them.

Mr. Hedding expatiated warmly upon this feature of his capacity. "He has the power," he said, "to make himself felt everywhere, and yet a stranger might spend a day here and ask at night who was the head man, if it were not that he is so superior in every way, that he could not be mistaken for a subordinate." There was the most unwavering confidence in his judgment, as well as in his executive ability, so that when he pronounced favourably of any branch of the undertakings he had in hand, everybody was set at rest with regard to

it. And how proud Eleanore was of all this. With what worship she looked on him, when letters came bearing testimony to his judgment, his scientific knowledge and worthiness, in every thing that belongs to the complete man, to be trusted.

"We leave all to you, sir," was the constant language of those whom he consulted. "We are convinced there can be no greater safety than this. Employ whatever force and capital you think best suited to develop our interests, and advising us of your wants as early as you can foresee them, rest assured that they will be supplied."

From our friends came pleasant epistles to us all, filled with delightful recollections of their visit, and pitying themselves that they were no longer of our circle, "which I assure you," said Mr. Hedding in his note to me, "it would not be easy to match in this city." With the second post after their return, came a letter from Senor Senano, very polite and stately, containing a formal application to me to come to them in the capacity of governess. He hoped for a speedy and favourable answer, from what my friend, Mrs. Anderson, had told them, before she was herself taken away by the excellent Colonel.

"What shall I say, dear friends?" I asked, when the letter had been read in full session at supper.

Phil voted instanter no.

Colonel Anderson followed on the same side, with reasons and arguments as plenty as blackberries. Even Antonio, who was serving us, put in his nay. But Eleanore was silent. Have you no voice on this question, my queen?" asked the husband.

"Yes, Leo, my voice is ay."

We were all betrayed into an expression of surprise.

"Why, Nelly," begun Colonel Anderson.

"Oh madame," exclaimed Antonio, catching his breath and subsiding into instant silence.

"Mamma, mamma," cried Phil, "don't let Miss Warren go away. I want her to stay here. I believe she ought to stay here."

"One at a time, my darling," she replied to the man and the child. You, good Antonio, wish her to stay, I know, because we all love her, and are so happy to have her with us; and that would be right if there were nothing else to be thought of but our happiness for the present time. But we must think of Miss Warren as well as ourselves, and though we shall miss her very sadly, from our table, and our house, and our garden, we ought not to keep her here, if it will not be best for her. I think so, Antonio, and so I vote ay on this question. Will you come to the parlour now," she said, rising and leading the way with Phil in one hand and myself in the other. "Leo, come and sit down here and

let us consider." For my own part, I remained silent. I was not in the least hurt by her decision; for our affection for each other was above every doubt. Not a shadow could possibly fall on that. But I was curious to hear a more explicit statement of her thoughts than she had given to Antonio.

"Well, Nelly," said her husband, "what is it? I know you are thinking of something that would be worth hearing. Will you give it us?"

"I did not propose to argue this question, dear friends," she said, taking a hand of each of us. "I asked you, Leo, to sit down and consider. That did not mean to discuss. Now reflect for a little, and see if you do not vote with me. We are talking, dear Anna," she said, "as if you were absent, and I endeavour to think and feel about your going, as far above the level of the present hour as possible. I try to forget how much I shall long for you—how much we shall feel your loss from this blessed household, and think of your future only, and I am persuaded that you ought to go to the city."

"I am more than half inclined to agree with you," I said, "because I have so often found you right heretofore. Nevertheless, I do not care so much for pecuniary interests now, that I need to sacrifice so much as I should in giving you all up for the sake of a salary."

"It is not pecuniary interest alone that I consider," replied Eleanore. "But I should like you to enter upon a social life in the city, which will never be possible to you here. You are able to speak Spanish passably now, and therefore you will not be so isolated in the Senano household as I was. You will not have the same reason that I had, in this worshipful master, for shunning company, and, in short, I feel assured that we shall all be much happier a year hence if you go. Now, Leo, you shall have the privilege of withdrawing your former vote and reversing it if you choose."

And so it was settled, with the clear concurrence of all but Phil, that I should reply affirmatively to Don Alexandro's letter, which I did, promising to go to them at the end of a month. What intense enjoyment was compressed into that period! What hopes and plans of future meetings there or in the city. How the packet was to be charged with parcels to Mr. Hedding's care for me; and in return, how I imagined myself picking up now and then a choice book, or a gem of a picture, or, with Mr. Huntley's help, a piece of rare music to delight these dear souls, in this secluded little house. At last the morning of the day came. The Colonel was to accompany me to ———, and his second foreman, a very gentlemanly, quiet man, was to act as my escort to the city, whither he had to go on business.

When I parted from Eleanore, her swimming eyes smiled into mine as she said, "I hope I am not afflicting myself so much in vain, Anna. Keep your heart alive, dear friend, and think what a bright, beautiful, and sufficient world *home* is to a woman." The calmly spoken words startled me, and returned to my inner ear, hours afterwards, in the heat of that day. Was I travelling towards a bright and peaceful home? I asked myself, with a vague, wide wandering of my imagination into the future. There came also an occasional memory of the past—streaks of something like light across that misty expanse. On the whole, my journey was accomplished in a state of mind pretty nearly balanced between expectation and pleasing memories. I had at the least a new home and new persons before me, and if life should offer me nothing more than it had already, a perpetual membership in the beloved household I had just left, that indeed was much. But why was it now, as it would once have been, enough? Why did I look beyond?

When we reached Hotel du Nord, I was following my companion, Mr. Burney, up stairs, to the parlour, when we met Mr. Hedding going down. His undisguised pleasure in meeting me, his hearty cordiality and his endless praises of Mrs. Anderson's generosity and kindness in urging my coming, quite touched my heart. So much appreciation, so much pleasure derived from my presence, warmed my blood into strange pulsations. Would it not be happiness always to be able so to give happiness?

I retired late, but did not even then sleep till I had questioned myself thus many times, and recalled many times the earnest, lingering clasp, in which my hand had been taken that night.

The next day I was installed in my new post, but although I liked my employers much, and they liked me, and the children were particularly fond of me, I remained there only four months. At the end of that time, I received the following short note from Eleanore:

"VALVERDE.

"Your cards were received with great joy, dear Anna. Leo and I have talked of nothing else all the evening. We have laid all sorts of delightful plans for your future days, which we feel assured cannot fail to be happy. If they are as much so as you both deserve, and we wish they should be, you could not, I am sure, ask more. As this will not reach you till after the wedding day, let it bring to your home the assurance of our congratulations, and of my joyous, heart-felt sympathy with you, dear friend, in this long deferred experience. I feel happier in thinking of you as the wife of that good, noble, genial man, than I should if you had been placed upon a throne, and thereby cut off from following your heart in this leaning of it. Leo and I hope to see you before the rainy season sets in. Will you not come to us? Phil begs

for a visit, and Antonio smiles brightly when your name is spoken, and seems to approve as warmly as any one of us the new relation.

"Our hearts are full of love for you, and here is the little queenly flower of pure white—cyclobothra, Leo calls it—which he has carefully pressed to offer you. Put it in your herbarium, and under it write the language which he intends it to express to you from himself: 'May you be happy and beloved as I am.' It is the type of a victorious, exulting heart, and never had any a better right than he to send it, unless it were your rejoicing friend, ELEANORE."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

SABBATH MUSINGS.

HERE, by this stream, I fain would lay me down;
Methinks its friendly murmur bids me stay,
While the cool leaves invite me to repose.
A scene more lovely scarcely could the soul
Look out on from its earthy tenement,
Just such as for itself it would create,
If by an arbitrary act of will
It could control the stubborn elements,
And shape its outer world to that within.
Deep in the solemn shadow of this large
Leaved sycamore, I'll lay me down and rest,
Now that the regal orb hath all but reach'd
The burning key-stone of the day's blue arc,
That fervid hour when Nature seeks repose,
When birds and beauteous living things grow mute,
And seek the cooling shelter of the shade.
And yet, not all, how mellow, from the ford
Down yonder, where the level waters glide,
Ring out upon the air the laughter-chimes
Of sweet child voices—sweet to listen to,—
Captives escaped a while from city homes,
And the restraint unhappily imposed
Upon the restless energies of youth,
Glad to emerge into the higher range
Of Nature's more congenial repose,
That rest of motion, wrongly deemed unrest,
Revealed in the activities of life.
Things wanting life no less, the balmy breeze
That stirs the azure pool, and waves the wheat;
In swaying woods, and dancing summer leaves;
In leaping lambkins and in browsing herds;
Or in that living mystery, the light,
Angel of wide-spread wing, first-born of God,
Sustaining, blessing, beautifying all,
By all things welcomed, worshipped, nor withheld
From meanest of God's creatures, hence divine—
The smile of God's own countenance benign
Shed down in love as he well pleased beholds
The myriad forms of beauty he hath made,
Bathing the rocky ribs of Mother Earth,
Flooding her valleys, while her mountain peaks
Swim in this ether of the Infinite.

No wonder children revel in the light,
And take delight in happy living things,
From light derived, the bird, the leaf, the flowers,
With pendant bee or insect on the wing.
How deeply in my soul I sympathise
With you, with all rejoice! My God!
This is the very ecstasy of rest.

Who prates to me of law? I know no law
Higher than that which God hath written on
This deathless spirit,—rules me from within,
Which bids me live unfetter'd, fearless, free
To choose the path that leads to heaven or hell.
Laws are for children, timid fools, or slaves;
Sermons for sucklings; creeds, the leading-strings
Of such as lack the courage to be free.
Perish the law would interpose between
My soul and God. God present in these woods,
Those silent rocks, this leafy solitude,
This stream which still keeps talking to itself
As I with my own thoughts hold converse now.
Thou Nature, art to me, religion, law;
Thy hills my Sinai, and wide space thy fane,
Thy Author, mine no less, the mighty God,
On whose fair foot-stool—Earth, I lay me down
In deep humility to kiss his feet,
While all around, where'er I turn mine eyes,
I read his autograph, and there revealed
That gospel once proclaimed on Calvary,
Older by ages than the decalogue,
Which is at best, alas! and that no more
Than the faint echo of the law within.

But, hark! again those bells of innocence,
Like seraph music pealing from afar,
Known only to the ears of dying men.
I see them now, down yonder at the bend,
Where, widening out to kiss its pebbly marge,
The stream presents to little paddling feet
A glassy pathway to the other side;
Where all aglow the thickly blossomed furze
Strews the green carpet with bright flakes of gold;
Where waving azure bells sweetly awake
The mystic melody of fairy chimes;
Or where yon hawthorn copse inviting hangs
Its odorous wealth; or where the meadow sweet
Uplifts its lace-wove banners to the breeze.
O bliss to infant souls, beyond compare!
Would for your sakes I were a child again!

How swift the hours speed when the soul is pleas'd!
Yonder, already, from the rustic church
Wend hitherward the village worshippers,
Uplifted with a sense of having done
God service—having each submitted to
The weekly drill, so strenuously enforced,
Of sitting, standing, listless, or asleep;

Or, if awake, to listen dreamily
To utterances of the olden time—
What men of old believed and taught of God—
Forgetful that in every human soul,
Still more or less, the Godhead is revealed.
To heaven, how many paths! Yet men love most
Those beaten by the footsteps of dead sires.
Perhaps 'tis well such souls are spared the pain
Of thought-birth, and the travail long endured
By those who hew an opening for themselves.
And yet, methinks, no pathway can be wrong
That leads the weary wanderer home at last.
Nearer they come, nor less a pleasing sight,
A motley throng—young, old, and middle-aged—
The aged, with tottering steps and looks austere;
The peasant maiden, whose sweet looks bespeak
Pure thought, warm heart, and all that makes
The crown and glory of true womanhood;
The stalwart youth, intent to catch her eye,
Strides past, and feels himself a king if she
But deign to bless him with a passing look;
The lagging young folks, more intent to watch
The minnow-shoal manœuvre in the brook,
Or nests in leafy nooks they dare not scan.
But why on me thus bend your lowering brows,
Ye favourites of heaven, elect of God?
Doubtless my presence here, on this blest day,
Disturbs the current of your pious thoughts;
Disturbs calm Reason's ray, and makes you see
In me a desecrator of God's day,
A child of evil, vessel of God's wrath,
Brand for the teeth of unrelenting fires
That endless prey upon the non-elect.
What matter, brethren, if God wills it so?
But, see! in refutation of your creed,
Behold his blessed sunlight falls on me;
To me, caressing, come the waving winds,
Bringing love-offerings from the sweet-breath'd flowers;
To me the streams, the woods, sing soothing psalms,
The birds chant melodies, all things speak peace;
And thus to superstitions, old and new,
Nature, indignant, ever gives the lie.

Glasgow, Sept., 1869. JAMES NICHOLSON.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

EVIDENCE OF THE WITNESSES BEFORE THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY (*Continued*).

Miss Houghton—I will give some account (she said) of how the drawings are done, of which I have brought the tracings here for inspection. They were produced at a seance which was held at the residence of Miss ——, about two dozen persons being present. Two sheets of

drawing-paper, a lead pencil, a sable hair pencil, some water, and a tube of water colour (madder brown), some of which had been squeezed into a saucer, were placed on the table. After the gas had been extinguished, we heard the sheets of paper, which by an accident had been drenched with water, fluttering about the room; presently one of them was brought to me, and laid between my hands, and we heard it being patted for some time, as if to dry it. The spirits then made me hold it lengthwise before me, with the finger and thumb of each hand. We then heard the brush dipped into the saucer of colour, and applied to the paper, the movements being very rapid. The paper was laid for a little while flat on the table, and I feared the moist colour would be smeared; however, it was lifted up, and again worked upon. A light was then demanded, and we saw the sketch of "The Guardian Angel," which was still moist. To my surprise I found that the drawing had been done on the side of the paper next to me, as if the spirit executing it had occupied my place, or been, as it were, within me; so that when laid upon the table it would have had the wet colour upwards, instead of running the risk of being spoiled, as I had feared. There was but one colour upon the table, but a second was employed in the drawing, so that our spirit friends must have themselves supplied it.

Mr. Coleman gave a remarkably lucid and interesting narrative of certain phenomena which, he declared, he had himself witnessed, and under circumstances which entirely precluded the notion of imposture. Some years ago, he said, soon after he had arrived in New York, he called upon Miss Kate Fox, the celebrated American medium, and expressed his curiosity to learn something of this latest and most remarkable phase of Spiritualism. While seated by her side on the sofa three loud raps were heard on the table (which was in the centre of the room), apparently in answer to some jocular remark he had made. "It seems we have listeners here," he said. The three raps were repeated. It may be remarked, for the sake of the uninitiated, that in the spiritualistic system of telegraphy three raps are generally understood to imply an affirmative. "Shall we come to the table?" Three raps. "Is there any spirit here waiting to communicate with me?" Three raps again. "Will you tell me your name?" he asked. The answer was spelt out by means of an alphabet, "Your stepson Harry." (The medium could scarcely have known the fact of his having a stepson of that name, for he was an entire stranger in the city.) "How happy I am to be able once more to converse with you." Here there appeared to be a break in the sentence; for the table proceeded to rap out the words "let me speak;" and Miss Fox suggested that it was perhaps another spirit who desired to speak to him. The table rapped assent. "Is there another spirit present then who wishes to communicate with me?" I then asked. "Yes," "Are you a friend of mine?" "Yes." "A relative?" "Yes." "Your name?" "Annie." Mr. Coleman assured the committee that he had been unable at the moment to recollect any one in his family of that name, and that he had accordingly denied stoutly that he had any such relative. The words were then spelt out—"O how your voice recalls the memory of the past. How rejoiced I am to be able to thank you for your kindness to my

daughter Eliza." It was his wife's mother who had "passed away" twenty-five years ago. He also mentioned a rather remarkable fact that had occurred while he was staying at Malvern. He had been conversing on Spiritualism with the family at whose house he was lodging, and had afterwards gone out to see a friend in the neighbourhood. On his return he was proceeding straightway to bed, when the master of the house came rushing into his room, and asked him, for Heaven's sake, to come down stairs immediately. He accordingly went, and upon entering the drawing room a strange sight met his gaze. Miss ——, a young lady who was staying in the house, was lying on the sofa in violent hysterics. Mrs. —— appeared overwhelmed with terror, and a small tripod table was dancing frantically up and down the room, as if delighted beyond measure at the consternation it had created. On Mr. Coleman's entrance the table ambled towards the door, made a low bow to him, and then proceeded to execute a series of Terpsichorean extravagances of a most curious and remarkable description. He then strove to calm the young lady; she was just beginning to recover when the table came bobbing towards her in a most extraordinary manner, and sent her off again. Mr. Coleman then went to the table, and placing his hand upon it, said, "We have had enough of this nonsense. In God's name, go;" when the movements instantly ceased. Upon explanation, it appeared that during his absence they thought they would try for themselves whether there was any truth in Spiritualism or not. A circle was formed, consisting of the father, mother, and daughter, her friend Miss ——, and a bluff, incredulous Yorkshireman. The most surprising results were obtained. "It was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw," said the Yorkshireman afterwards to me, "that table talked to me and told me of my father and mother for all the world like a human" [*sic*]. At another seance at which Mr. Coleman had been present with Mr. D. D. Home, the table rose right up to the ceiling, he all the time holding Mr. Home's hands firmly in his own. This, too, was in a private house, where all the persons in the circle were friends of his own, and incapable of trickery or imposture. He had also seen, while sitting with the same circle, a beautiful hand and arm, which he was certain could not have belonged to any one present, appear above the table and ring a bell. The same hand was afterwards placed in his hand.

Mr. Sergeant Cox, a member of the committee, remarked that he had heard of a woman who could make people believe they were tormented by a wasp, that they could smell flowers, &c., by the mere exercise of her will. He desired to ask Mr. Coleman how he could be certain he was not biologised at the time, and merely imagining these things.

Mr. Coleman said—Biology might explain some of the phenomena, but there were others that it could not possibly account for—such, for instance, as spirit drawings. He had been present at the production of several elaborate crayon drawings in spaces of time varying from seven to ten seconds. He had himself previously marked the paper so as to enable him with certainty to identify it. These drawings were still in his possession, and he would be glad to exhibit them to the committee.

The *modus operandi* for the production of these spirit drawings was very remarkable. Clean pieces of paper, with crayons, &c., were placed in a covered box; a rapid scratching of the paper was then heard, and in a few seconds the crayons were heard to fall, and the drawing was ready for inspection. He would like to know how biology could account for this.

Mr. Borthwick said that without desiring to propound any theory with regard to the phenomena, he could certainly substantiate the statement of Mr. Coleman with regard to spirit drawings. The blank paper was marked by those present and placed under a shawl which had been tied round the table; a scratching noise was then heard, and in from seven to nine seconds the drawing was completed.

Mrs. Rowcroft stated that in July, 1860, she had seen the apparition of her husband. "I was lying," she said, "on the sofa, at about six and seven o'clock in the evening, perfectly awake, and not thinking at all about my husband, when I heard three distinct knocks at the door. Thinking it must be one of the waiters, I said 'Come in,' and my husband, who had been dead five years, entered, dressed in the morning dress prescribed for British consuls—a blue coat, with Victoria buttons, a straw-coloured waistcoat, and a white hat, such as he always used to wear in the summer. He had also a walking stick with a chamois-horn handle. I jumped up and advanced towards him. He then went into the next room; and when I had recovered myself sufficiently to follow him, he was gone." In answer to questions, the lady stated that she was unable to say how long the apparition lasted; she had every reason to believe that her husband was poisoned on board a ship; the door actually opened when she said "Come in"; the door was not open when the apparition disappeared.

Dr. —— narrated that a medical friend called on a lady patient. She said, "Do you believe in dreams? If so, last night I dreamt that the winner of the Derby would be No. 19 on the racing card." He made inquiry, found No. 19 was "nowhere;" 20 to 1 against it; he took the bets, and cleared £2,000.

Mr. Jones narrated that, when his late wife was ill, early in March, he heard a voice, as if in the centre of his head, repeating at short intervals, "The 7th, the 7th." The sound was clear, like a silver bell,—"the 7th." Considering it a prediction as to the fatal crisis day of his wife, he went to the three attendants, told them that the crisis day with Mrs. J. would be on the 7th of April, and requested them to remember the date. When his two sons came home in the afternoon he informed them. Time passed on. On the morning of the 7th, when his wife was leaning on the breast of one of her sons, she was seized. The scene was fearful.

Mr. Percival made a statement. His experience dated from 1829 or 1830, a period long antecedent to the development of Spiritualism in America. He was an officer in the Guards, but he felt very anxious about religious truth. He could not reconcile the tone of Christianity in society with the tone of Christianity in the Bible. He went to balls and parties, and never heard the name of God mentioned. He determined to leave the army and study religion—not necessarily to become

a clergyman, for that should only be in obedience to a call from the Holy Ghost. He had heard in Ireland some excellent Evangelical teachers, and he wished to enter at Trinity College, but his mother preferred that he should enter at Oxford or Cambridge; and he therefore knelt down by his bed and prayed for guidance. He saw a vision of his friend Harrington, whom he had known at Harrow; he was dressed in the canonical gown, in a peculiar room, strangely furnished, and he took down a folio book from the library shelf to show him. Well, he went to Oxford, met his friend Harrington, and while in doubt about two of the Thirty-nine Articles, he asked his friend for counsel, went to his rooms, and there he saw Mr. Harrington in canonical gown, and with all the surroundings which had been shown to him in the vision. A second time, he saw visions when going to Brussels. While passing through Canterbury he knelt down in the coach to pray for guidance as to whether he should go *via* Calais or Ostend. He saw three heads—very remarkable ones. Well, he went by Margate and Ostend, and at Margate he saw two of the heads of the vision. The third—one at which he had shuddered—was not to be seen; but no sooner had he got into the cabin of the boat than the person entered, and sure enough began swearing and using the most profane language.

Mr. Chevalier stated that he had seventeen years' experience of Spiritualism, but it was not till 1866 that he commenced experimenting on tables. He obtained the usual phenomena, such as raps and tiltings and answers to questions. On one occasion, the answer which was given being obviously untrue, the witness peremptorily inquired why a correct answer had not been given, and the spirit in reply said "Because I am Beelzebub." I continued my experiments (said Mr. Chevalier) until I heard of the Spiritual Athenæum. About that time I lost a child, and heard my wife say she had been in communication with its spirit. I cautioned her, and yet was anxious to communicate also. I placed one finger on the table; it moved, and the name of the child was given. It was a French name. I told a friend of mine what had happened, but was laughed at by him; he however came, sceptic as he was, and placed one hand on the table, asking mental questions, which were all answered. He then asked where my child went to school, not knowing himself, and the answer, "Fenton," was given; this also was correct. Frequently after this I obtained manifestations in French and English, and messages as a child would send to a parent. At my meals, I constantly rested my hand on a small table, and it seemed to join in the conversation. One day the table turned at right angles, and went into the corner of the room. I asked, "Are you my child?" but obtained no answer. I then said, "Are you from God?" but the table was still silent. I then said, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, I command you to answer, are you from God?" One loud rap, a negative, was then given. "Do you believe," said I, "that Christ died to save us from sin?" The answer was "No!" "Accursed spirit," said I, "leave the room." The table then walked across the room, entered the adjoining one, and quickened its steps. It was a small tripod table. It walked with a side-long walk. It went to the door, shook the handle, and I opened it. The table then walked into

the passage, and I repeated the adjuration, receiving the same answer. Fully convinced that I was dealing with an accursed spirit I opened the street-door, and the table was immediately silent, no movement or rap was heard. I returned alone to the drawing-room, and asked if there were any spirits present. Immediately I heard steps like those of a little child outside the door. I opened it, and the small table went into the corner as before, just as my child did when I reproved it for a fault. These manifestations continued until I used the adjuration, and I always found that they changed or ceased when the name of God was mentioned. Reflecting on these singular facts, I determined to inquire further and satisfy myself that the manifestations were what I suspected them to be. I went to Mrs. Marshall, and took with me three clever men, who were not at all likely to be deceived. I was quite unknown; we sat at a table, and had a seance; Mrs. Marshall told me the name of my child. I asked the spirit some questions, and then pronounced the adjuration. We all heard steps, which sounded as if some one was mounting the wall; in a few seconds the sounds ceased, and although Mrs. Marshall challenged again and again the spirits did not answer, and she said she could not account for the phenomenon. In this case, I pronounced the adjuration mentally; no person knew what I had done. At a seance, held at the house of a friend of mine, at which I was present, manifestations were obtained, and as I was known to be hostile I was entreated not to interfere. I sat for two hours a passive spectator. I then asked the name of the spirit, and it gave that of my child. "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," said I, "are you the spirit of my child?" It answered "No!" and the word "Devil" was spelled out.

Dr. Edmunds—How were the names spelled out? Mr. Chevalier—The legs rapped when the alphabet was called over. Mrs. Marshall used the alphabet herself, and the table rapped when her pencil came to the letters. My opinion of these phenomena is that the intelligence which is put in communication with us is a fallen one. It is of the Devil, the prince of the power of the air. I believe we commit the crime of necromancy when we take part in these spiritual seances.

Dr. Edmunds—Who called the alphabet when the answer "Beelzebub" was given? Mr. Chevalier—I did.

Mr. Berghiem—Is it your belief in Christianity that makes you believe these manifestations are of the Devil? Mr. Chevalier—At the Spiritual Athenæum I saw written up as a motto the words, "Try the spirits." I remembered the text and did so, and found that they were not from God. Of course I believe in the New Testament. Any spirit which denies the atonement or does not believe in the Trinity cannot be from God. When we pronounce the name of God we must mean what St. John meant the three persons in one.

The Countess de Pomar, in reference to an opinion of Mr. Chevalier's, that a spirit that did not believe in Christ must be bad, said that it was hard to suppose that good Mahomedans or persons of other non-Christian faiths should not have good spirits.

Miss Anna Blackwell then spoke. Her sister, she said, was very incredulous, and would not believe in Spiritualism in the least. Never-

theless, she herself became what is called a writing medium. The spirit would use her hand to write what communication had to be made. The spirits wrote what was good and bad. One wanted to sign himself Satan and Beelzebub. But, continued Miss Blackwell, my sister did not believe in the least in the existence of such a spirit, and she said, "No;" if you are permitted to come to me it is not to tell such outrageous lies. If you persist in trying to impose on me you shan't write." I have been present at many of these little fights. She would resist the spirit, and when she saw the capital S of Satan being written she would resist, and twist her hand about to prevent the name being written. The spirit has then written, "I hate you because I cannot deceive you." I have on some occasions heard beautiful raps in my drawing-room—in the air, on the wall, in the ground—no one being near the furniture. We never begin without prayer. We say to the spirits that wish to deceive us, "Dear spirits, we are all imperfect; we will endeavour to benefit you by our lights, in so far as they are superior to yours." Sometimes they will overturn and break the table. Yet they were rendered better by our kindness. We would never dream of addressing one as an "Accursed spirit." From one which was very violent, and by whom I have been myself struck, we have received progressive messages, showing how he has become better. They have often sent us messages, saying "We are going up higher now; we have, through your help, broken the chains of earth; and we leave you!" When my sister found the S being written, or the great B for Beelzebub, she would say with kindness but firmness, "Dear spirit, you must not deceive; it is not for such tricks but for a good end that you are permitted to come!"

Dr. Edmunds—How can you distinguish between a spirit that thus deceives and a devil—a mild devil, if I may use the word? Miss Blackwell—I do not believe in a special devil, but imperfect spirits are all in a manner devils.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

To the Committee of the Dialectical Society for the Investigation of Spiritualism.

Gentlemen,—In a late number of *Human Nature*, I am reported (in reply to your president's question—"How can you distinguish between a medium who is an impostor, and a spirit that is a liar?") to have said—"*One cannot distinguish.*" If these are the words I uttered they ill expressed my thoughts; for such an answer implies the idea of some suspicion on my part of having, in the course of my investigation of Spiritualism, been made the dupe of unprincipled individuals, pretending to mediumship. If such an idea has been conveyed to your mind, I beg, in the interest of truth, that you may dismiss it. For I most emphatically declare that I have not the most distant suspicion of having, at any stage of my investigation of the new philosophy, in any country, by any medium or means, been made the victim of deception; and although it is humanly possible that I may have been so deceived, I have not the shadow of an idea that I was so deceived. Mrs. Marshall, I suspected in the beginning, but after sitting with her scores of

times, I found her perfectly genuine. This I say in spite of the assertions of Messrs. Addison & Co., who presume so much on the gullibility of the world as to suggest that it is possible for a woman to take up a pencil, place it between her toes, indite legible lines, written every time in a different toe-writing, under a table, and without using hands or eyes;—nay, more—that with a seven yard crinoline at her command, this *cunning witch* would allow Messrs. A & Co., not only to *see* but to *catch* her toe! Fie! Mr. Addison—rude boy—you boast of having done that for which many a puerile adventurer has been soundly birched. It is easy to say you caught the foot, but you shall not so easily clean your hands.—I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

G. Damiani.

London, 11th October, 1869.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Yesterday a small party from this town, including Mr. and Mrs. Everitt of London, proceeded on a tour of inspection to a house reputed to be haunted, and situate at Willington-on-Tyne. Voices and apparitions of various kinds have been heard and seen in and about the house for many years; and it is with difficulty that the owner has been able to procure tenants for his property. The house has recently been divided into two dwellings, one only of which is at present occupied. No disturbances of any kind having recently been heard, the owner surmised that the spirits, as he believed them to be, had resigned their tenure; that this is not so, however, the sequel will prove. The son of the owner accompanied us to the place, and communicated some curious facts in reference to the spiritual visitations.

The following may prove of interest:—Some years ago the father of our informant resided in the house, and carried on business in the corn mill adjoining. One day, his wife being seated at her work near one of the front room windows, observed a well-dressed lady pass along the gravel walk in front of the house; she knocked at the door and was admitted by the servant. After some short time had elapsed Mrs. ——— was startled by a loud scream proceeding from the staircase landing, and on rushing to the spot discovered the maid lying in a swoon at the drawing-room door. On recovering she stated that, on opening the front door, the lady visitor, without speaking, walked in, and proceeded upstairs into the drawing-room. Although surprised at this cool proceeding, the girl followed with the intention of seeing her seated and taking her name down to her mistress. To her terror and surprise, however, on following into the room she could see no one, the visitor had vanished, and being overcome by her feelings, she swooned away. It is scarcely probable that both mistress and maid could have been labouring under any hallucination or mistake at the same time.

Our party now visited a dark pantry at the back of the house, where raps and knockings were heard, but no answers to questions or communications through the alphabet could be elicited. We then returned to one of the front rooms looking into the garden, and having procured chairs and a table proceeded to hold a sitting in the usual manner.

After repeated confused tappings we got answers to various questions, of which the following are a sample:—Have you been here long? Yes. —Do you intend to stay? Yes.—But the property is not yours? Yes. —No (we said), it belongs to Mr. —— ? No.—But he has the deeds? No.—Have you the deeds? Yes.—Do you think you are yet in this world? Yes.—But (we expostulated), this is a mistake, you are passed away? No.—We assure you it is so, and we are coming to try to do you good and elevate you—are you alone here? No.—Is your wife and family with you? Yes.—After wrangling on in this manner for some time we tried the alphabet, but all we could elicit were the messages—"Go out and let me alone." "This is my place."

Thus ended our investigation, not very satisfactory, perhaps, but interesting as showing the low state in which it is possible for beings to remain after leaving the body, and therefore inciting us all to live up to an increasingly higher standard.

Bishop Auckland, Sept. 15, 1869.

APPENDIX TO THE ABOVE ACCOUNT GIVEN BY SPIRIT AGENCY THROUGH MRS. EVERITT ON THE DAY FOLLOWING THE VISIT.

"We went with you yesterday but could not approach near, as there were too many evil influences or adverse spirits for us to manifest, but I find the house inhabited by some of a lower class very material—not wicked. They have had more possession of it before when it was inhabited by the family, as they could then take from the material bodies and gain nourishment from them, but now it has been unlet there is no strength for them to manifest themselves. They gain power from mortals, and now it is uninhabited they are literally starved, so to speak, and are in an almost pitiable condition. If they cannot get life to remain near the earth they are sent further into the spirit world; as soon as they gain power they return again. So it was yesterday; if you had remained longer they would have gained more power—hence the state of the medium—they took it from you. I should like to explain this a little more fully when you have a little longer time to stay."

GEORGE FOX A HEALING MEDIUM.

The following remarkable narrative is taken from the journal of John Banks, of Whinfell Hall, Cumberland. The first date in the book is "25th September, 1673," the last date in it is "15th August, 1678":—"About this time (1676) a pain struck into my shoulders, and gradually fell down into my arm and hand, so that I was wholly deprived of their use. The pain increased both day and night for three months. I could neither put my clothes on nor off—my arm and hand began to wither. I applied to some physicians, but could get no ease by any of them. At last, while asleep on my bed in the night, I saw in a vision that I was with dear George Fox, and thought I said to him,—'George, my faith is such that if thou seest thy way to lay thy hand upon my shoulder my arm and hand shall be whole throughout.' This remained with me for days and nights so that I felt as if the thing was a true vision, and that I must go to George Fox, until at last, through much exercise of mind as a great trial of my faith, I was made

willing to go to him, he being then at Swarthmoor, in Lancashire, where there was a meeting. Some time after the meeting on first day, I called him aside out of the hall and gave him a relation of my dream, showing him my arm and hand. In a little time, as we walked together silently, he, turning about, looked upon me, and lifting up his hand, laid it upon my shoulder, saying, 'The Lord strengthen thee both within and without.' I went to Thomas Lowers, of Marsh Grange, that night, and when I was set down to supper, immediately and before I was aware, my hand was lifted up to do its office, which it could not do for long before. This struck me with great admiration, and my heart was broken into tenderness before the Lord. The next day I went home with my hand and arm restored to its former use and strength, and without pain. The next time that George Fox and I met he said, 'John, thou mended?' I answered, 'Yes, very well in a little time.' 'Well,' said he, 'give God the glory.'"

PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRIES.

WORDS TO THE WISE,

BUT SIMPLY TO CORRECT MISCONCEPTIONS.

I HAVE no wish to continue the discussion on the unknowable nature of the efficient cause and fundamental formative principle in universal nature, a discussion which I did not provoke; but in justice to Mr. Wallace, whose published opinion I have referred to, as well as to myself, I must claim the privilege of a few concluding remarks. In the September number of *Human Nature*, "Anthropologos" says—"What then are we to make of Mr. A.'s further 'experience,' implying that this 'formative principle' is the result of formation! Was there ever a greater absurdity perpetrated in the pages of a 'Philosophical Periodical!' One is apt to fancy he is reading *Punch* or the *Tomahawk*. But further, Mr. Atkinson confounds the 'formative principle' with 'mental phenomena,' which shows he has not the least notion of what he is talking about. Verily, the subject is to him 'unthinkable.'" Now there is not a word of truth in this statement. What I have said is, that the mental phenomena are the result of cerebral unconscious conditions; but how it all comes about, and the fundamental reason of such manifestations, is unknown as in respect to all other effects in nature, and utterly beyond all the powers of human conception.

With regard to Mr. White, what I protested against was the vulgar anthropomorphic conceptions prevailing with theologians, and I am glad to find that I am now supported in my protest by the writers of the leading articles this month both of *Human Nature* and the *Spiritual Magazine*. In *Human Nature*, p. 494, Mr. Jackson says—"As men we cannot, even in imagination, rise above the human plane when we would embody our abstract conclusions in a definite form. Thus it is that we are compelled, like the old Catholic painters and heathen sculptors, to image forth absolute perfection in finite beauty, reducing the universal to the limitations of the individual, and so, in reality,

confounding effect with cause, and mistaking the symbol for that of which it is but the index and the exponent. We suppose it is almost needless to say that this anthropomorphism of thought, when formulated into a doctrine, and so propounded as an absolute veracity, proceeds on the principle of ignoring the unconscious sphere of man, the most important province of his compound being—that, probably, through which he is more especially related to the spiritual and inspirational sphere, whence he obtains at least the germs of all his grander ideas, and where, morally and intellectually, he is rooted as a tree in the soil whence it derives its nutriment." Now, sir, these are precisely my own opinions, and the same that I have propounded in my "Letters to Miss Martineau," and in the *Zoist* and elsewhere, more than twenty years ago, and which I have never ceased to uphold.

In the article referred to in the *Spiritual Magazine*, are these words —"We do not overlook the services which the processes of materialism have rendered to science, nor would we veil the mischiefs that have sprung from an unregulated belief in the supernatural, from anthropomorphic conceptions of Deity, and from abasing the reason before spiritual authority, supposed or real" (p. 449). This is very true, and my object has ever been to protest and endeavour to prevent such abasement; and surely my brave friend Harriet Martineau and myself deserve some little respect for having done so when the world was not quite so lenient towards the free expression of opinion as in the present day, even if we went a little too far in the estimation of some.

None of us can be sure that we have arrived at the exact truth; but those who have acted disinterestedly, and with absolute and fearless truthfulness, ought not to be despised and misrepresented by writers in the pages of *Human Nature*, with minds not sufficiently catholic and large to compass and tolerate the opinions of other thinkers, whom they do not even take the trouble to understand—inquirers who, like Professors Jackson and De Morgan, have not yet been able to accept a solution of certain novel phenomena, by attributing their source to the agency of the spirits of the departed; and I trust to the good sense and fairness and propriety in the Editor of *Human Nature* to insert this remonstrance, and, as far as I am concerned, let the matter rest.

The writer in the *Spiritual Magazine* concludes by saying that "Chemistry tells us that the diamond, which to our senses is inert, ponderable matter, can be volatilised in the fire of the burning mirror so as to develop neither smoke nor cinders. On the other hand, fire essentially volatile can be condensed in the calcination of metal so as to become ponderable." Matter is not and cannot be inert, whether regarded as a correlation of forces or not; nay, were it so, how could it hold together or our senses perceive it? And by fire I presume that Mr. Epes Sargent means heat, and heat is not a substance, but merely a condition, or particular action or motion, as with light, and as discovered by Bacon and confirmed by Professor Tyndall. But I shall be curious to hear what the learned writer really refers to. Certainly, materialists of all people have the least reason to question the inconceivable subtlety of matter, or its infinite power and properties —the very basis of their belief; and I can assure the writer that I at

least have no need of being reminded of the fact—(see my Letter to Miss M., 22, on Spirit and Mediums). But the question is—Whether all effects proceed or not from a material germ and base, whatever may be its ultimate condition and fundamental principle of action?—which the human understanding is not capable of, I will say, appreciating or apprehending, if the terms unthinkable or unknowable be objected to.

What I think and feel and believe in opposition to Comte is, that there is a universal and fundamental cause, or principle, or power, or spirit, or effective substance, call it what we will, on which we are dependent, and towards which we are responsible in the consequences of our actions, and that all misuse or abuse of our powers and faculties is desecration. And I do not think that such a belief, avoiding all definite and mere imaginary notions, can be very far from the truth; and is at any rate an individual opinion at least worthy of respect, and such as could only be censured, when understood, by the most bigoted and intolerant, since it is the opinion of the deepest thinkers of mankind—whom it is quite unnecessary to name, since a reference to authorities has been so strongly objected to and disregarded, even to making ignorance a boast! But Mr. Sargent gives us a pretty array of them in his article in the *Spiritual Magazine* on "No more Metaphysics;" and on which question I am quite opposed to Comte and Professor Storkes, in his late address at the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

When Mr. White says that "if we do not think of God as man, how shall we think of him?" we may reply, how indeed? and we turn in vain to Mr. Jackson and to Mr. Sargent—who both, like myself, protest against the unreasonable assumption of Mr. White's anthropomorphic conception—for any intelligible definition. And no fault if these, both so far above the average in learning and intellectual gifts, yet vainly endeavour, in vague and unintelligible terms, to convey an idea of that which is *sui generis*, and absolutely incomprehensible; for if we are not to fashion our conception of the Universal Cause "in the likeness of any thing in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth," we have no other material wherewith to clothe the idea. And as for Mr. White's assertion, that we see the nature of the cause in its effects, there never was such a monstrous fallacy, even in regard to what are called second causes or conditions; and the metaphysical idealists to this hour deny the external world, and a physical cause and basis of life and mind. All we can say is, that whatever the conditions are in regard to any effect, they must include an adequate cause and reason for whatever comes of them as a consequence. But why—that is, by what innate principle—fuel burns, the sun shines, worlds gravitate, and the body thinks and feels, and the animals have instincts, we have not the faintest conception, because the nature of the cause and the principle of action is not exhibited in the effects or to be inferred from them; and what we call an explanation is no more than a re-statement of the facts observed, the fundamental reason for which is an absolute mystery, and ever must remain so to the human mind as at present constituted; and all the deepest thinkers have thought so, from Democritus to Bacon, and from Bacon to Mill,

Hamilton, Humboldt, and the rest. It is the one thing most certain—the profound mystery of all that lies behind the screen of nature or phenomenal appearances, as presented in the impressions in the human mind—that there must be a cause, and a sufficient one, is all that we can infer; and Comte even denies this. But the real question remaining now is, not what matter and spirit is, but have we clear and reliable evidence of the existence of the spirits of the dead in our midst? And I at least am taking all the pains I can to come to a right conclusion, in company with those who already believe.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

REMARKS ON THE CONTROVERSY WITH MR. ATKINSON.

We are sorry that the demand upon our space prevented the appearance of a letter from Mr. Atkinson, which he prepared for last number. We much prefer using the above, however, which is in better taste; and in dismissing this discussion we desire to briefly state our position, as our correspondent lets drop some animadversions on our policy. First, we hold that Mr. Atkinson has a perfect right to maintain what opinions he pleases about causation or anything else. We have no desire to convert him or any other person, and we deprecate discussion, correction of mistakes, and rejoinder. For all such actions, as far as they have occurred in this controversy, Mr. Atkinson is answerable. He was not contented with stating his opinion and letting the wise and the foolish abide by their various interpretations of it; but he would have all to think as he did himself. Thus he intruded his individuality, and obscured the truth by his own personal shadow. Secondly, he commenced his communications by a jaunty attack upon spiritualists (*Human Nature*, Vol. II., p. 240), touching in a captious, self-sufficient way, upon absurdities which spiritualists are 1000 years ahead of; and yet, in very questionable taste, attributing the puerilities which he flippantly ridiculed to the spiritualists. At that time he was many leagues out of their camp. He took part in the seance with the Davenports at the room of the Anthropological Society (*Human Nature*, Vol. II. p. 393), and had not the courage then to contradict the false report of the committee, that "no manifestations took place that were not capable of easy explanation." Now he closes his letter with the declaration that he is ready to investigate the question of the return of spirits "in company with those who already believe." Thirdly, Mr. Atkinson's first letter was followed by a postscript (*Human Nature*, Vol. II. p. 242), in which he very freely spoke of a writer, and thus laid himself open to the same kind of treatment. Fourthly, Mr. Atkinson began his first letter by quoting Comte; he closes the above by repudiating him. Taking all these points into consideration, we think that Mr. Atkinson has much to thank providence for in bringing him through all this experience. He has learned something. He has progressed, improved; and the spiritualists have also learned something—viz., that the school of the negativists is a thing of history. Before the advent of spiritualism Mr Atkinson could have made considerable havoc amongst the assumptions and superstitions of the theologians. But that day of

triumph has passed, and our friend must experience in his consciousness that sense of transition which is for ever putting an end to all things, and yet maintaining every individuality. Some things he does Mr. Atkinson supposes that he boasts of his ignorance. Mr. Jackson is not yet see. For instance, when "Anthropologos" reproves pedantry, also quoted to disadvantage. This writer alludes to man's unconscious sphere as being towards the spiritual—away from the organic. Mr. Atkinson, locates this unconscious sphere in the matter of the organism and as supplanting spirit. Here is a great difference—the point of divergence. Mr. Atkinson's definition of The Cause is an improvement upon his previous utterances. All thinkers are agreed that we cannot think of "God," as He is, neither can we think of ourselves as we are. We can only think of God as he appears to our mind, and we can only think of ourselves and the objects around us as they appear to us. Yet God, ourselves, and these objects, are not to be explained away on that account, but are quite as real to us as they may be unreal in some respects, if observed from the divine point of view. We are finite, and in speaking of existence we must do so as it affects us, and not as it would affect the infinite.

We consider these investigations of great importance and the basis of all philosophy and science, and have great pleasure in announcing that these subjects will be continued in this magazine by a succession of able writers.

DR. WILLIS AND HIS EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM.

ANOTHER eminent American gentleman, a spiritualist and medium, has just passed through London on his way to the south of France. We refer to F. L. H. Willis, Esq., M.D., who has lately been introduced to the spiritualists of Great Britain by the publication of his celebrated communication from Theodore Parker, which appeared in a recent number of *Daybreak*. Dr. Willis's organisation is a type of the Man, mental and spiritual. The physiology is light, nervous, and highly susceptible, and the brain is indicative of great thought, power, and spiritual aspiration, combined with much energy and affection. Such an organisation tends to exhaustion and decay of the vital powers. The Herculean labours which Dr. Willis has undertaken and triumphantly accomplished, have so far reduced him that, by the advice of his medical brethren, he has been obliged to resort to the south of France as the only means of prolonging his earth life.

Dr. Willis is descended from a distinguished New England family, a member of which was the late poet N. P. Willis.

After his career at Harvard Dr. Willis was, for some years, speaker to a society of spiritualists at Cold Water, Michigan, where he gathered a congregation round him of great power, number, and intelligence, and was the pioneer of spiritualistic organisation in that State. He subsequently graduated in the medical profession, was professor in a female medical college for several sessions, and had just accepted an important appointment in a New York medical college when ill health necessitated his leaving for Europe. He arrived in London from Liverpool on Wednesday evening, October 13th, and though the notice was short a large and highly influential gathering of London Spiritualists met him on the following evening at the Progressive Library to extend to him their warm and cordial welcome, and to sympathise with him for all he has suffered on behalf of Spiritualism.

Mr Coleman in a few introductory remarks characterised Dr. Willis as one of the most remarkable mediums known amongst American spiritualists.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis then rose and said,—I thank you sincerely for your cordial reception of me, a stranger,—and yet not a stranger, for surely spiritualists are not strangers to each other, or should not be, even though oceans roll between them, for we are connected by one of the most beautiful bonds that can be conceived. I did not expect to be called upon to address you this evening, and as I am obliged to husband my strength I will dispense with formalities and address you in a conversational manner.*

Perhaps I can say nothing that will be of so much interest to you, as to give a brief account of the manner in which I was first developed or "brought out" as a medium. I was a student at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., in the Theological department; had passed through the course and was fitting myself for the ministry. I had known nothing of Spiritualism—literally nothing. I had seen some comments upon it, but if I gave it any thought at all, it was to regard it as a delusion that only the most ignorant and superstitious could participate in. During my course of studies my health failed me, and my medical advisers recommended a sea voyage. Accordingly, in the year 1854, I took a passage to South America. I was excessively sea-sick for fourteen days on the passage, and during that time was conscious of some very singular experiences, such as I had never known before. I heard very strange and unaccountable sounds around me in my state-room. I felt, at times, as if a hand were laid upon my forehead; several hands were laid upon my person, and the contact seemed to relieve me in my sufferings. I gave but little thought to it, however, fancying it was probably owing to my diseased condition; but I finally learned what it was. I had some of these experiences after I arrived at Rio de Janeiro; but returning to Boston, I called on some friends, and in the course of conversation with them, I was giving some account of my experiences during my absence,when suddenly one of the ladies interrupted my conversation by saying—"Mr. Willis, I believe you are a medium." I had scarcely ever heard of Spiritualism, and I looked at her and said, "What do you mean?" "Why! I mean a medium for tipping, rapping, and so on;" but still I expressed my opinion that it was a contemptible delusion. It was, however, proposed that we should sit and see what resulted. The table was drawn to the centre of the room—the sun was shining, and we took our seats, the lady, her two daughters, and myself. We had not been sitting at the table any length of time before I observed some curious movements. I thought the young ladies were producing the movements in sport, but they assured me they had nothing to do with them, and they sat back from the table and drew their skirts away so that I might see that no foot was in contact with it; and you can imagine my surprise when I knelt down on the floor and saw that the table was suspended from the floor at least 14 inches and was not in contact with anything to cause such elevation. My moving from my seat undoubtedly broke the influence, and the table fell to the floor. I resumed my seat, my right hand lying on the table, and was in deep thought as to what that phenomenon could mean, when suddenly I felt a peculiar sensation in the muscles of the right arm descending to the hand, which then commenced an involuntary movement over which my will had no control whatever. One of the ladies who had seen something of the manifestations said, "Why! it is going to write." In my ignorance of the whole thing I had not even heard of a writing medium. A pencil was placed upon the table, which my hand eagerly seized by involuntary action,

* On account of his weak condition, Dr. Willis had to resume his seat during his address; and as this report has not been revised by him, it is hoped the public will excuse any faults of expression or composition which may be noticed. —Ed. *H. N.*

and commenced writing in different handwritings. Each peculiar style of writing had attached to it the signatures of a particular friend of some person present, and among them was the handwriting of my own mother, who went to spirit life in my infancy; and it had so chanced that I had never seen her writing; but upon my procuring some, afterwards, and comparing it, it proved a fac-simile. The messages were assurances of their love, interest, and continued presence. That was my first introduction to Spiritualism.

In the evening some gentlemen came to dine with me, and hearing of the remarkable occurrences, of course their curiosity was excited, and they wished to see something of the kind. We sat, and phenomena occurred of a character even more remarkable. I felt something inducing me to go to a piano-forte, and I took my seat at the instrument—a grand piano, weighing at least 1000 lbs—and at that time my health was as frail as it is at present. I commenced playing a simple air on the piano, and to my surprise the instrument rose up and down upon the floor, and with sufficient force to jar the windows of the house. I commenced playing a march, and the piano kept most perfect time. Then I changed to a waltz, then a polka. I had no knowledge of music at that time—and at every change of the music the movements changed—and so violently was the instrument moved that the gentlemen took hold of it and endeavoured to stay its movements, but they could not. At last five of them got on the top of it, and the instrument was taken up and swayed about, evincing great power.

Speaking of that manifestation reminds me that an evening after, a sceptic who had seen it, advanced several theories, the first of course based upon the assumption that Mr. Willis was a trickster, and that the movements were produced by my feet acting as levers; but I told him I would kneel on the floor and that would, perhaps, prove to him whether his theory was correct or otherwise. I did so, and also allowed him to hold my hands over my shoulders; and yet whilst in that position the piano was taken up and violently moved. He then advanced the theory that I was a biologist, and that there was really no movement in the piano. "Well!" said I, "will you be so kind as to put your foot under it?" which he did, but he limped for two months afterwards. My mediumship rapidly advanced. I passed through the trance state, and in this condition the impersonations of character were indeed remarkable. One of the earliest influences I had was that of an old eclectic or botanical doctor who had passed from life in the city of Boston some 25 years before. I was then about 19, and was, in my normal condition, quite ignorant of medical matters; had never studied physiology, and except a mere smattering knew nothing of it. My studies had been in quite a different direction; I had never even looked into a medical work but when influenced by this old physician. There was no question that could not be propounded by me, none that I could not answer correctly and promptly; and under that influence I made very many remarkable cures indeed, cures considered miracles at that time.

You must know that at that time very little was known of Spiritualism; that is, it had been working many years quietly against every obstacle among the more uneducated class of the people; but it had not made its way into aristocratic circles. Therefore, from my position as a student of Divinity in Harvard College, these manifestations which could not be kept quiet created an intense excitement, and the noise of them came to the ears of the Professors at Cambridge, and it was felt to be a disgrace to the institution.

Some of the most remarkable manifestations I have had were the appearance of spirit hands of various sizes, from the large brawny muscular hand of the labourer to the delicate exquisite hand of the lady, and these hands were seen manipulating instruments which were played upon in a remarkable manner. The instruments were usually placed upon the floor

beneath the table at which we were seated. Our seances were never dark, but more or less light. Usually the rooms were as brilliantly lighted as this one is at present. Sometimes the spirits would request that the light be dimmed, but I never, except upon one or two occasions, went into a dark room; darkness, however, always intensified the power, but it was disagreeable to me. The instruments at these seances consisted of an accordion, bells, a drum, a guitar, and so forth. They were all played in perfect tune, and oftentimes in response to the mental requests of those forming the circle. One of the most beautiful manifestations of that kind was the hand of a lady which was often seen manipulating the strings of the guitar. I could not, nor can I now, use that instrument; the music was ravishing, and this beautiful hand was always seen in the dim light beneath the table. It terminated at the fore-arm in the most exquisite drapery. Sometimes these hands would be placed beneath the table-cover, never in the light, and in this way we could take hold of them and receive their grasp.

Then I had the flower manifestation. I was seated one evening at the house of a friend who had lost (as we sometimes very inappropriately say) a lovely child of four years, named Johnnie. She had heard that at a seance in the neighbourhood leaves had been brought, and she thought that flowers also could be presented; she propounded this question to the little boy, Johnnie—three raps—he had a peculiar rap. "Johnnie, can you bring mamma some flowers? Yes.—To-night? No." We were holding these seances every Saturday night; and for six Saturday evenings the lady asked that question. On the seventh Saturday night we took our seats at the table; the doors of the room were locked, no ingress or egress being allowed. The question was asked, "Will you bring mamma's flowers to-night." "Yes," was the answer. We had a great variety of manifestations. At eleven o'clock we rose to break up the circle, when suddenly I felt a peculiar sensation like the chill of death, and sunk into my seat. My friends, supposing I was again influenced, resumed their seats. I involuntarily took a pencil and paper, and after writing a sentence on it I placed it beneath the table. Every eye was on the paper, there was light enough to see it distinctly, and while we watched a dark shadow traced the form of a flower—a fragrance of flowers filled the room, and when I put my hand down, the paper was covered with geranium leaves, with all the freshness of having just been broken from the plant. The writing on the paper was—"Darling mother, Johnnie has brought you flowers." That was the first flower manifestation I ever witnessed.

Soon after that I was in Boston one night, and shared the bed of a friend with whom I was very intimate. It was nearly half-past eleven when we retired. We conversed nearly three quarters of an hour after retiring, and I had just turned from him and said good night, when this chill came over me, and I clung to him. He was frightened, thinking I was ill; and just as he was going to spring from the bed to light the gas, we perceived the fragrance of flowers, and felt something like flowers falling.—this was in midwinter when flowers could not be obtained—rose-buds and violets, with all the freshness of having just come from the greenhouse. The counterpane was literally covered with them.

On another occasion I was at the house of a Mrs. Davis in Worcester, Massachusetts. Mrs. Davis is the widow of one of the governors of Massachusetts, and the sister of George Bancroft, the United States Historian. She is a very remarkable person, and one of the most intellectual women in America. I was in the habit of visiting her during my vacations. She was a very enthusiastic believer in spiritualism and very fond of having mediums at her house, and she had many very wonderful manifestations there. On the evening I refer to Mrs. Bancroft was present as well as some of our most distinguished literary men and women—T. W. Higginson among them. That evening I had been controlled by different poets—Byron,

Shelley, Southey, and others. The improvisations were very brilliant and beautiful—so I was told at the close of the seance by persons upon whose judgment I could rely. One influence rapidly succeeded another, and Mrs. Bancroft thanked me for the most brilliant evening she had ever passed. After these had ended, flowers were brought; but instead of being thrown on the table they came about the floor and seemed to spring out of the carpet. And I remember on another occasion we had been sitting three or four hours in a close room, the door had not been opened, and the most curious ferns, camelia japonicas, &c., all covered with rain-drops, were presented. The room was as light as this one. How could they have come into the room?

I have also had the independent spirit writings, one or two remarkable instances of which I will give you. One morning when on a visit to Mrs. Davis, two lady friends called and we were seated in conversation on spiritualism. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. These ladies were sisters—the one a spiritualist, and the other a sceptic; and this latter had what she thought a very plausible theory, and that was the wonderful theory of mind acting upon mind. She asserted that there never was an instance of a communication coming that was not already existing in the mind of either the medium or one of the persons sitting round, and it was transmitted in that way. Mrs. Davis proposed that we should take our seats at the table. We did so. The table was somewhat larger than the one we have before us, and in the centre of it was a pencil and paper. We continued our conversation, and I was presenting this lady with facts which her theory did not and could not account for, when suddenly our attention was attracted by the movements of the pencil on the paper. There was no hand near it; but gradually the pencil rose till it assumed a writing position, and commenced sketching, with a great deal of skill, a pestal and mortar. When that was completed, some letters were written on a line with the base of the mortar; the letters were thus—E N —— M I N. As soon as the pencil dropped the paper was seized, but it was an enigma; it was passed to the next lady, who could see no meaning in it; she passed it to her sister, and she to me, but it remained unsolved. At last Mrs. Davis said—"Well, suppose we place it back and see if they will give an explanation." We did so, and in an instant the pencil traced, in the blank space, the letters J A—the pestal and mortar represented the initial B—the whole forming the name (Benjamin) of the spirit father of this sceptical lady, and who in earth life was a druggist.

Now, at Mr Coleman's suggestion, I will give an account of levitations. I had some very remarkable manifestations of that kind. I will narrate one. There were twelve or thirteen persons present, and it was at a house where they had had some very remarkable manifestations through a medium named Squires. After Mr. Squires' seance, some of my friends wanted to prolong the sitting in order to have some demonstrations through my mediumship; and so we formed another circle, and that was the first time I was ever taken up bodily. I was lifted from off my chair and placed, chair and all, on the table. I was thus lifted entirely above the heads of the persons present, and floated about in the atmosphere up to the ceiling. My sensations were very singular. My body felt as if it were made of cork, so strangely buoyant, and I felt almost terrified at the novelty of my situation, and extremely nervous lest I should receive injury; and then I felt as it were some hands touching me, until these sensations passed calmly away, and I was floated as if I had been a feather. I was carried away to a marble dressing table that was in the room, covered with a great many articles of vertu, some rare and costly. There was a space not a foot in width in front of these articles, upon which I was laid by the spirit power, and there I was held and sustained. It was an exceedingly delicate matter to place a man on that table without breaking any of the articles. These manifestations took place in the dark.

These seances were held at the houses of friends in Boston and vicinity, and of course the notoriety they created reached Cambridge, and as I have already said, the professors were very much scandalised that one of their students should be giving himself to such foolish performances, but still they said nothing to me as I was faithful and never neglected my studies. I kept my position in my class. But one morning as I was getting ready to go into the recitation room there came a knock at my door; I opened it, and a lady stood there dressed in deep mourning, and announced herself as Mrs. Hall, of Boston. She said,—"I am a spiritualist, and my son is also an enthusiast in Spiritualism. My daughter, the wife of Professor Eustis, is a medium, but her husband is very violently opposed to the whole thing. We are anxious and desirous of convincing the professor of the reality of these phenomena. Because he is a scientific man he believes there are no phenomena; he asserts it is all fraud and trickery. We have heard of your manifestations, and are desirous that you should meet him at my house in Boston." I said,—"Madam, this power forces itself upon me. I have never gone to the house of any stranger since I became aware that I possessed it." But she urged her case so much that I consented. She told me I would find the professor a gentleman of position, and she would endeavour to make everything as pleasant as possible. I went on the appointed evening and met the party, and among them Professor Eustis of the scientific school. I took my seat at the table, and had previously told Mrs. Hall what instruments were required—an accordion, drum, hand-bells, and guitar. The manifestations soon commenced with raps, and then some slight changes were made in the formation of the circle, at the dictation of the spirits. The first manifestation a large hand-bell was seized and put up through an open space in the table made by removing a portable leaf. We were seated in a brilliantly lighted room, much more so than this one. The hand-bell was put up and violently rung, and an opportunity was given to a gentleman to take hold of it, and he tried to take it away from the spirit but failed; he handed it to Professor Eustis, an immensely strong muscular man, who tried his utmost to pull the bell from the spirits. The room, as I said before, was brilliantly lighted, and both my hands were upon the table, and not the slightest muscular movement could be perceived on my part, as the professor afterwards testified. The bell then dropped to the floor, and the instruments commenced playing, and that manifestation continued for some time, There were a variety of other manifestations. When the seance was over Mrs. Hall came to me and said, "We have all been very much delighted with the manifestations of the evening, and I think Professor Eustis has been most profoundly impressed. He has keenly and closely watched every movement and sound during the whole evening." I thanked Mrs. Hall for her courtesy and kindness, and left.

I found that the frequency of these seances, in addition to my mental labours, was affecting my health, and I thought they must be postponed till my course of studies was finished, and I came to the determination to sit for no one till that time. But about two or three weeks afterwards Mrs. Hall came to me again and said, "Mr. Willis, Professor Eustis was profoundly impressed, and we think if he could meet you once again he would be fully convinced of the reality of these phenomena, and we wish you to meet him." I said, "Mrs. Hall, I find my health suffering from these manifestations, and have decided to give no more sittings to any one." But she seemed to deem it of such importance, not only for the happiness and comfort of her own family, but for the whole world, that the professor should be convinced of the reality of the phenomena, that I consented to meet the same company, and on the evening appointed went to her house and we took seats at the table. It seems that before I arrived the whole matter had been discussed, and the professor had pronounced it to be "all Mr. Willis's feet," but nothing was said to me of this—he made that declara-

tion at the end of the seance. But I had been assured by Mrs. Hall that I should meet with the utmost kindness, candour, and courtesy, and that everything should be as pleasant as before. When I took my seat at the table she said, "Mr. Willis, before you came we resolved that we would all sit with our feet underneath our chairs and not move them—not that we doubt you, Mr. Willis, but you can guess our reasons." I said, "I wish it to be remembered that I have always held these seances in the presence of friends, those who have confidence in me, and I in them, and I have never been subject to any restrictions, but I will do my best to conform with the expressed desire of the company." The whole company pledged themselves to keep their feet under their chairs during the seance. The instruments were upon the table, placed as far from me as possible, and unless I was endowed with the extension of the limbs, it would have been impossible for me to have touched them. I was seated at the centre of the table, the professor seated next to me, and the rest of the company ranged around. We sat nearly half an hour but nothing occurred; but all that time I was in an an agony of torture, and felt as if a thousand needles were pricking my flesh. Nothing had been said to me of his doubts of my integrity, nor had he expressed anything himself, but my sensitive nature felt all that was going on within him, and just as I felt I could endure it no longer, there came the blessed sounds of the raps, and the spirits indicated that the circle was improperly formed. It was accordingly reformed, according to their direction, which placed a lady between the professor and my myself; then as soon as quiet was restored the manifestations commenced with the manipulation of the drums. The accordion had been placed at the other end of the table, but I now felt it press against my hand, I drew it up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is to indicate that I am to take it." During the accordion manifestation my left hand was resting on the table with the accordion in my right hand and the keys directed towards the open space. It was extremely difficult to hold the instrument at arm's length, so I always rested my arm on my knee, the instrument hanging down in front. I had never before been under any restriction, and entirely forgot the arrangement about keeping my legs under the table; so I violated the rule innocently enough. I gave the company opportunity, in turn, to think of some tune they would like to have, and as soon as the wish was formed in the mind, the response would come, giving the desired tune. This seemed to impress the company very much; they could not understand how the "foot" theory could account for it. Had I been sharp I should have placed my foot back under the chair, but it did not occur to me. Now it is my habit to place my left limb over my right one, and on this occasion I did so, giving the hanging leg a slight nervous movement. The drum was next manipulated with two little drumsticks in a most wonderful manner. The professor was educated as a military man at West Point, and he said it was done in a scientific manner, and a lady present said she could not see how it was possible that a man with his boots on could play in such a manner, and at her request our national air, "Hail Columbia," was drummed out. As I sat I felt a peculiar sensation, unlike what I generally experience from being hit by instruments, and it excited my curiosity. It seemed to proceed from something between the professor and myself, and it pressed my foot firmly to the under surface of the table. Had I dreamed that the professor had violated his own conditions, as he had declared he would, in order to detect me, I should have said, You have my foot, but I did not think anything about it; but the professor jumped up, and in the grossest language denounced me as a villain and an impostor. Said I, "Professor Eustis, will you meet me again?" He said, "Never." I said, "Professor Eustis, I demand that you meet me again." Again he said "Never," "Professor Eustis," I said, "do you intend to make public your charge of imposture?" "Yes, sir." Then said I, "Sir, in the presence of this company I demand that

you meet me again, when I will submit to any condition you may choose to impose upon me. You may put me in a wire cage; you may bind my hands and feet to my chair, but I demand you shall meet me again." Mrs. Hall then said, "Professor Eustis, Mr. Willis is my guest, and I demand, as a matter of justice, that you meet him again." The rest of the company also expressed their desire, and he at last consented. The excitement threw me into a violent fit of hysteria. As soon as I had recovered, and a carriage was called, I turned to Professor Eustis and asked him if he would be in his room the next day at noon. He said, "Very well, I will be there." I went to my room at Cambridge, where I had another of those fearful attacks. I went through it alone, and was found next morning nearly dead, and was too ill to think anything about my engagement; but about four o'clock I happened to remember it. I said to a friend, "I have a very important engagement, will you go to Professor Eustis and tell him how very ill I am; tell him I am scarcely able to drag myself from my bed." But Professor Eustis, when he found I did not come, went directly from his study, and instead of spending an hour in giving his scientific lecture, he spent it in denouncing me as a villain and an impostor, thus prejudging my case and prejudicing the whole committee against me, while I was lying helpless in my room trusting in his honour.

I was very ill for several days. When I resumed my classes the professor who was lecturing, and who was one of the faculty, said to me, "Mr. Willis, you will please remain behind; you are doubtless aware of the grave charges that have been made to the faculty, seriously involving your moral character." I said, "Doctor, I am not surprised, but I am ready to meet them when ever you like, and the sooner the better, for my health is suffering from the doubt. Whom shall I meet?" "You will meet no one but your faculty—the faculty of the divinity school—the president of the college, and the professors of the divinity school, and your accuser." "Very well, sir, I will be present." I was then very feeble in health, but I felt what was coming. Dr. Walker assured me I should meet no one else. On the morning of the day there came from him a most informal message, saying, "Professor Eustis has requested the privilege of taking a friend," and had I received the shadow of a hint as to who this person was and the purpose for which he was to be brought, I should have procured the services of a lawyer. I had been summoned before my teachers, men whom I had learned to love and respect, almost to reverence, and I could not believe they would summon a weak, sick, defenceless young man into their presence and allow him to be tortured. I sent for a friend of mine, the late Rev. B. S. King, and explained to him the circumstances, and asked him to go with me. He said, "I am very sorry I cannot go with you as I have to lecture at that time, but don't you give yourself the slightest uneasiness, I will go and see Dr. Walker and will come back and tell you the results of my interview with him." Hour after hour passed away and Mr. King did not return, and I began to feel something was wrong. In his interview with Dr. Walker, Mr. King found I was already tried, convicted, and condemned unheard, and he felt so badly about it that he had not the heart to come back and tell me, so he went on to Boston without seeing me. It was four o'clock, and I sent to another clergyman and related to him my circumstances. He said, "I will go with you, I do not think you ought to go without some one."

The man Professor Eustis had taken with him was a Dr. Wyman, intensely bitter against Spiritualism, and he took him with him for the express purpose of having his aid in browbeating me and inveigling me into self-contradictions. The Professor had his charges all drawn up; he gave a very literal account of the manifestations of the two evenings, but he acknowledged in response that many things occurred for which he could not account in the slightest—and said he, "I even watched the shadow of Mr. Willis on the wall, and I could not see that he moved." When he came to the

accordion manifestations, they seemed to stagger the Rev. Doctors; they could not see how accordions could be manipulated by my toes, or how it could possibly respond to mental questions put by different members of the circle. They put some questions to the Professor, and Dr. Wyman took them up and said, "Oh! ask Willis about that," and turning to me he said, "Willis, how do you do that trick?" assuming at once that I was a scoundrel. Said I, "Dr Wyman, when the faculty are ready to hear what I have to say, I will tell all I have to tell, and I will address my reply to them," and even then my teachers allowed their prejudices against Spiritualism to lock their ears against me. Finally my friend, seeing how the investigation was being carried on, and being a man of position and influence, put a stop to the whole thing. He took Dr. Wyman on one side, and said, "Dr. Wyman it is outrageous the course you have pursued." "Oh," returned he, "Mr. Willis is not a rascal; he is a gentleman, his countenance shows that, but he is insane." The next morning I was summoned to the study of Rev. Dr. James Walker, a metaphysician and a celebrated divine. In the most wily and shrewd manner he said—"We have come to the conclusion that the investigation held last evening was not of such a nature as to warrant our drawing any inference from it, and that we were not the tribunal to carry on the investigation, and until you can go before such a tribunal we wish you to withdraw from the institution. This will be the best course as nothing will be put upon our books." They were ashamed to put upon their records the transactions of that evening. I could scarcely believe my senses. I looked at Dr. Walker in silence. Finally I said, "Every man has a right to be deemed innocent till his guilt is established. You have constituted yourselves as a jury, have listened to the Professor with a man to act as his counsel, and now I demand that you hear me, and until you do so I shall resume my position in my class." A meeting of the faculty was summoned and they effected my expulsion, but I had the sympathy of the whole of my country, and even from abroad came letters of sympathy. The entire press with the exception of the *Boston Courier*, which was inspired by my accusers, was on my side.

But the thing broke me down completely; old and young friends whom I had known from my childhood passed me by. I had a tender loving heart, and it was death to me in its worst form—the crucifixion of every sensibility of my nature. I was broken down in health and have never been well since. But the work of Spiritualism has become endeared to me by these sufferings, because at this day Spiritualism has become to some degree popular and respected. You can form no idea of the bitterness of the persecution in that early day.

For eleven months after my first experience in these manifestations I was fighting with all my energies with these influences, for I knew not where they would lead me to. I had passed from the views received in my early childhood and had gone to the opposite extreme. I was a materialist, and had no faith in immortality, because I had no demonstration whatever. The Bible afforded me no demonstration, neither did nature, and I knew if I accepted Spiritualism just what it would bring me to. I saw that I would have to give up my position, reputation, friends, everything; and I confess I did not feel equal to it, because I possess a very sensitive nature and organism as you can all perceive, and I am exceedingly tender and strong in my affections, and naturally conservative. After I had been fighting eleven months against these things, and had been reading everything I could get hold of against the folly of Spiritualism, one evening, in perfect despair, I went to call upon a friend, and I explained the whole phenomena to him in his study, and gave a narration of my experiences from beginning to end; and at the conclusion I said—"Now, my dear friend, what shall I do, if I am insane I want to know it and to be put where insane people belong." Said he, "My dear boy, since this thing is entirely beyond your control, I advise you to give yourself up to it, follow where it leads."

That evening I had just extinguished my light, and was turning from my study to my bedroom when I mentally exclaimed—"Take me, ye powers, whatever ye be, and do with me as you will;" and I felt the struggle was over, and before me I saw a beautiful phosphorescent light filling the atmosphere before me, and as I looked it expanded until it became large enough to contain a bust, and there I saw the most beautiful being I ever beheld, and I knew it was my mother who died in my infancy, leaving me to the tender mercies of others. Oh! how I had longed for a mother's love! Many and many a night I have gone to bed and wept myself asleep for the love of a mother, such as I saw constantly lavished upon other children. She told me she had long endeavoured to make me feel her presence, and that her love had not been inactive because she could not make me realise her presence. But in the midst of this manifestation, so beautiful and chaste, the thought flashed over me—it is my folly. The terrible idea seized me that these things were the precursors of insanity, and I said to myself this is part of the same hallucination that has been upon me for the past eleven months. My mother saw these things passing in my mind, and she said, Listen and I will demonstrate this matter to you! and she went on to state circumstances in her life—circumstances known only to herself and my grandmother, then living about three miles from the university. She told me she had taken these means of convincing me, and also that it might arrest the attention of minds not otherwise easily attainable. The next day, after I had fulfilled my duties at the college, I called on my grandmother, and propounded certain questions to the old lady, and I shall never forget her amazement. "Why!" said she, where on earth did you get that information, it was known to no human being but your mother and myself." Said I—"Grandmother, my mother came to me last night and told me these things;" and the old lady declared she must believe me. And never from that day to this have I had one single doubt. Why! I should just as soon doubt the sun in the heavens or my own existence.

On the following Thursday evening Dr Willis again favoured the members of the Spiritual Institution with his presence. He kindly read an essay on "Life," which was produced under very peculiar circumstances. Dr. Willis explained that he was in the habit of taking a book in his left hand and reading aloud, while with his right hand he would be writing very rapidly matter of a very thoughtful and philosophical kind. His essay on "Life" was thus given, and is of the most instructive nature—revealing facts of the utmost importance, and of a kind quite unknown to science. We understand that the Doctor has a great store of such writings on hand, and we feel assured that if they were published they would achieve a position far a-head of Carlyle, Emerson, Herbert Spencer, or any of the intellectual notorieties of the age. We can give no description of them. They are simple as a matter of fact, profound as the deepest philosophy, interesting as a tale, and conveyed in language the most sublime and impassioned. The interest of Dr. Willis's reading, however, culminated when, in a deep trance, he arose, and, under spirit influence, recited a poem with marvellous effect, such as is found in no book. Its scope embraced a consideration of all science, philosophy, and religion, and their use to man in his pilgrimage towards Deity. Those baubles—priest-made creeds and artificial schemes of salvation—were gracefully but effectively superseded by sentiments, compared with which the popular theology is the darkest blasphemy. The impression produced was intense. It was the grandest manifestation of spirit power, on the highest plane, that we have ever witnessed; and those who had sufficient intelligence were deeply impressed with the important fact that a pure and high-toned organisation is indispensable to lofty manifestations of spirit. To know Dr. Willis is to love him dearly and truly. As an invaluable instrument in the education and elevation of mankind, we

hope his life will be spared to put the human family in possession of those glorious truths which his pure organism, like gold doubly refined, is capable of reflecting upon the world. He is preparing a history of his life-work. It cannot appear too soon, and the same may be said of the treasures of manuscript from the spirit world, which form an invaluable storehouse of light and knowledge.

Mr. Andrus, a very interesting young gentleman, accompanied Dr. Willis. He is a native of Poughkeepsie, and his father was the first who received a medical clairvoyant examination from Andrew Jackson Davis, when that great seer was developed in his boyhood. It is peculiarly satisfactory to listen to the enthusiasm and respect with which Mr. Andrus speaks of that great and good man, and which is re-echoed by all who know him. Peebles, Willis, Davis, are types of a glorious brotherhood, dissimilar in many respects, but of which the world will yet be proud. When we look around the circle of our timid, spiritually blind, and bigoted brethren, many of whom profess to be ashamed of Spiritualism, we feel that Spiritualism and these good and pure souls who herald its sublime truths, have more reason to be ashamed of them. It is evident that our English "Christian Spiritualists" are so far wise in qualifying the term "Spiritualist," a term, which, in many respects, they can lay very little claim to.

REVIEWS.

SEERS OF THE AGES, EMBRACING SPIRITUALISM PAST AND PRESENT. By J. M. PEEBLES. Boston: White & Co.*

Mr. PEEBLES's "Seers of the Ages" has only been published three or four months, but it has already passed through two large editions, and has been very favourably reviewed by more than thirty American periodicals, receiving the compliment of hearty abuse from two or three of the stiffly orthodox. We do not wonder at this book's success, for it undoubtedly supplies a desideratum in spiritualistic literature, and is redolent in every page with the atmosphere of the *New World*, transatlantic as well as spiritual.

There has been a demand, for some time, among those interested in Spiritualism for something new in the way of an exposition of its principles. We are sick of seeing "extinct satans" in the shape of imposture and devil-theories opposed by serious argument, and scarcely less so of hearing arrayed in wearisome repetition all accounts of supernatural occurrences, from Genesis to Revelation. It was pleasant to study in Mr. Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," and Mr. Shorter's "Two Worlds," the many-sided belief in mysterious powers lying at the back of human nature. It was profitable to observe how so-called supernatural gifts have always appeared within the Christian Church, when faith has been sufficiently real to dissipate selfish pre-occupation, and to lay open the soul to spiritual influence. But the time has arrived for a deeper probing of the subject, and at least an attempt to discover the relationship which exists between the Spiritualism of to-day and that of past millenniums. Happily Christianity is only a portion, and a very small portion, comparatively speak-

* May be had at the Progressive Library, price 8s.

ing, of the universe of human thought, yet contented with the eventful, though short-lived, history of Christendom, we are prone to forget that Europe was only tenanted by savages, human and otherwise, when Asia had, for thousands of years, possessed its varied civilisation and therewith its Spiritualisms. And we cannot estimate, at its proper value, the influx of influence from the Unseen, which, at the present moment, is acting so wonderfully in the region of ideas, unless we are conversant with historical antecedents of a similar nature.

Parallel with the proofs which are cropping up on every side, that man has very probably been on the earth 100,000 years, evidence arises of the extreme antiquity of philosophical and religious systems. When men of science were discussing physical and metaphysical problems 6000 years ago, in India or Egypt, among the masses of the people, symbolical embodiments of philosophical ideas were laying the foundations for the present faiths and superstitions of Europe. An endeavour to show how all this may have happened occupies the earlier portion of Mr. Peebles's book. He is posted, to use the American phase, in most of the latest results of modern criticism; every chapter bristles with quotations, and is suggestive of a volume. Now Spiritualism is a very exciting study, especially to the novice, and it is most desirable that the tranquillising, if somewhat humiliating effect, of historical investigation should be coupled with it. The ardent neophyte who has just been introduced into a sphere of things where all known natural laws are superseded, needs to be taught, that in the sphere of ideas, as well as that of mere phenomena, there are laws of birth, maturity, and decay; that all conceptions, even the most transcendental, have a *history*, and that no idea can be properly appreciated until something is known of its genealogy. And this, we fancy, is the general impression which will be gathered from the first section of this volume, entitled "Ancient Historic Spiritualism."

The next question discussed is the very centre of Christian Spiritualism, in other words, Christology in all its phases. The point of view from which this serious matter is considered by Mr. Peebles may be easily surmised from his opening sentence:—

"Thinkers of the living present will necessarily study the man of Nazareth from three planes of thought:—

"I. The historic Jesus, copied from the Chrishna of India.

"II. The theological Jesus, a Church monster of the Christian Fathers.

"III. The natural Jesus, an enthusiastic Spiritualist of Judea.

"The close and almost perfect parallelism between the Chrishna of the Bhagavat Gita, and the Christ of the Gospels, is of itself sufficient evidence to show that one was borrowed from the other, or that they were both copies from some older myth. Chrishna, considered originally the Supreme God, condescended to take upon himself the sinful state of humanity, as Christ is said to have done by orthodox theologians. Immediately after his birth he was saluted by divine songs from the devatas—angels, as was the Nazarene. Surrounded by shepherds thoroughly impressed with his greatness, he was visited by the Magi—wise men—among whom was an Indian prophet, called Nared, who, hearing of his fame, examined the stars and declared him of celestial descent. His parents, 'Nauda,' the father, and 'Deba Maia,' the divine mother, were compelled to flee by night into a remote country for fear of a tyrant who had ordered all the male children of those

regions to be slain. 'This story,' says the eminent author of the Anacalypsis (b. iv., s. 2), 'is the subject of an immense sculpture in the cave at Elephanta, where the suspicious tyrant is represented destroying the children. The date of this sculpture is lost in the most remote antiquity. Chrishna is called Heri, and Heri in Sanscrit means shepherd. Christ was termed the shepherd of the sheep. Chrishna had a forerunner in his elder brother Rom, as had Jesus in his cousin, John the Baptist. Rom assisted Chrishna in purifying the world from the pollution of evil demons. To exemplify humility, Chrishna washed the feet of the Brahmins, so did Jesus those of the disciples. Upon one occasion a woman poured on Chrishna's head a box of ointment, for which he cured her of an ailment. There are many further similarities in the lives of Chrishna and Christ.'

"The mythologic and theologic Saviour aside, then, we come to Jesus the spiritualist, Jesus the natural man, the child of love and wisdom. That Jesus was an Essenian is susceptible of the clearest historic demonstration. The Essenians among the Jews, the Magi among the Persians, the Hierophants of Egypt, and the Gymnosophists of India, were all co-related by a common system of science, treasured wisdom, and profound mystery; all *one*, with such variations as periods of time, change of language, and country would necessarily produce. At the time of the Maccabees, 180 B. C., on the Western Coast of the Dead Sea, the Essenes, made the doctrine of community of goods, and a life in common, a religious and social dogma. Lodged under the same roof, taking meals at the same table, clothed in the same dress, they observed celibacy and lived in continence, abjured oaths, and all violence, contemned riches, rejected the use of the precious metals, were given wholly to the meditation of moral and religious truths, and subsisted by the labours of their hands, were content with one meal a day, and that of bread, vegetables, and fruit. Jesus being interiorly harmonial, in fellowship with the Essenians, schooled in the Asian mysteries, and a medium, how natural the explanation of the genuine teachings, doctrines, and wonderful works ascribed to him!

"Jesus taught the world no new truths. Denis, in his learned work on the moral teachings of antiquity, shows clearly that the highest moral sentiments of humanity, brotherhood, and self-sacrifice, thread the ethical and religious codes of every cultured age. Yet in a sense the spirit and doctrine of Jesus were original, for 'by the light of the spiritual philosophy we are instructed not to look *exclusively* to anterior races for the origin of the Hebrew, Christian, or any subsequent religion.' It was in the power of ancient spirits, and natural to their communicative relationship, to re-construct their religious wisdom, to be mainly *original* to their media."

After stating his impressions on the origin of the Christian Church, Mr. Peebles, in a series of rather unconnected biographic sketches, shows that what are now called mediumistic gifts were almost invariably enjoyed or recognised by the most prominent of saints and doctors up to the nineteenth century. And so at length we are fairly introduced to modern Spiritualism in its relations to the religions of the past.

"Progress underlies all things, and Spiritualism, though ever majestic in its past windings, may be compared to the ocean waves that rise and fall. Each spiritual wave, in accordance with the laws of accelerated motion, rose above the preceding, bearing the masses higher up the altitudes of wisdom. The impetus was greater, the spray from the wave more glittering, the principles were, during each succeeding period, more widely diffused.

"Under some name, and in some form, Spiritualism, as herein demonstrated, has constituted the basic foundation and been the motive force of all religions in their incipient stages. The Spiritualism of to-day differs from that of five thousand years since, only in the better understanding of

its philosophy, the general conception of its naturalness, and its wider dissemination through the different grades of society. It has been and is God's visible seal of love to all climes and ages."

Such subjects as the existence of God, inspiration, repentance, evil spirits, heaven, prayer, love, have each a chapter in this volume devoted to them. Their treatment is, to our thinking, though brief, yet satisfactory, exhibiting, it must be confessed, much looseness of thought, and still more looseness of expression, but for all that very suggestive, and worth whole libraries of orthodox teaching on these matters. However, if Mr. Peebles's work falls into the hands of Saturday reviewers, and sundry other gentlemen of the press of similar stamp, his sometimes incongruous metaphors and other evidences of too rapid composition will be likely to subject him to rather rough horse-play, and a too confiding public will be led to suppose that there is nothing in this book but matter for jeers and laughter.

When we have concluded our quotations with a definition of Spiritualism contained in the last chapter, our readers will be in a position to judge of the scope and character of this remarkable production, which we cordially recommend to every lover of freedom of thought and progress. As a general definition of Spiritualism, the following is submitted:—

"Its fundamental idea is God, the infinite spirit-presence, immanent in all things.

"Its fundamental thought is joyous communion with spirit and angels, and the practical demonstrations of the same through the instrumentality of media.

"Its fundamental purpose is to rightly generate, educate, and spiritualise all the races and nations of the earth. Spiritualism, considered from its philosophical side, is rationalism, from its scientific side, naturalism, and from its religious side, the embodiment of love to God and man, a present inspiration and a heavenly ministry. In the year 1900 it will be the religion of the enlightened world.

"It underlies all genuine reform movements, physiological, educational, social, philanthropic, and religious, and spanning all human interests with holy aim, it seeks to reconstruct society upon the principles of a universal brotherhood, and the strict equality of the sexes.

"Desirous of greater knowledge touching the relations of spirit with matter, and of men with God, and the intelligences of the surrounding world of spirits, spiritualists study and reverently interrogate the laws and principles that govern the phenomena and occult forces of the universe, the histories of the past, and the experiences of the present, anxious to solve those psychologic and spiritual problems of the ages—man's origin, capacity, duty, and final destiny.

"Interrelated with spirit and matter in their varied evolutions, and with the highest interests connecting all worlds, Spiritualism is neither supernatural in philosophy nor sectarian in tendency, but broad, catholic, and progressive—the voiced truth of God through nature to the rational soul—a science, philosophy, and religion." S. E. B.

MARRIAGE AND ITS VIOLATIONS. By JOHN ELLIS, M.D., &c., Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. Glasgow: M'Geachy, 90 Union Street; London: Burns, Progressive Library. Price 6d.

THIS is a reprint of an American pamphlet, as is almost every respectable work on the above subject in this country. Medical etiquette, at

present, strictly forbids the issue of any popular information on such questions. Why there is this persistent effort to keep the public in the dark on such important matters, it would be difficult to say. Certainly it would spoil the trade of the doctor to some extent, were the people less ignorant than they are; but we should like to give them credit for higher motives than those of a mercenary character. Their plea that such subjects belong specially to themselves, and that their public discussion would only tend to prurient excitement, we think quite erroneous. It should be the aim of every medical man to keep his patients well: not to be allowing them to fall into the mud, and then cleaning them. But this can never be done so long as the present ignorance prevails on many of the most important social and physiological questions of man's nature. That the public desire information, is evident by the eagerness with which they purchase many of the quack publications pretending to treat of "private medical matters."

That the greater part of the stupendous evils connected with the reproductive nature of man, are wilfully brought on, there can be little doubt; but there remains so much due to innocent ignorance, that it were well worth some effort to remove it. We have not the shadow of a doubt, that hundreds who violate nature's laws in various ways, would cease to do so, were they made fully aware of the dangers they incurred. Especially is this the case in reference to the deadly vice peculiar to boys and girls. They go on for years, ignorant to a great extent of the almost irreparable injury they are inflicting; and often knowledge comes too late. We have had special opportunities of seeing the effects of this ignorance among the lower classes in one of our large cities; but we feel confident it is not peculiar to one order of society. The wards of our large hospitals tell fearful tales of the ravages produced by ignorance of the laws which govern the reproductive organs. Clearly something is needed. The pulpit is silent on the subject, being far more interested as to whether we should kneel or sit while praying, or the colour of the minister's vestments. Perhaps it is not the church's duty to look after these matters; but it appears to us of more consequence than sending catechisms and coloured cloth to the interior of Africa. The periodical press keeps its fingers clean of all such questionable subjects, throwing the burden on the shoulders of the medical men, who we have already seen dare not touch it, but for what reason is not plain.

Believing thus in the great importance of the subject, and the necessity for the diffusion of light regarding it amongst the public, we hail with pleasure the appearance of even the feeblest ray having that object. We feel sorry we cannot regard the pamphlet which heads our notice as a brilliant production. There is nothing new in it, neither is the subject presented in a clear and striking light. Had there been less theology and more physiology, it would have been more profitable for the general reader. There is a hazy Swedenborgian tone about some parts which cannot be very edifying to the uninitiated. Coming from a M.D., and a Professor, we should have expected some better hints as to the treatment of some of the cases arising from the evils he speaks of. But doubtless it was not meant to be exhaustive. The work is divided into chapters on Marriage, Divorces, Abuses of Married Life, Fœtal

Murder, Licentiousness, and Solitary Vice. Under each of these heads will be found some useful information and sensible remarks, including interesting statistics of New York prostitution. There are some good ideas on the subject of hereditary descent, although they are dimmed by the verbosity of the writer. The last chapter on Solitary Vice, is specially intended for parents, and it would be well for the rising generation if the hints therein given were attended to. He makes some startling statements as to the prevalence of this vice in our public schools, showing a state of matters loudly calling for some remedy. We think the thanks of the public are due to the publishers, for reproducing this work, as in the present state of society some risk of character is run in doing so. Being cheap and of a handy size, it is well suited for distribution by post.

This work was offered at a nominal cost with the October number of *Human Nature*. See certificate in that number.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PHRENOLOGY.

An intelligent clergyman in the country who is about to take unto himself a wife, sent a photograph of himself and young lady to Mr. Burns for phrenological diagnosis. After receiving the delineation the rev. gentleman thus writes in corroboration of the statements therein contained :—

"You tell me to take the delineations for what they are worth (their worth is invaluable) and compare them with my experience. I have done so, and I must say that they are singularly correct; if you had lived with her you could not have better described her leading characteristics. What you have said as to her physical, mental, and moral parts is strikingly true, and several pieces of the interspersed advice is only the echo of what I have told her myself from my own observations. You state that she ought to be possessed of good conversational powers—that she has wide sympathies, and that she can adapt herself easily to different positions and individuals. I may tell you that on account of these characteristics she is a general favourite in the circle of society to which she belongs; she is as much at home in a gentleman's drawing room as in a humble cottage; hence she is as much respected and beloved by the one party as the other. Could you see her on Sundays going her rounds visiting, how kindly she is received by all, and how she enters into the circumstances of the most forlorn cottagers, and see how she sympathises with them in their troubles and difficulties, you would have ample proof of her disinterestedness and desire to do good. [It was stated in the delineation that she was well adapted to aid in the duties of a pastor.] I did not think that such a correct delineation could have been given from a portrait. My faith in phrenology increases daily. I wish you God-speed in your noble work. I look upon you and all who are devoting themselves, like you, to the study of man as being the greatest of all benefactors."

It is a great pity that there is not some special machinery in society for imparting to the people a knowledge of the science of man. We rejoice at the establishment of classes at the Spiritual Institution, and are pleased to find that they are being attended by earnest students.

THE OPPONENTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

A MAN of very exceptional manners and address, styling himself "John H. Addison," has been vilifying Mrs. Marshall and those who promote Spiritualism generally, in the columns of the *Standard*. His letters are most violent, reckless, illogical, and contradictory. He is a trickster with ropes, and some years ago, in company with the actors Sothern and Toole, he visited Mrs. Marshall and other mediums, when this choice band of philosophers made fools of themselves in rather an offensive way. Mr. Coleman had correspondence with Addison, and Mr. C. thought proper to insinuate that he was a medium and did his mighty works by the aid of spirits. If so, the less that peace-loving and truth-loving men and women have to do with him the better, for his letters and statements are so highly diluted with sheer inaccuracies of fact and expression, that we avoid the dirty work of writing the term which would most fitly characterise them. Some of our timid friends are afraid he will damage Spiritualism! Our advice is, give him rope and he will put a very proper end to himself. He has done so already in the estimation of all decent people. The most fitting treatment that spiritualists can visit him with is to "let him alone severely."

Since the foregoing was written the absurdities of the Addison party have culminated in a letter by a "philosophical instrument maker," who luxuriates in an obscure tenement verging on one of the most notorious slums of London. This philosophical tinker states in his letter, that he has been in the habit, in years gone by, of supplying "considerable numbers" of electrical apparatus for spiritualists to do their rapping with. He has had, he says, "a large sale for spirit-rapping magnets," and specially enumerates "magnets and batteries constructed expressly for the pocket, and, of course, these will rap at any part of the room." "All these were obviously used for spirit-rapping," "but of late years the demand has ceased, owing, I trust, to the march of intellect which has exposed the imposition." These exposures must have taken place a long time ago, as intellect has marched so far a-head of the circumstances that they are entirely forgotten—but there is no evidence that such exposures ever occurred. But what is more to the point, this son of Tubal Cain has been put to the test, and he can give no evidence of having supplied any such "batteries expressly for concealment," except to his inspiring spirit, "John H. Addison." We are quite at a loss to know for what purpose our "wiry" antagonist should give himself so much trouble in thus helping to fool and enlighten the world alternately. If he had any character for truthfulness at stake, he has been a sad loser by his late correspondence, if reports are to be credited; and we venture to make him a suggestion which may become remunerative to him, and establish the truthfulness of his remarkable assertions. We recommend him to lose no time in bringing the merits of his pocket-rapping magnet before the Postmaster-General. It would be of incalculable service to the weary postman. By having one in his pocket, the deliverer of letters might rap on half-a-dozen doors in advance of his position, and have the servant waiting ready to receive packets too large for the letter box, and also to receive the letters where no box existed. When we hear of the above suggestion having

taken effect, we will know of a certainty that our philosophical tinker is a man of undoubted veracity.

Several able letters have appeared in the *Eastern Post* entirely confuting the groundless allegation of Addison & Co.

MR. D. D. HOME.

WESTON-SUPPER MARE.—Mr. D. D. Home was here at the Assembly Rooms last night, and I went, of course, to hear him. The night was very dark, and it rained heavily just before the commencement of the entertainment, and consequently there were not so many present as there would probably otherwise have been. I was much pleased with him as a reader; there was no straining at effect, he seemed to have a very intelligent conception of his author; and endeavoured to express that and nothing more. This is, I apprehend, as it should be; more than this becomes not the reader, but the actor and the stage. My great gratification in going to the Assembly Rooms was to see the man rather than hear the reader. I had never seen him before, and all my knowledge of him had been derived from my limited acquaintance with spiritual literature. I found him a very different man from what I expected. I had prefigured to myself one passive, listless, almost apathetic; I saw before me a man active, wiry—what the French call *éveillé*—with a sharp piercing eye. And so I had really before me, at last, the man through whom the highest manifestations of modern spiritualism I have yet read of, have been given! This was the prodigy who had shown me that the partition between myself and invisible intelligences is so thin as not to prevent their coming to me! This was the man in whose presence the phenomena occurred mentioned in Mr. Hall's letter to Judge Edmonds, which had swept away the last traces of a long life of cherished semi-materialism! After nine minds had become cognisant of the same fact at the same time, I felt that the only thing unreasonable was the unreasonableness of doubt. "If this be not conclusive," said I to myself, "what in the name of all that is astonishing is the nature of rational evidence?" I would gladly have shaken hands with Mr Home, but living, as I think I have previously told you, pretty much the life of a solitary, I could not summon courage to introduce myself to him. I could only wait on the stairs and take a good stare at him sideways as he passed on his way, and I followed on unobserved in mine. And where next, thought I. Light is indeed thrown on the future by the discoveries of modern spiritualism, but after all, how dim! Hope in the all surrounding intelligence remains, and this must be the best light to cheer our way.

WHAT IS THE NUMBER OF SPIRITUALISTS IN GREAT BRITAIN?

THIS is a most interesting question, and one which often occurs to spiritualists. We are certain of the fact that Spiritualism is making rapid strides, and that numbers of individuals belonging to all classes of society are continually augmenting its ranks. A plan has been suggested whereby the number of openly professing spiritualists may be approximately ascertained. This is by issuing census papers to all known

spiritualists, asking them to be so kind as return them at a convenient time supplied with the information in their possession. These schedules might contain a number of questions to be answered by the person filling them up, thus:—How many avowed spiritualists are there in your neighbourhood? How many are there who sympathise deeply with the movement? Give their names and addresses as far as possible. Also the names and addresses of spiritualists at a distance. How many mediums do you know? Give their names and addresses. Give the particulars respecting any circles that you may know of. Do spiritualists in your district combine in any form? If so, describe it. What meetings have you held, and with what results? Has any lecturers visited you, and with what results? What attention do you give to literature—books and periodicals—and with what result? Give name and address of the leading spiritualists of your district.

These are some of the items of information that it is thought proper to ask for. We shall be glad to receive suggestions as early as possible, that the schedules may be issued with next *Human Nature*. It may also be stated that this information would be given in strict confidence, no part of it would be made public except at the desire of the party furnishing it, and no names would be published without personal permission. Only the result would be published in a general way, and no ulterior use would be made of the information in any shape, while it might lead to very useful results in bringing about some practical form of co-operation amongst spiritualists. If the more active spiritualists will aid in this matter many gratifying facts may be elicited. Reports from foreign countries are solicited.

MISCELLANEA.

"L. M." desires to know "why the accordion is so constantly used at spiritual manifestations." It is only used occasionally, and because of its convenience. Thus it has been seen suspended in the air, playing without any physical contact. It has been played upon while resting on a table. It is often used to produce exquisite music while the bellows end is held in the hand of a medium; and in the darkened room spirit lights may be seen on the keys; yet these manifestations with the accordion take place in the light. Those who have read accounts of Mr. Home's seances in *Human Nature*, must have observed that a piano is sometimes lifted by the spirits; and at Mrs. Everitt's it is sometimes played upon even while shut. At Mr. Childs's the spirits play on several instruments; at Mr. Champernowne's they sing in several voices as well as play. It is thus seen that though the accordion, from its construction, is a very convenient instrument for these experiments, yet the spirits can with equal facility play on others.

The names of subscribers for Mrs. Hardinge's new work, "The History of Spiritualism," are dropping in quite frequently at our office. We hope to see this work in the hands of every spiritualist, and shall be glad if our friends will send on their names immediately, and mention the matter to their acquaintances.

Invisible Light.—Many years since, says Professor O. N. Rood, a photograph was made at Berlin of the well-known bronze statue of the Amazon; and it was observed that, in the negative, a black streak occurred at the tip of the lance (held by the figure in an almost vertical position), while two other analogous marks appeared in other locations. This picture was sent to Professor Dove (Berlin), whose investigations in connection with light are widely known, and he came to the conclusion that these markings might be due to electrical discharges going on from prominent points of the figure at the time the picture was taken, and which though invisible to an observer, would, nevertheless, by reason of the high actinic power of electric light, produce an impression on the photagraphic plate. This conjecture has been fully confirmed by the author, who, in a series of ingenious experiments, proved that electric discharges, entirely invisible to the observer in the presence of daylight, might, nevertheless, produce images of themselves in a picture of the adjacent objects taken at the same time, the photographic plate being relatively more sensitive to these impressions than the human eye. —*Chemical News.*—[The above facts are similar to statements which we extracted from the British Journal of Photography in our August number. If invisible light can be photographed, why not an invisible spirit?]

We have had the pleasure of receiving a note from Mrs. Hardinge. She experienced rough weather on her passage to New York, but her health has not been impaired thereby. Her great work—The History of Modern Spiritualism—may be expected soon. Our publisher is receiving the names of subscribers, and already a good number of such have come forward. We would not only recommend our readers to subscribe for the work, but to do all that they can to introduce it to their friends.

The Sixth National Convention of American Spiritualists has just been held at Buffalo, New York. It is reported that the cause has made more progress during the last twelve months than in any former year. Many excellent speeches were made by earnest speakers to large and attentive audiences, for reports of which we gladly refer our readers to our indefatigable contemporary, the *Banner of Light*, copies of which may be had at our office.

We have just seen a letter from Mrs. Spear, written on board ship near the Bahamas. Mr. Spear and herself were on their way to California; they only remained two or three days in New York, and had no time to answer the communications which there awaited them. Letters addressed to our office will be forwarded as usual.

A New Interpretation.—A correspondent says:—"Lately reading the mystical account of the six days' creation and seventh day of rest in the book of Genesis, it appeared to me to be significant of human progress in the spiritual world, pointing to the six great spheres of progress, and the seventh, or angelic, rest from all earthly imperfection. Divide each of these six spheres in half, and each as representing a different measure of progress, we have the twelve gates of the Apostle John, leading to the heavenly Jerusalem."

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

DECEMBER, 1869.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RE-INCARNATION.

No. II.

HAVING seen that the phenomena of the Universe necessarily imply the existence and action, as their Producer and Sustainer, of All-pervading, Omnipotent, Intelligent, and Beneficent Force, and it being impossible to conceive of such Force otherwise than as the attribute of Being, we have arrived at the certainty of the reality of the Self-existent (and consequently Infinite and Eternal) Cause of the Universe that we call GOD. We have now to show, in the first place, that, although our faculties—standing to that Being in the relation of Effect to Cause—are incapable of defining the essential nature of that Being, or the essential mode of its action, such incapacity on our part affords no argument against the reality of the existence and action of that Being; and, in the next place, that such incapacity does not prevent our obtaining, from the knowledge of its laws as deduced from the study of its works, a constantly expanding knowledge of its attributes and purposes.

In regard to the first of these two points—viz., our incapacity of understanding the essential nature and action of the Causal Being, a moment's consideration will suffice to show us that we labour under a similar incapacity in regard to every object of our thought, ourselves included. For what is there in ourselves, or out of ourselves, whose essential nature is known to us? What is there that we can get intellectually inside of, so as to penetrate and understand its veritable essence? Absolutely nothing; not the simplest object of the world around us, not the simplest fact of life, not even the self-consciousness that says, "I AM." We *know that we are*, because our consciousness tells us so; and we *know that we know that we*

are, because, when our consciousness has taken cognisance of itself, we can study this consciousness as something apart from ourself, can reason upon it, can draw from it various inductions, and base upon these deductions various groups of ideas. We also infer, from the phenomena of life around us, the existence of other beings similar to ourselves, because the evidence of our senses, compared and combined with the results of our self-consciousness, assures us of the fact. We extend our power of inferential deduction to the other objects and movements around us, and we admit their reality, because our perceptions lead us to the conviction of that reality. Thus we reason about ourselves, our fellow-men, and the various objects and general scope of the Universe, so far as our perception extends; we weigh, measure, and otherwise investigate; we compare, contrast, and define; we analyse and synthesise, as though we really understood the essential nature of the things with which we deal. And yet, what do we know of that essential nature? Do we even understand the essential nature of the ME on our consciousness of which is based the entire superstructure of our thought? What is this ME? How do I cognize my ME as a thinking, sentient, entity? Of what does this self-consciousness consist? How is it developed through the action of my brain and nerves? What is the essential nature of the relation between these and the ME which uses them to arrive at the consciousness of itself? And how, and in virtue of what arrangements of relation, antecedent to the evolution of my self-consciousness, does my ME use them? To no one of these questions, or the similar ones that might be multiplied to any extent, can all the science of the world give an adequate reply. We know that, in virtue of certain subtle—and, to us, absolutely incomprehensible—relations of adaptation between our perceptive organs and the things outside of us, we receive impressions of hardness and softness, of sweetness and bitterness, of colour and size, of heat and cold, of painfulness and pleasureableness, and of the various other qualities which, in virtue of their effect on our senses, we attribute to the things about us; but when we have pushed our analysis to the furthest limit of our possibilities, we have only learned somewhat more of a few of the links in the long chain of instrumentalities by which the working of the Causal Power, in that sphere of its domain which we call Nature, compasses the production, in our consciousness, of those sensations; leaving the questions of the intrinsic "What?" "How?" and "Why?" of sensations and of substances, as far from being answered as before.

And we are in exactly the same predicament with regard to every one of the multitudinous phenomena of the outer world. We cannot define the intrinsic nature and mode of action of any

one of the noumena whose existence is implied in the occurrence of those phenomena; but we can prove, none the less conclusively, that those noumena exist, and that, if there were no noumena, there could be no phenomena. We can go still further and, from the differences of perception produced by the action of the same noumenon on different organisations (as in the case of persons affected with colour-blindness), and even on the same organisation in different states (as in fever and other maladies), we can demonstrate both the subjectivity of our perception of phenomena, and also the fact that such perception results from pre-existing possibilities of co-relation between our perceptive faculties and the noumena about us; while on the other hand, we can demonstrate, from the identity of the perception of any given phenomenon by healthy organisations, the objective reality of the noumena to whose action upon our consciousness the fact of our perception is due. But, when we have done this, we are no nearer to the understanding of the essential nature and mode of action of the noumena of the Universe, or of the essential nature and mode of production of its phenomena, than we were before. The farmer with his plough, his manure, and his seeds, the mechanic with his levers and wheels, the chemist in his laboratory, the astronomer in his midnight questionings of the depths of space, know nothing of the absolute essence, or essential action, of any one of the forms and modes of existence with which they are busy. We know that there is, in intimate connection with the occurrence of any given perception on our part, an objective *something* which, through the medium of our senses, impresses our consciousness with the perception of an appearance to which we give the name (as the case may be) of wood, iron, guano, wheat, of brass and steel, of solids, fluids, and gases, of telescopes, planets, and suns, and so on; but of the intrinsic nature, the real, essential selves, of the noumena whose objective existence is attested by our perceptions, we know absolutely nothing. And yet, while thus utterly ignorant of the inner reality and essential action of everything around us, do we not, through observation and the exercise of our reason, succeed in ascertaining so much about them that we are able to turn them to our uses, and to modify them, by the separation and re-combination of their elements, so as to produce new orders of phenomena; not only carrying on, with them and through them, the entire business of our lives, but deducing, from our experience of the action of these invisible, inaccessible, inscrutable noumena (as manifested to us through their resulting phenomena), the totality of our Science, Industry, and Art?

All our knowledge of the world around us is thus seen to be based, not on the investigation of its objective noumenal realities, but on that of the subjective phenomena by which alone those

noumena reveal themselves to our consciousness. And yet, in assuming the existence, between the noumena and phenomena of the Universe, of a correspondence so close as to amount (so far as we are concerned) to identity, and in reasoning from this correspondence as a reality (although we cannot define its nature otherwise than as Immediate Cause and Effect), do we not feel that we are on perfectly safe ground? And though all our Science is thus seen to be merely inferential, are we not, to all practical intents and purposes, as sure of the soundness of our scientific deductions (so far as they go) as we could be if they were derived from a knowledge of the noumena themselves?

Again, if there be anything of which we are absolutely certain in regard to the experience of our lives, it is the fact that no atom of the material universe, no one of the multitudinous objects of which it is composed, has ever been, or ever will be, seen by any bodily eye. The saying that "every man sees his own rainbow" is literally true; for what each man sees, when he "sees a rainbow," is not the particles of vapour whose juxtaposition in space, combined with the action of the solar rays, constitutes the objective reality of the phenomenon which we call a rainbow, but simply the image produced by that combination on the retina of his eye. And what is true in regard to our perception of the rainbow, is equally true of our perception of everything else in the world around us; our seeing and feeling of all of which, whether persons or things, is not a seeing or feeling of the actual appearance, contexture, or other attribute of those persons or things, but only the perception by us of the sensuous images of those attributes reflected upon our consciousness through the *camere oscure* of our nerves. Thus it is literally true that no spider ever saw the fly, no cat the mouse, no bird the worm; that no miser ever saw his gold, no thief the coveted objects for which he risks his liberty or his life, no sailor the sea, no soldier the foe against whom he is pitted, nor the gun with which he shoots him; that no physician ever saw either patient or fee, no lawyer his brief, no student his book, no painter the landscape he transfers to his canvas; that no friend ever felt the hand of friend, but only the impression produced on his nervous system by the grasp of that other palm; that no Romeo ever beheld his Juliet, no Cornelia the children in whom she exults, no Niobe those she mourns; that no married pair, celebrating their Silver or their Golden Wedding, ever really looked on one another's face. And yet who doubts the truthfulness of our perceived impressions as representations of the unseen realities they imply? of the testimony afforded by the smile, the grasp of the hand, and the vast variety of perceptions that make up the totality of our consciousness of life? That "seeing is

believing" is a truism which has passed into a proverb; and we talk of "the evidence of our senses" as clinching certainty beyond the possibility of doubt. So firm is our intuitive conviction—fortified by all our experience—that our perception is a faithful reflex of the thing perceived, that the reports of external objects, brought home to our consciousness through the medium of our perceptive faculties, give a correct account of those objects, and that our inner picture-book of the Universe is not a collection of lies, but a true representation of the things and relations of that Universe, that all the business of the world all our making, and buying, and selling, our coming and going, our fighting, fraternizing, courting, and marrying, in a word, all the complicated relations and interests of life, are as perfectly subserved by these purely subjective impressions as they could be by the actual sight and touch of the objective realities they imply. And thus, while we see that it is impossible for us, with our present faculties, to understand the essential nature of any form or mode of existence, our own included, we also see that there is nothing within reach of our consciousness of which we may not acquire a relative apprehension amply sufficient for all the practical purposes of life.

Reasoning, therefore, from the fact of the purely inferential character of even our most exact scientific knowledge, and from this other fact—viz., that all we know is arrived at by us through a slow process of dis-covery (the uncovering by us of something that existed, though hidden from us, before we found it out—our very language implying both the nature of the intellectual process by which we learn, and the anteriority of the facts of existence to those of perception), we see that we occupy, in regard to our knowledge of the noumena of the Universe and of their action, a position exactly analogous to that in which we find ourselves in regard to our knowledge of the Divine Being and Operation. We know nothing, and can know nothing, in our present phase of development, of the essential nature of either; but as, from the indications of the phenomena of existence, we infer the attributes of the noumena of which those phenomena are the ultimation to our perception, so, from the laws which regulate the evolution of those phenomena, we infer the attributes of the Causal Being of whose aims and modes of working, as perceived in their results by our intellect, those laws are the formula.

Not, however, that the Divine Being can be conceived of as standing to the Universe in a relation analogous to that of the noumena of the Universe to their resulting phenomena; for, the objectivity of phenomena being one with their noumena, it is only by our thought that they can be regarded as distinct: whereas the Divine Being must be absolutely distinct from the

Universe He produces and sustains, as otherwise, being identified with it, He would share the mutations of Matter, and there would be no stability in the government of the Universe; and moreover, being dependent on the latter, He would be an Effect of the Universe, and not its Cause. And here let me remark that the use of the word "He," as applied to the Creative and Sustaining Power of the universe, is merely a result of the poverty of human speech, which has not yet invented a special pronoun for the Unfathomable. We might as well speak of the Divine Being as "She," or "It;" but custom, during the initial period in which Strength (as more immediately needed) is regarded as superior to Grace (the need of which is not yet distinctly felt), having applied the masculine pronoun (as the noblest) to the Creator, we continue, for convenience, to make use of it in that sense.

In order to form to ourselves an approximate idea of the Divine Being, sufficient for the elucidation of the problems of Derived Existence, we have to apply to the Divine Working, as revealed to us by the phenomena of existence, the same process of inferential deduction through which alone we arrive at a knowledge of the world around us; but we have also to carry our thought into the region of Abstract Ideas, and to prosecute our study of this most important of all the problems that our intelligence can propose to itself, through the exercise of that higher and more real vision which consists in the perception of pure, mathematical Truth; of that order of Truth which, being absolute and increate, must be regarded as an essential element of the Divine Self-existent Mind, and our perception of which, being a direct reflex of that Mind, not only constitutes an order of Seeing that is more intimately *one* with our mental consciousness than are the perceptions at which we arrive through the medium of our senses, but also establishes a bond of intellectual affinity between our minds and the Divine Mind; as, for instance, though we may well doubt whether the things of the material universe appear to the mind of the Creator as they appear to us, we see that, to the Divine Mind, two and two must make four, as necessarily as to *our* minds.

The first thing we have to do, in attempting to arrive at an approximate knowledge of the Divine attributes, is to clear our mind of the anthropomorphism which imagines the Deity to be a being resembling ourselves on a larger scale. This erroneous method of representing the Divinity, inevitable in the early ages of humanity, becomes, in course of time, a most serious obstacle to progress. For the persistence of the infantile conceptions of the Divine Being which, in periods of general ignorance, men have thus formed to themselves, not only acts injuriously on the general thought and conscience by maintaining false standards

of truth and of duty, but prepares—as the advance of physical science reveals the absurdity of such conceptions—an inevitable reaction which, in rejecting dogmas erected on fantastic bases, is in danger of going too far, and of failing to discern Realities, the fact of whose existence may, for a time, be brought into doubt, though it cannot be invalidated by the distortions of erroneous creeds.

The Divine Being standing to us in the relation of Cause to Effect, it is evident that there must be, in so far, a certain kind of correspondential correlation between us and Him; and equally evident that there can be, in that correlation, nothing like *resemblance*, in any sense of material likeness. We say "the eye of God," "the voice of God," "the hand of God," because, as we can only manifest ourselves through the medium of organs, those organs stand in our thought as signs both of the faculties that use them, and of the exercise of those faculties. But it must be clearly understood that there can be nothing in the Divine Existence resembling those organs or their action, otherwise than as Cause may be conceived of in relation to Effect; that is to say, as *correspondence*, but not as *resemblance*.

To make this proposition clearer, let us examine the relation between Cause and Effect, in the secondary mode in which that relation occurs in our human sphere; taking, for example, the action of a human hand. Let us suppose that hand to have made something, say, a basket. Every detail of the object thus produced will correspond to some movement both of the producing hand, and of the mental action which guided the various movements of that hand; and yet there is no *resemblance*, but only *correspondence*, between the object produced, and the mental and manual movements which produced it. The basket, as Effect, corresponds—within the limits of its form and properties—to the Cause to which it owes its formation; but it will not, in any sense *resemble* either the hand or the mind of its maker; and it would fall into evident error if, supposing it to be capable of reasoning, and arguing from the neatness of its wicker-work, the strength of its handles, or the implications of its capacity, it conceived of its maker as a larger and handsomer basket. For, while the basket corresponds only to that particular action of its maker which ultimated itself in the production of that particular object, the hand that produced it might produce many thousands of other objects, of most diversified forms and natures, each of which would correspond to some special detail of possibility in the Cause that produced it, as closely (in the same limited, non-resembling way) as does the basket; and each of these might conceive of its maker, with equal truth, and equal un-truth, as an enlarged and perfected similitude of itself. And the same reasoning holds good in regard to the relation between

the Causal Act and its resulting Effect, no matter what examples we may select for analysis. There is no *resemblance* between the flash of lightning and the effects produced by the flash; between the jerk that sets the bell in motion and the ringing of the bell. The most perfect piece of mechanism that could possibly be put together, even if we supposed it, for the sake of argument, to be endowed with vitality, could only reflect, in an imperfect, correspondential way, the exercise of that portion of its maker's activities which called it into existence; while all the rest of the attributes of its maker's nature, the rest of his science, will and skill, and the vast extent of the possible ultimations of these, would remain absolutely apart from it. For resemblance can only be predicated of things belonging to the same plane of existence; whereas, in all cases, the Effect produced, and the Cause which produces it, belong to different planes, and, although intimately connected by correspondential correlation, have nothing but that correlation in common. So that, although any given Effect may be considered as being (in the limited correspondential sense just set forth) an image of its Cause, no Cause can be considered as being, in any sense, an image of its Effect. And we see, therefore, that while there must be, in the Divine Being who created the elements of our personality, something to which that personality corresponds as Effect to Cause (and so in regard to all our human qualities and powers which, as Effects, must necessarily correspond, in a limited, human way, to the Divine operation of which they are the result), there can be nothing in the Divine Being corresponding to our personality; and that, although we may say, in the limited correspondential sense defined above, that we are "in the image of GOD," GOD cannot be said, in any sense, to be in our image.

And this argument is not invalidated, either in its general bearing or its special application to the elucidation of our relation to the Divine Being, by the fact that offspring, due to re-production, are of the same nature as their parents. In the first place, our relation to the Creator, though, in some of its aspects, not inappropriately likened, in the childhood of science and of reason, and in a purely figurative sense, to the filial relation, is absolutely dissimilar to it; for, if we were, in any real and actual sense, "children of GOD," we should be able to become, in our turn, parents of Gods. In the next place, it is to be remarked that re-productive action, whether in the vegetable or animal degree, is not Causation, but is merely a means whereby the Causal Power sets in motion the machinery of correlated organs and forces destined to ultimate in the production of offspring; in other words, is merely a means made use of by the Causal Power for the accomplishment of ends to which, as Effects, the action of the parents (whether vegetable or animal) can no more be

considered as standing in the relation of Cause than the ceremonial opening of the Nilometer at Rodi, by the Viceroy, can be considered the Cause of the irrigation which completes the fertilizing inundation of the Egyptian Valley; that inundation having its Cause in pre-existent co-ordinations, topographic, atmospheric, and fluvial; and the action of the Viceroy, limited to the opening of a passage for the waters by the breaking of a dyke, being merely the means whereby those co-ordinations, pre-existent to, and independent of, the Viceregal action, are finally ultimated into an Effect corresponding—not to the breaking of a dyke, but—to the action of the aforesaid topographic, atmospheric, and fluvial causes; the breaking of the dyke, like the generative act, corresponding merely to the impingement of the basket-maker's fingers upon the surface of the osiers of which he makes the basket, of those of the engineer upon the materials of which he makes the various parts of his machine, of the electric fluid on the bodies which it traverses, of the hand upon the wire that pulls the bell; impingements which, though constituting the intermediary by which the Causal Power finally ultimates its Causal impetus, are a result of that impetus, are, in their nature, essentially different from that impetus, and are included in the totality of its resulting Effect.

But though Cause, in all its aspects, is thus seen to be essentially distinct from, and unapproachable by, Effect, the study of any given Effect must necessarily reveal to us something of the attributes of its Cause. Let us suppose the basket or the machine, that have served as illustrations, to be capable of reasoning about themselves, and desirous of finding out something about the maker whose formative action they would have inferred from their incapacity of having made themselves; it is evident that—although they would not be able to form to themselves any adequate idea of his nature, or mode of action—they could inferentially ascertain the possession, by that maker, of intelligence, skill, force, and the power of adapting means to ends, as proved by the results of those qualities in his work. From the Effects produced by the flash of lightning, by the jerk that sets the bell in motion, by the breaking of the dyke that opens a passage for the waters of the Nile, we infer the nature, intensity, duration, and direction of their determining causes; from the working of the machine, no less than from the perfection of its several parts, from their adaptation to one another, and to the accomplishment of the end their combination is intended to subserve, we infer the science, skill, and intelligence of its contriver. And thus, if we look into the world around us, we are able to infer, from the testimony of its phenomena, something of the attributes, and from the tendency of their evolutions, something of the designs, of its invisible Creator.

The testimony which is borne to the attributes of the creator by the boundless perfections of plan, contrivance, workmanship, beauty, and adaptation of means to ends, that are visible in every detail of every object in Nature—from the crystal, the blade of grass, the forms of the animal world, and the wonders of the sky, to the faculties of the human mind—is at once too conclusive, and too generally recognised as such, for it to be necessary to enlarge on this branch of our subject in this place; while the concurrent testimony which is borne, by the harmonious correlations and co-ordinations of the universe, to the grandeur and beneficence of the Creative design, will be seen to be still more conclusive when we shall have studied that design by the light of the Spirit-teaching which will form the subject of my next communication.

Paris, Nov. 7, 1869. ANNA BLACKWELL.

CREATION—THE PLACE OF MAN IN THE SCALE OF BEING.

By J. W. JACKSON, F.A.S.L.,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

WE have spoken of man, as the only earthly being capable of committing sin. This, of necessity, implies much else. To be so specialised, he must be the only occupant of that moral and rational plane, whose peculiar privileges and endowments imply responsibilities so stupendous. But the solitary type of a whole plane of being is an exceptional fact in our experience of nature. The vegetable and animal kingdoms are constituted respectively of many different, yet variously related groups known as species, genera, orders, and classes. But morally and intellectually, man stands alone, involving species, genus, order, class, and perhaps KINGDOM in himself. A position so exceptional can scarcely be permanent, for it indicates that he must be either the initial type of a new and emergent, or the final phase of a waning order of being. "The internal evidence" afforded by his own organism, his structural relation to other and inferior types of sentient life, together with the testimony of the geological record, all combine to demonstrate that he is not final, but initial, and so doubtless the beginning of a vast cycle of moral and intellectual life, whereof, in its higher aspects, he is yet, perhaps, but the faint adumbration. This is a vast subject, in the treatment of which, moreover, we shall obtain but little help from the authorised expounders of either religion or science. The former teach that man was made in the likeness of God, and so, barring the disastrous effects of the fall, is the perfection of mental constitution and organic type. While our men of science, in accordance

with their accepted canons, very properly prefer accomplished facts to vague speculation, and so, while quite ready to investigate the progressive development of structure and function in the past, ignore every attempt at precalculating organic advancement in the future. But as we cannot accept the finality of the theologians, so neither can we agree with the indifference of the savans, and shall, therefore, at the risk of being deemed rash and fanciful, indulge in a few speculations on "the place of man in the scale of being," and "the probable aspect of future organic life on the earth."

It is a most mistaken idea that humanity is yet fully born. It is only the promise, not the fulfilment of the divine idea of man. It is the God in process of emergence from the brute; divinity in the act of resurrection. To fully understand this, however, we must look both before and after, beneath and above us. For let it never be forgotten, life is one, a stream flowing on in exhaustless plenitude from the throne of the omnipotent, and vitalising the successive planes of being in its descent from heaven to earth; or if the figure be preferred, it is light from the central sun, not only irradiating with its splendour, but cheering with its warmth, and pervading all things with its power to the outermost limits of creation. It is this unity of essence, with variety of form and diversity of manifestation, that constitutes the archmystery of being, the One God, omnipresent throughout his multiplex creation, the noumenal reality, underlying all phenomenal appearances, the ever-changing Proteus, the all-embracing Pan, the Infinite One, ultimated in the finite many.

Popular theology, as we have said, in its lowly accommodation to the untutored intellect, somewhat understates this matter. It makes creation a mechanical operation, not a vital process; while in relation to its author, it is regarded as the effect of action, rather than of thought, and so when accomplished, it is spoken of as an external product, distinct from its producer, and not as a spiritual emanation, necessarily partaking of the nature, and so reflecting the character and attributes of its divine source. As ordinarily described, it is something essentially inferior to the composition of a poem, or even the execution of a work of art, for these presumably proceed from the *soul* of the poet or the artist, of whose ideas they are consequently, at least, a faint expression and dim reflection. But creation is, in truth, something much higher than all this, for it is the work, not of a human and finite, but of a divine and infinite poet; and it is, moreover, when accomplished, not a dead effect, but a living result—not something wrought on alien materials, but the very thought of the divine artist projected into visibility, his celestial harmonies transfused into the music of the spheres, his wondrous conceptions embodied in the universe as a sublime epic, and wrought out

through its fortunes as a magnificent drama. Without irreverence, let us say, it is himself revealed to his children on the sensuous plane, God made manifest in his works, the primal cause ultimated and so illustrated in its appropriate effects.

From this, it must be at once obvious that the relationship of God to his creation is essentially paternal, so that not only one, but every order of being must be regarded as his offspring. This parental position is not exceptional, but universal, and consequently the filial does not attach only to men and angels, to the moral and spiritual provinces of existence—nay, is not confined even to the sentient range of brutes, but extends to the entire cosmos, embracing not merely the organic, but also the relatively inorganic planes of being. Hence, there is everywhere unresting growth and unending progression, that is, emergence out of confusion, and conflict into order and beauty, the evolution of the creature into the likeness of the creator, the return of the prodigal to his father's house, no longer in the garb of the outcast, but robed in the splendour, and radiant with the glory of an acknowledged son. Hence, it is not only poetically and figuratively, but also literally and scientifically true, that now is as much the day of creation, as any yesterday in all the uncounted ages of the past; for creation, let us repeat it, is not a mere mechanical making of external structures, but the vital evolution of a divine germ, that cannot cease while God exists as a producing cause, the infinite and so exhaustless source of all the manifold modes of being by which he is surrounded, and in whose forms and functions his several attributes are mysteriously reflected. Hence, too, the profoundly symbolical meaning, the grandly mysterious significance of Nature, whose various realms are wondrous volumes of arcane lore, whereof the wisest have as yet scarcely spelled out the mere alphabet.

We have said that the universe is a vital organism, which implies that it discharges certain functions, whether as a whole, or through its constituent members. Thus contemplated, suns are simply cosmic cellules, while the planets are their infantile, if not their embryonic offspring. This, then, is the status and relationship of our own world. It is a solar child, not yet detached from its parent, because not sufficiently mature to maintain a comparatively independent existence. So daily and hourly it basks in the parental radiance, having neither the light nor the heat that would qualify it for the discharge of solar functions. Now then, perhaps, we may begin to understand something as to the vegetable, animal, and human life on the surface of our planet. These are its several organs, for the discharge respectively of what we may, perhaps, by a rather bold figure of speech, term its vascular, muscular, and nervous functions, as yet doubtless, but germal in structure, and feeble in form,

arising from the fact that they are embryonic, not mature in character and power.

The senseless fable of the Centaur now begins to take shape and form. It has its foundation in fact. It is simply a highly figurative expression of the law of development.—Man is still a centaur, in other words, he presents us with the seeming contradiction of a rational and morally responsible being, but too often swayed by his animal instincts, and impelled by his brutal propensities. The proportions may vary, so that some men are more human than others; but all have more or less of the centaur element at their basis, and would not be the sinning, suffering creatures we find them, without it. For, let us clearly understand that the half-human, half-brute type of man covers his entire earthly nature, extending to his mind as well as his body, and being as manifest in the constitution of the former as in the organization of the latter. Thus by his capacity for ascending from phenomena, to the laws on which they depend, he lays hold on the eternal principles of things. By his imagination, he rises superior to the limited experiences of earth, and approaches to something like a revelation of, at least, the reflected glories of heaven. Through his conscientiousness, he is endowed with a sense of justice, and can thus conceive, though perchance but faintly, of the absolute truth and undeviating rectitude that of necessity underlie the entire scheme of both primal and derivative being. By his benevolence he shares, however imperfectly, in the kindliest of all his infinite Father's divine attributes, that of universal love. While by his veneration, he is rendered grandly susceptible of that highest of all feelings possible to a created being—the exalted sentiment of reverence, by which he grows gradually, though surely, into the likeness of what he worships. And yet, despite these noble endowments, the germ of the divinity that is struggling, now so feebly, and anon so forcibly into manifestation, he has all the wild, passionate impulses, the grovelling desires, and the generally earthward tendencies of the brutes beneath him. Yes, this Son of God, this nursling of the skies, despite his celestial lineage, still bears obvious traces of his vulpine, lupine, bovine, and even porcine relationship to quadrupedal life. An angel in his aspirations, he is but too often a demon in his proclivities. Poet, artist, hero, prophet, what function possible to the timeborn is too high for him? Liar, cheat, sensualist, and murderer, what form of knavery and tyranny, of oppression and cruelty, of self-indulgence and debasement, is too mean or too vicious for his adoption?

Neither is our resemblance to, yet difference from, the animal type wholly moral, and merely figurative. It is a scientific fact, as well as an analogical truth; in other words, man, even physically, is yet only in the process of emergence into the

true human type. To fully illustrate our meaning, we must take a rather extensive survey of the animal kingdom, with its successive gradations of structure and function. All being is bipolar, positive and negative, masculine and feminine, spiritual and material, which, resolved into the highest expression, gives us God and Nature, reflected and reproduced in all the varying forms of subordinate existence. This all-pervading sexuality of things is a vast subject, that would occupy an entire paper, were we to enter with any minuteness into either a statement of its premises, or an enforcement of its conclusions. Suffice it for the present, that as the spiritual sphere of causes is masculine, so the material sphere of effects is feminine, and that as a result of this, organic types are feminine in their earlier forms when they are closer to maternal influences, and masculine in their later, when more effectually pervaded by paternal energies. Thus contemplated, the vegetable kingdom is feminine, and the animal masculine, while the latter is equally divisible into positive and negative sections, profoundly related, yet distinctly dissevered. Thus at the foundation, we have the grub and the papilio, the worm and the butterfly type of insect life; the one, if we may so say, terrestrial, and the other celestial; the one burrowing in the earth and feeding on garbage, and the other, a creature of light and air, scarcely sipping the sweet honeydew, as poised on wings of grace and beauty, it flutters for a moment from flower to flower, in the genial warmth and cheering glow of the summer sun—apt image of the soul as it emerges from the chrysalis prisonhouse of the perishing body, to bask in the splendour and disport in the glory of the everlasting sun, eternal in the heavens.

Now, as the next step in the ascending scale, we have the reptile and the bird; the one no longer susceptible in any individuality of transmutation into the other; but nevertheless, the similarity of their relationship as classes, to that already noticed in the case of the grub and papilio, is unmistakable. The reptile is the correlate of the grub, the bird of the papilio, the one revels in slime, the other ascends skywards to the empyrean; the one is cold-blooded, sluggish in respiration, ungainly in movement, and often repellent in form; while the other is warm-blooded, intense in respiration, rapid in flight, and generally beautiful both in form and plumage. Yet both are oviparous, and have, in anatomical structure and other respects, so much in common, that the advocates of development do not hesitate to speak of the one as derived from the other.

But we have not yet exhausted the resources of the animate scale. Beyond birds are quadrupeds, immeasurably higher in some points, and proportionately lower in others, obviously belonging to a higher grade of organisation, yet, in certain

specialities, vastly inferior to their feathered predecessors, implying a descent of organic type, Antæuslike to earth, preparatory doubtless, to a yet more soaring flight into the heavens. The quadruped has once more become prone like a reptile, with his spine parallel to the earth, and, save in a few almost exceptional instances, has lost that distinctive attribute of high specialisation – the structural and functional differentiation of his anterior and posterior extremities, both being with him applied indifferently to the purposes of locomotion. He has also lost the intense respiratory power of the bird; and though he has a larger brain, and better developed nervous system, is but slightly endowed with the power of appreciating, and is utterly devoid of any capacity for the production of music. He is, however, a viviparous mammal, and if only from the manner of his reproduction and early nutrition, obviously related to a higher grade of organic and sentient being than the oviparous types. Of this grade, however, he is only the grub and not the papilio phase, the terrestrial and not the celestial division of mammalian existence. For his bipedal and ærial counterpart we must look elsewhere, and, indeed, for its full and effective realisation, elsewhen, that is in the vast remoteness of geologic time; though generically, and as a faintly dawning promise, we find it in man, like the inferior quadruped, a viviparous mammal, but erect in posture, bipedal, with his anterior extremities specialised into constructive instrumentalities, and endowed with a brain, so vast in volume, and so complex in its convolutions, and with such a coronal and anterior development, as to dissever him by at least the demarcation of a class, from the entire remainder of the animate scale.

This is a vast subject, respecting which ordinary books on natural history, and even anthropology, afford but little information. "The place of man in the animate scale" is in general tritely settled by the simple assertion that he belongs to the CLASS *mammalia*, and constitutes the ORDER *bimana*. Comparative anatomists are great on his extremities, and his viscera; but with the partial exception of Professor Owen, pitiably weak on his magnificent brain and its sublime manifestations. They don't seem to have mastered even the elements of a true cerebral physiology, and as a result, can see no great difference between the brain of an ape and that of a man; though they are compelled to admit the stupendous diversity in their respective manifestations. Man, with his creative intellect, and his profound sense of moral responsibility, is thus, physiologically speaking, an effect without a cause, his organic structure being, according to the accepted authorities, inadequate to the explanation of his mental manifestations. Phrenology, however, goes far to solve these difficulties, and with the admission of lucidity,

partial or complete, as a result of exalted cerebral action, largely accounts for man's speciality as a moral and intellectual being, thoroughly contradistinguished by his higher mental endowments from the brute natures beneath him.

But is man, as he exists at present, the acme, even of organic perfection? We have said in speaking of his mind, that it is still largely impulsive and passional; and does not his body bear equally distinct traces of its animal relationship—that is, of its partial emergence from the inferior types? Is he not here, too, a being, imperfectly humanised, the embryonic form, the initial type, not the matured perfection—the fully realised idea of man? To decide this, we must compare him with his correlates, the papilio and the bird, and that, too, in their grander and more beautiful species. Now, in the first place, it may be observed that they are clothed, and this, too, in robes of royal splendour and imperial magnificence, while he is still callow—*bipes* IMPLUMIS. In the next place they are ærial, capable of rapid and vigorous flight, while he still clings persistently to earth—like the worm, the reptile, and the quadruped. While as far as can be judged by their habits and other manifestations, they are endowed with an ardour, intensity, and quasi spirituality of feeling, to which man approaches only in the poet, artist, musician, and other instances of that ecstatic exaltation, whose results we commonly regard as the evidences of genius.

It is obvious, then, that man is not yet organically, and only in exceptional instances, even mentally, the ærial counterpart of the quadruped, and so the correlate on a higher plane, of the papilio and the bird. As man, he is not yet fully born. Nor is this matter for astonishment, considering the obviously embryonic condition of the planet which he inhabits, and his own comparatively recent advent, as one of its many dwellers.

And thus we are landed at the threshold of a yet grander idea. Is not the earth itself still in a relatively germal, or, shall we say embryonic condition, as compared with its future possibilities? It is not only a cosmic cellule, but, as we have said, a cellule still at the infantile stage—still hanging on the breast of its solar parent, deprived of whose influence, it would perish as a living and life-sustaining organism in a few hours. It is not yet clothed with light as a garment, like the sun, nor even encircled with those rings and manifold moons, which seem to indicate a higher stage of cosmic development on the part of the outer planets. It is, indeed, but one of the junior branches of a large family, whose elder members, however, are yet apparently far from their majority. And what is the sun, throned gloriously in the heavens, the mighty monarch of a dependent system of attendant planets, satellites, and comets? why, merely a cosmic cellule, as we have said, the very simplest form of organic life

known to science, the unitary basis of both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. And what does the state of our own stellar system, and that of corresponding systems, revealed to us by telescopic discovery, indicate? why, little more as yet than incipient aggregation and imperfect circulation—the preparation for ulterior structural progress of the cosmic order on the celestial plane, akin yet inconceivably superior to the organic types of the telluric sphere.

What then is the conclusion to which we are brought by this vast survey? why, that all material being is still imperfect, only in the process of emergence—a promise, not a fulfilment. It is as yet only the divine idea struggling into manifestation, slowly, yet surely fulfilling that wondrous purpose of the eternal, the supercession of chaos, by the order, the beauty, and the harmony of creation. And what is creation? and we reply the bride-divine, the celestial Eve, the soul-dream of the infinite, now, and for countless ages past, in the grandly assured process of a sublime realisation.

(To be continued.)

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.

CHAPTER LX.

I shall give you but one more short letter from Eleanore, though I have large files of them. She is now living at one of the two important points on the globe where capital, employed by intellect and knowledge, is subduing the hindrances to material civilisation. Her husband is engaged there in work which will record his name to future ages. I have many of her letters from that place, but this is written in answer to my last, informing her of the birth of this little Eleanore Hedding:

"On the whole," she says, after giving me her earnest congratulations and some particulars relating to themselves, "on the whole, my dear Anna, I am glad your child is a daughter. You are beyond any probability—I hope any possibility of want; and a daughter comes so very near to a mother's heart by the sympathies which fall between women, that I think, other things being equal, her life will enrich your age more than a son's would. A happy woman's experience is, I sometimes fear, richer than any man's can be. Is not mine more so than Leonard's, I

wonder? Can I be so much to him as he is to me? I will to be every day, when I feel the wealth of his love, but I fear I must fall short.

"We are still, dear Anna, the same lovers as when you were with us in the dear old mountain-home. There is such a fine and subtile influence flowing from his life into my soul! I feel it in the presence with which he is clothed in approaching me. I feel it in his voice, and in the outpouring tenderness which he bears to every living creature. As a man, he gains year by year in the completeness of the nature I first loved. One feels in him so clearly, now, the great, strong soul, at home and on easy terms with its magnificent tenement, the body, which is equally at home and at ease with the material world.

"If there is any fault to be laid at his door, it is, perhaps, that he is too religiously proud of our daughters—though it would be difficult to see how one could help that, and they such children as they are.

"Nellie, who is now, you know, past five, is wild and grand, and imaginative, and tender, and terrible, all in one, like the mountains that watched over and whispered to her before she was born. And I think the spirit of that dear, blessed old Whitehouse piano lives in her little soul, she is so full of music—trilling parts of choruses and snatches and cadences all day long, as a forest-bird its notes; so that her father thinks that he never did a wiser or truer thing than surprising me with it, as you remember he did, so charmingly.

"'We made ourselves a beneficent Providence to her, did we not?' he asks, as we watch her tiny fingers playing over the keys of our grand new instrument.

"She has played more than a year, and actually gets through several little pieces of Phil's, though I have never shown her where to find a single key.

"Dear Phil, no less precious and beloved by each of us than he was, has constituted himself, in right of his age, Nellie's care-taker; and nothing can be more charming than to see them strolling along the beach, hand in hand—for Phil never lets go of her there—when the tide is out—gathering shells and delighting in the endless frolic of the waters.

"Nellie is poetical, too, and loves to personify the sea, finding in it many of the attributes of her human idols; but with all this, Phil cannot persuade her that the waters stood up on each side to let Moses and his host pass through. She insists that their passage must have been effected by means of a 'tanal.'

"'But, Nellie, don't I tell you there couldn't be a canal in the middle of the sea! and folks go in boats on canals. They don't walk or ride, as Moses did.'

"'Well, then, wasn't it a dry tanal, like papa's, Phil?'

"And then Phil says, despairingly: 'Oh, dear—if you was a boy Nellie, you'd understand it.'

"Bertha, who is now well on in her second year, bids fair to be another sort of character. She is a miracle of beauty, with large, joyous blue eyes—so like her father—and golden hair that lays in loose coils all over her beautiful head, and a mouth so sweet, yet spirited,

even at this age, that we often laugh at her little demonstration—Leo and I—and say: 'How like that is to Phil!'

"She is born of a more tranquil condition, to which I had grown interiorly in those years of deep-settled happiness, as well as attained externally by the changed conditions of our life. She will have a more native repose, I think, than her sister; and it seems to me that, for the artist in Nellie, may be substituted, in Bertha, the more serious, earnest, loving nature of the philanthropist.

"It may seem absurd to you, dear friend, that I should thus speculate upon the probable character of a young child. But it is not, as you will know when your own daughter has added some months to her age. You will see prophecies, even then, of her future; and beside, if you have been true to God and her, before she saw the light, you already *know* something of what you have done for her.

"You remember how high-strung, keen, variable, yet centered upon ourselves, was my spiritual life before Nellie came to us—how all my *little artistic power was in vivid and joyous play—how I breathed* in the genius of that wonderful mountain-world—all its poetry, all its terrors of storm and tempest, as well as its genial sunshine and tenderness. They were all daguerreotyped in her being, and are now showing themselves to us every day.

"But the intervening years calmed and settled me much. I looked out upon the world with a clearer vision. Its sufferings appealed to me—its great movements stirred my comprehensive powers to lay hold of and harmonise them with my own hopes of human progress; but chiefly my sympathies were in exercise, towards those who were less happy than ourselves, and toward the millions who are yearly being born to perversion and pain and incapacity, for want of the light I enjoyed.

"Therefore I know, independent of the expression of baby deeds—which *may* mean as much as the deeds of the man or woman—independent of broken, lisping chatter, betraying the secret springs of sympathetic tenderness—independent of the calmness and almost grandeur of self-poise we sometimes see, with waters of inexpressible gratitude in our eyes—I know, I say, independent of all these imperfect proofs, that Bertha is born to a life of earnest, loving uses. The need to perform them has grown into her body and soul from mine. She cannot live without them.

"Do not laugh at me for this. You will one day *know* it as the divinest and highest truth upon which our life can lay hold for its practical healing and purification—so exalted and revered is the office of womanhood.

"Antonio remains with us—the same self-sacrificing, watchful, faithful creature that you knew him. When I left my room, after Bertha was born, leaning upon, or, rather, in Leonard's arm, the poor fellow came to meet and congratulate me, with tears in his eyes. 'Madame have three now,' he said; 'rich woman—very rich; so handsome and good.'

"I hardly knew whether the praise applied to myself or my children, which doubt, when I suggested it to Leonard, he said could only arise

from sheer excessive vanity, which, considering all things, he must be allowed to express his wonder at.

"We have plenty of room here, dear friend, and I wish you and our good Mr. Hedding and the young lady who has appropriated my name, could come to share some of it with us. There is the nursery to the left of my room, and Leo's to the right, with his dressing-room beyond; and on the opposite side of the house is a corresponding suite, which I would you were in to-day. Ours overlook the bright sea, and the blue distant mountains; and when Leonard and I sit there by ourselves, voicelessly talking, as we sometimes do, to each other, in our souls, I think—looking on the great, grand world before me, and feeling what my heart leans on there—that God indeed is love.

"'Have not our lives proved it so, dearest soul?' I said one day.

"'My own dear wife,' he replied, taking me very close to his heart, in uttering the words, 'we have proved God's love in all the common gifts of life that have been ours; but more richly than any man have I proved it, in finding thee so dowered in the soul he gave thee, as perfectly to husband all that life could bring to us. I owe thee a debt for the sweet firmness and high honour of thyself and me, that have preserved this love blooming in my heart as freshly as on the day, long ago, when I sought to make thee mine; I owe thee a debt as the mother of our matchless children; I owe thee a debt for the grand religious culture wherein my soul has risen towards God, with thine; I owe thee a debt for the faith thou hast given me in the capacity and destiny of man; almost I owe thee my own clear and unwavering trust in God and the future, which I feel to be so sufficient an armour against the poisoned arrows of sorrow, should they ever search me out. How shall I pay thee all this, sweet one?'

"'So,' I replied, holding his generous heart to mine."

THE END.

THE GOLDEN DOOR.*

BY L. MOULTHORP.

Once when I was sad and weary,
Pondering on the prospect dreary,
That awaited earthly mortals when they reach the unknown shore;
All at once came gently stealing
O'er me such a heavenly feeling,
Turning all my grief to gladness, such as never felt before.

Then the air grew dark around me,
And the silken chain that bound me
To the form seemed snapped asunder, and I was of earth no more.

* The manner in which this sweet poem was produced is worthy of record. We give it from memory as related by Mrs. Moulthorp when she visited London about two years ago. Her son, the author of the poem, when a young man about to finish his education, had a task in Composition to prepare, and was unable to make headway with it. He passed into his room and lay down in a listless mood, which was succeeded by a state of passivity, resembling a trance, when the whole poem flowed into his mind, and he got up and wrote it off. He has, on several occasions, given forth productions of a similar kind in the same manner. It is supposed to be written under the inspiration of Poe.

Sounds of melody came rushing,
As of crystal fountains gushing,
While through all my quickened senses floods of harmony did pour.

Then there stood a form beside me,
A bright being sent to guide me
Upward through the starry region to the bright angelic shore;
Clothed in robes of shining whiteness,
And with gems of softened brightness,
While a crown of truth and beauty on her radiant brow she bore.

Upward did this bright immortal,
Even to the very portal
Of the blest abode of angels, help my new-born soul to soar;
Then with love and meekness blended,
Ere she to the earth descended—
Whispered, "Knock, and thou may'st enter," pointing to a golden door.

"Stay," I cried, "before thou goest,
Tell, O tell me, if thou knowest,
From the knowledge that is given thee, tell, O tell me, I implore,
If the myriad earth-born mortals,
When they pass through death's cold portals
Enter into life eternal, or are lost for evermore."

Then a smile illumed each feature,
As she answered, "Once a creature,
Longing, fearing for the future, I too dwelt upon earth's shore;
But the mystic tie that bound me
Broke at last, yet life still found me,
And a high and holy mission hath it now for me in store.

"More than this, O, earthly brother,
Would'st thou know, perchance another
From a deeper fount of knowledge can upon thy spirit pour;
I have now performed my mission,
Knock, and thou can'st gain admission;"
And again she pointed onward to the shining golden door.

Then I looked, and lo! a vision,
Fairer than the fields Elysian,
Opened to my wondering spirit, all around me and before;
Sylvan shades and fairest flowers,
Singing birds and fragrant bowers,
While each passing breeze made music as it swept the landscape o'er.

Then toward the entrance turning,
Half its beauties scarce discerning,
While in chilling quick pulsations, all my life blood seemed to pour;
But my courage all appearing,
Never for a moment fearing,
As I knocked, when, lo! before me, opened wide the golden door.

Then with cautious steps I entered,
All my inmost thoughts were centred
On the strangeness and the grandeur that the objects round me bore;
Mute and motionless, astounded,
All my faculties confounded
By the overwhelming radiance that the scene around me wore.

Softest airs were round me straying,
All the harmonies displaying
Of a sphere where none but angel's footsteps press the shining floor.
Radiant forms advanced to meet me,
And with words of love to greet me,
And to bid my earth-born spirit welcome to their heavenly shore.

Those who long since had departed
From the earth life, the true-hearted,
Those who I had loved and wept for, now approached me as of yore;
Then it was my wondering spirit,
Knew the joys that they inherit
Who have crossed the mystic river, and have reached the unknown shore.

But a darkness gathered round me,
While the electric chain that bound me,
Seemed to draw my spirit downward to the scenes of earth once more;
Then I seemed to lose existence,
But, again, by firm resistance,
Conscious being dawned upon me, and my vision was all o'er.

Death to me was robbed of terror,
Nature seemed a mighty mirror,
Where we see, like dim reflections, truths from off the unseen shore.
I had looked beyond the curtain,
Of the truth I now was certain,
That a glorious, bright hereafter lies beyond the golden door.

Rockford, Illinois, U.S., Jan., 5, 1868.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

EVIDENCE BEFORE THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

Mr. J. Jones, Enmore Park, South Norwood, then related what he had witnessed last autumn at Stockton House, Fleetpond, where he was on a visit with three of his family:—The night was dark, as the moon had not risen, but as there was a conservatory at the side of the drawing-room, in which some eight persons sat round the loo-table, and a window in front, he could see all in the room indistinctly. As it was unusual for Mr. Home to sit in a dark room for physical phenomena, he (Mr. Jones) mentally determined to play the sceptic. A sofa behind him moved away from the wall, passed the rear of his and Mr. Home's chair, no one being near it. By the sounds and raps it was said, "Mrs. Cox, rest on the sofa." She got up and did so. He (Mr. Jones) then saw the vacated chair rise in the air, float over the lady, pass in front of Mr. Home (whose hands were on the table), ascend till vertically over his (Mr. Jones's) head; then the chair descended, and the under portion of the seat rested on his head. On mentally declaring himself satisfied, the chair arose again, floated in the air, and descended on to the loo-table, at which the party were sitting.

Mr. Jones also mentioned that he once saw a spirit hand at a seance which was held in the house of a Cabinet Minister. Several persons of note were present. It came between the dress of a lady who was sitting next to him, and her black lace fall. It was clear and distinct. The lady recognised it; tears ran down her cheeks. She said it was the hand of her late grandson. The room was well lighted. I have frequently seen forms like hands under the table-cloth. I have felt them, and, when vigorously pressed, they seemed to dissolve. I have frequently been touched by spirits. The touch is peculiar; like that of a glove filled with air. On one occasion I laid my handkerchief over my hand. The handkerchief was then pulled, and, on looking, I found that a minute knot had been tied in the corner. When I have such phenomena as these, coupled with intelligence, I cannot but believe them to be spiritual. I have seen Mr. Home's levitations. I have seen him rise off the ground, and I have also seen him floating on his back in the air about six feet from the ground. We all saw him clearly. He passed right across the room just as a person might float upon the water. At my request he was floated back again. The window blinds were moved up and down without any one touching them, apparently to tone the light.

Witness then produced a handkerchief which had been tied in a knot by a "spirit." He said—The handkerchief was folded when I took it from my wife's drawer just as it came from the laundress. At the seance that evening, with a lady and gentleman sitting in the room with me, at some distance, I laid it down at my feet, and shortly after in looking down it was gone. It was under the centre of the table; I took it up, and found that it was tied in a country girl's knot. I once had a special seance with the Davenports; thinking they might be impostors I did my best to discover the trick. I helped to tie the young men, and placed paper under their feet on the floor, marking the position of their feet with a pencil. On the table was a pile of musical instruments. I had provided myself with some phosphorised oil, which I poured over them; my party then held the Davenports' hands. When the gas was put out the oil flared, and the instruments flew up in the air and round the room; the light from the oil was sufficient for all to see clearly. I asked *mentally* to be struck on the back of the head, and was so struck with a guitar. So far as my experience went, I did not discover any imposture. The young men's feet had not stirred a hair's breadth.

The witness also stated that he had heard various musical instruments played upon by spiritual beings, and in particular, he had, on several occasions, heard the most exquisite music played upon the accordion, the keys moving in accordance with the tune, without being touched by any human being. This had also been done last night in the presence of two editors of newspapers and two other gentlemen of position, all of whom had entered upon the investigation in the hope of discovering that the phenomena were simply and purely the effect of imposture or self-delusion.

Mr. Jones then proceeded to say that the spirits had demonstrated to him their existence and power in various ways,—by moving tangible

articles, and producing sounds on tables, chairs, &c., in accordance with an expressed wish; answering questions; using the voices of other people to give utterance to thoughts they did not possess; using the hands of others to write down prescriptions, &c.; speaking audibly, appearing in bodily guise, and touching people; playing musical instruments; curing disease by means of mesmeric passes. In each and all of these phases of Spiritualism he had been able to trace intelligence, and intelligence, too, which was evidently supernatural. He concluded by giving an account of a seance which had been held at his house in July last. It was on Friday, July 17th, about ten o'clock, in a carpeted room sixteen feet by thirty-four, two gas-burners a-light. In the room was a heavy loo-table, around which were ten chairs, seven occupied. The other three chairs were meant to represent my late wife, my daughter Marian, and my son Walter. I had placed on my wife's chair her last silk dress, on my daughter's the flannel robe she wore before passing away, and on my son's chair his necktie. I was trying to think of some tune to get us into a state of harmony, when suddenly my thoughts were anticipated; my accordion began to emit sounds, and a most jubilant tune was brilliantly played, exciting in our minds wonder, joy, and thankfulness; bright lights, like stars, were seen moving up and down the keys during the hymn of praise. The accordion then gently rose in the air about four inches, and floated three feet round the table. A hymn was sung by my family, and then my aged mother was *raised from the floor in her chair* until her knees were on a level with the table top. My late wife's bonnet was raised from the vacant chair and carried to my daughter Edith. My late wife's chair then rose in the air with the dress on it, and leant upon my mother's breast. The chair then floated back to its place. The dress on the chair began to pass over and moved on to my mother's knee. Then my deceased daughter's chair opposite moved round, with the robe extended on it, close to the table, shoved my chair away, and the chair and I were forced aside to make room for hers. Her chair then went from the table, passed by the rear of my chair, no human being touching it. Simultaneously Mr. Home was carried bodily away from the table. It then proceeded to occupy the space vacated by Mr. Home, and gradually, and in sight of all present, rose up in the air. Mr. Jones also said that he had on one occasion seen a large loo-table he was sitting at, at his *mental* wish, rise from the floor as high as the ceiling, and often not so high. These phenomena had been witnessed by several people of high respectability and mental culture.

Miss A. Jones gave an account of certain remarkable phenomena which she had witnessed at a seance held at Stockton-house. Mr. Home, who was present, and while in trance, said that he was ill, the spirits were in him, and did not understand him. She saw a bodily form above his shoulders, and it took the form of a cone. He went out on to the verandah, and was carried from thence right across the lawn, a distance of more than a hundred feet, to a rhododendron bed. He returned, bringing with him a piece of rhododendron, and although it was raining fast he was not at all wet, and the soles of his shoes were dry. He had observed on going out that they would each have a

different perfume given to them, and accordingly, as soon as he was gone, it seemed as if each one present had been sprinkled with a different kind of scent.

Mr. Burns said that both his wife and sister-in-law were clairvoyants; they were able to distinguish in the dark the odic light proceeding from the heads of the people present; they also sometimes wrote prescriptions under spiritual influence; if they happened to be absent from each other the one could always tell if the other were ill or in trouble. His wife had been presented with fruit by the spirits.

Mr. Rowcroft said he had seen a hand playing upon an accordion, while apparently suspended in space. This was at Norwood where witness met Mr. Home; they sat at a table, and in ten minutes the raps came. The initials A. E. R. were then given, and on further questioning the "spirits," the name Albert Edward Rowcroft, a relative of witness, was given in full. Mr. Home then held the accordion, and it played most beautiful music. When the music ceased, the accordion left Mr. Home's hand, and came under the table. I said, "I see a hand;" the instrument then went round the outside of the chairs, and came back to Mr. Home. Witness, in continuation, said, "I consider the agency on this occasion must have been spiritual, because no one present could have produced the phenomena. That was the first seance I had witnessed, but I have since had some further experience; and with regard to messages conveying information, I may relate one fact. A sister of mine was on one occasion coming from America. I did not know when she would arrive, but I asked the table, and the answer was 'the first week in July.' At the time I asked the question she had not started. The prediction was quite true."

Mr. Wallace—With reference to the accordion, was there sufficient light to enable you to see clearly? Witness—Yes. Six gas-burners were lighted. The hand was visible to me about a minute; it accompanied the instrument round the chairs. I was the only person who saw the phenomenon of the hand; there were nine others present. When Home held the accordion I saw it open and shut, and he frequently exclaimed, "They are pulling;" indeed, he was obliged to exert considerable force against the unseen player. Home's disengaged hand was resting on the table. All present saw the accordion floating in space. At Mr. Jones's suggestion we sang a hymn; the accordion gave the key-note, and accompanied us. On the same evening I saw something like a hand creep between the cloth and the table; I felt the fingers distinctly, and my friends saw the shape also; every one present touched it.

Dr. Edmunds—Have you ever seen apparitions? Mr. Rowcroft—I once saw a form at the foot of my bed; it was a beautiful spirit.

Mr. Holyoake—Why do you call it a spirit? Witness—Because I can attribute it to nothing else. No other person was in the room, but the door was not locked. It remained about three minutes. It was quite opaque. I could not see through it.

Mr. Holyoake—Did you uncover the hand which crept between the table and the cloth? Witness—No. I was perfectly sceptical when I went to Mr. Jones's; only the night before I was ridiculing his son for believing in the phenomena.

THE MASTER OF LINDSAY was next examined. He said—I saw Mr. Home elongated. The top of the hip bone and the short ribs appeared to separate. In Home they are unusually close together. There was no separation of the vertebræ of the spine. The elongations were not at all like those resulting from the expansion of the chest with air. The shoulders did not move. He looked as if he was pulled up by the neck, the muscles seeming to be in a state of tension. He stood firmly in the middle of the room, and I placed my feet on his instep. I'll swear he never moved his heels from the ground. When Home was elongated against the wall Lord Adare placed his foot on his instep, and I marked the place on the wall. I once saw him elongated horizontally on the ground: Lord Adare was present. Home, on one occasion, was sitting next me. In a few minutes he said, "Keep quiet; I am going up." His feet touched my shoulder, and I afterwards felt something like velvet against my cheek. On looking up I was surprised to find that he had carried an arm chair with him, which he held out in his hand as he floated. He went round the room, pushing the pictures out of their places as he passed along the walls. Some of them were far beyond the reach of a person standing on the ground. The light was sufficient to enable me to see clearly. I saw the levitation in Victoria Street when Mr. Home floated out of the window; he first went into a trance, and walked about uneasily; he then went into the hall; while he was away a voice whispered in my ear, "He will go out of one window and in by another." I was alarmed and shocked at so dangerous an experiment. I told the company what I had heard, and we then waited for Mr. Home's return. Shortly after he entered the room, and then I heard the window go up, but I could not see, for I sat with my back to it. I however saw his shadow on the opposite wall; he went out of the window in a horizontal position. I afterwards saw him outside the window, in the next room, floating in the air eighty-five feet from the ground. There was no balcony outside, merely a string course. I have no theory to explain these things. I have tried to find out how they are done, but the more I studied them the more satisfied was I that they could not be explained by mere mechanical trick. I have had full opportunity for investigation. I once saw Mr. Home in broad light standing in the air seventeen inches from the ground.

DR. EDMUNDS—Have you ever obtained any information which could not have been known to the medium or any other person at a seance. I may say I have received scores of letters from people who are utter strangers to me, asking the committee or our spiritual friends to assist in finding lost wills and registers of birth and baptism—do you know of any facts of that kind? The Master of Lindsay—I know of one such fact which I will relate to you. A friend of mine was very anxious to find the will of his grandmother, who had been dead forty years. He could not even find the certificate of her death. I went with him to the Marshalls and we had a seance. We sat at a little table and the raps came; my friend then asked the question mentally, and he went over the alphabet himself, and sometimes I did so, not knowing the questions. We were told the will had been drawn by a man named William Walker who lived in Whitechapel; the name of the street and

the number of the house were given. We went to Whitechapel, found the man, and subsequently, through his aid, obtained a copy of the draft. He was quite unknown to us, and had not always lived in that locality, for he had once seen better days. The medium could not possibly have known anything about the matter, and even if she had her knowledge would have been of no avail, as all the questions were mental ones.

Dr. Edmunds—Have you ever seen any apparition of deceased persons?

The Master of Lindsay—When I first saw Mr. Home we had a seance. I was late for the train, and stayed the night with him; he gave me a shake-down on the sofa in his room. There were no curtains to the windows, and the ground was covered with snow, the reflected light from which made objects in the room distinctly visible. After I had been in bed twenty minutes I heard raps, and my pillow went up and down in a curious manner. That might have been the effects of imagination. A few minutes after I saw an apparition, which seemed like a cloud of vapour or an indistinct shadow, which grew gradually into a definite shape, and I saw the form of a woman standing *en profile* to me. She stood between me and Home; I saw the features plainly, and should have recognised them again anywhere. She seemed to be attired in a long flowing gown, which hung without belt from the shoulders. The figure seemed quite solid; I could not see through it. I spoke to Home; he said he saw her plainly, and that it was the apparition of his late wife, who often came to him. She moved and stood by his side; she then walked to the right of the bed and rather behind it, but not out of my sight, and then slowly faded away like a column of vapour. The next morning I found an album, and on looking over the pictures carelessly I saw a photograph exactly like the figure I had seen. Edward Jencken said it was the likeness of the late Mrs. Home. When I saw the apparition I remarked that Home's eyes shone in the dark with a very singular lustre.

Dr. Edmunds—Have you ever seen the apparition of the lower animals or of trees? The Master of Lindsay—Never! I was once subject to a singular optical illusion. I frequently saw the spectre of a black dog, which seemed to glide along the ground; I never saw it walking. I afterwards went up to it, and sometimes passed a stick through it. I knew it was an illusion. It was the result of over-work. I was at that time studying for the army, and reading sixteen hours a-day.

Mr. C. F. Varley, electrician, made a long and interesting statement. He said: I came here under the impression that I would be put in the witness-box and cross-examined; and I, therefore, did not prepare any statement before-hand. I mention this in order to explain any want of order or consecutiveness in what I state. To begin, then, I was a sceptic when these matters first came under my notice about the year 1850. That was the time when table-rapping and table-moving were set down as the results of some electrical force. I investigated that theory and demonstrated that it was altogether unfounded—no electrical force could have been thus applied, no electricity could be evolved

capable of moving one-thousandth part of the weight of the tables moved. I may mention that I had mesmeric healing power, and three years after these experiments I came to London and made the acquaintance of Mrs. Varley. She was subject to nervous headaches, and I got the consent of her parents to mesmerise her, with the view of effecting a cure. She was only temporarily relieved; and one day while she was entranced on the couch I thought how I could permanently cure her. She answered my thought. I considered this very strange, and I asked her—still mentally—whether she was answering my thought; she replied, "Yes." I then asked her whether there were any means by which a permanent cure could be effected. She replied, "Yes; if you bring on the fit out of its proper course you will disturb its harmony, and I shall be cured." I did so—by the exercise of will—and by bringing on the fit in a fortnight's time, instead of waiting the month, she was cured permanently. She had a strong objection to being aroused out of the trance state. To ascertain whether the influence could be exerted through solid substances, I made transverse passes through folding doors; she ran out and caught my hands to stop me. Another time I made passes through a brick wall; she was instantly conscious of it. I relate these matters because they may help us to a clue in relation to some of the phenomena. A wall, it will be seen, was transparent to what passed from my hand. Some three or four years after, a chest disease of my wife's became much aggravated; she became very thin, and was supposed to be suffering from consumption. She could not inspire more than 7-8ths of a pint of air, and it was stated that she would not live more than three months.

THE SPIRITS PRESCRIBE.

One night she addressed me in the third person, and said, "If you are not careful you will lose her." I asked who? She replied, "Her, your wife!" I said, "Who is now speaking? The reply was, "We are spirits; not one, but several. We can cure her, if you will observe what we tell you. Three ulcers will form on the chest. The first will break in ten days at thirty-six minutes past five o'clock. It will be necessary that you shall have such and such remedies at hand. No one is to be with you, and you must not tell *her*, for the shock would kill her." On the tenth day I went home early. I had set my watch by Greenwich time. Exactly at 5.36 she screamed; that happened which had been predicted, and she was relieved. The second was foretold three weeks in advance, and the third a fortnight. The latter was predicted for the day of the annular eclipse, which was visible from Peterborough. I had promised to take her to Peterborough, but I found that the ulcer was to break just at the hour when she would be in the train. The spirits, however, said that it would not do to disappoint her, and she went, I taking the remedies in my pocket. Half an hour before the appointed time she became ill, and precisely at the hour named the ulcer broke. I produced the remedies, much to her surprise, for she knew nothing of the prediction. These were my first spiritual experiences. It was not my wife, but the spirits who told me what to do, and by acting on their instructions she was so restored that in nine

months her inspiration was increased from a pint to nearly a gallon, and she became quite stout. Later, after the birth of my wife's first son, I was aroused one night by three tremendous raps. I thought there were thieves in the house, and I searched everywhere, but found nothing. I then thought, "Can that be what is called Spiritualism!" The raps answered, "Yes; go into the next room!" I did so, and found the nurse intoxicated and Mrs. Varley rigid, cataleptic. I made cross passes and restored my wife.

EXPERIENCES WITH MR. HOME.

These things made me very anxious, and I resolved to see if there was any truth in what was related of Mr. Home. I called upon him, and told him what I had seen. He made an appointment, and I went to him with Mrs. Varley, Mrs. —— (a lady of distinction, whose name we withhold), and some two or three others were there. Mrs. —— said that her son, who was dead, was there. He gave raps. She wore a white stomacher, I think it is called, and it was inflated. The child was asked to touch me; he said he was afraid, but later he said that he was no longer afraid, and my hands were touched under the table, and my coat was pulled three times. I said to myself, "That is not satisfactory, for it is all under the table." Instantly the lappel of my coat was lifted first on the right and then on the left side. I was then, in answer to a mental wish, touched on the knee and on the shoulder quite distinctly.

A Member of the Committee—Was this in the light?

Mr. Varley—Yes, in the light of five gas burners. Mrs. —— and Mr. Home requested me to make a thorough investigation, and to get under the table and apply any test. In the course of the evening a large ottoman, at a distance from any of the party, began to move towards us, and finally shoved us in the direction of the piano. A heavy side-table, seven feet away from the nearest person, also moved. These were the first physical phenomena I saw, and they impressed me, but still I was not satisfied. Fortunately, when I got home, a circumstance occurred which got rid of the element of doubt. While alone in the drawing-room, thinking intently on what I had witnessed, there were raps. The next morning I received a letter from Mr. Home, in which he said, "When alone in your room last night you heard sounds. I am so pleased!" He stated that the spirits had told him they followed me, and were enabled to produce sound. I have the letter in my possession now to show that imagination had nothing to do with the matter. The eye is treacherous and may deceive; therefore the testimony of a single individual is never conclusive. It is only when there is corroborative evidence that we can be safe. The fact that I had heard the raps was confirmed by the letter of Home. I shall confine my instances to cases in which there was corroborative evidence.

THREE REMARKABLE CASES.

In the winter of 1864-5 I was busy with the Atlantic Cable. I left a gentleman at Birmingham to test the iron wire. He had seen something of Spiritualism, but he did not believe in it. He had a brother

whom I had never seen in life. One night in my room there were a great number of loud raps. When at length I sat up in bed I saw a man in the air—a spirit—in military dress. I could see the pattern of the paper on the wall through him. Mrs. Varley did not see that. She was in a peculiar state and became entranced. The spirit spoke to me through her.

A gentleman asked how that was supposed to be done?

Mr. VARLEY—While the person is in a trance the spirit slips inside* the body and speaks and acts through the muscles and organs. He told me his name, and said that he had seen his brother in Birmingham, but that what he had to communicate was not understood. He asked me to write a message to the effect, "The thing you are doing is the right thing." I did so, and I received an answer from Birmingham, "Yes, I know my brother has seen you, for he has come to me and was able to make known so much." The gentleman, as I have said, was at Birmingham, and I was at Beckenham.

In a second case—My sister-in-law had heart disease, and I went into the country to see her. I had a night-mare, and I saw my sister-in-law in the room. I knew that she was confined to her bedroom. She said, "If you do not move you will die." I said, "I cannot move." She said, "If you yield your will to me I will frighten you and make you move." I did so, and she exclaimed, "Oh! Cromwell, I am dying!" I moved then. I told my wife that her sister had been in the room, and cautioned her not to say a word to her about the matter but hear what was her version. In the morning her sister told her that she had been in great trouble about me at a quarter to four o'clock, that I was in danger of dying, and that she could only arouse me by crying, "Oh! Cromwell, I am dying!"

Again, in 1867, I was in New York. I had an agreement with the Atlantic Telegraph Company for an instrument of my invention, and as the time came for the payments to fall due the agreement was repudiated. Of this circumstance, however, I knew nothing. I went to a medium, Mrs. Manchester, and she told me that I was about to have law proceedings; that papers of importance relative to the matter were then on the way. That was on Monday. The following Wednesday the mail arrived, and I received a letter stating that my lawyers would file a bill in Chancery in consequence of the sudden proceedings of the company, unless I ordered the contrary through the cable. It was impossible that either I or the medium could have known anything of all that.

OUT OF ONE'S BODY AND BACK AGAIN.

While experimenting with earthenware, I was attacked with spasms in the throat from the fumes of fluoric acid. I had to use chloroform, which I generally applied by holding the cloth so that it fell on the ground when insensibility supervened. One night, however, I rolled on my back, and the cloth rested on my face. Mrs. Varley was in the room above nursing a sick child. I became conscious, and saw my body on its back. I went to my wife above, and aroused her by making

* Pervades like electricity.

a distinct impression on her brain. She came down, and I used my body and spoke to her. She took off the cloth, and was much alarmed. I said, "I shall forget how this came to pass, but be sure to ask me all about what made you come down, and I shall then recall it." She did so, but I could not recollect anything. During the day by degrees my recollection came back.

A MEMBER—Where was your spirit while you were on your back?

MR. VARLEY—In the room. Mrs. Varley has had similar experiences. She has said to me while in a trance, "It is not the spirits that now speak but myself. I make use of my body the same as a spirit does." At Havre Grace, when I arrived in the evening, I was very cordially received; there was a supper and speeches and so forth. I was fearful of not waking in time to catch the steamer next morning, and I therefore willed strongly that I should awake. In the morning I saw myself asleep, and tried all means to arouse myself. I saw two men lift up a plank, and I made my body dream that they were going to explode a bomb. When the plank fell I dreamed that the bomb was exploded, and I awoke. I laughed at the device, but seeing that it would be well to test the matter I went to the window and there I saw the two men and the pile of timber. I had no previous knowledge that there was any timber at all there. It was evident then that I had seen the timber and the men while my body lay in bed asleep.

Mr. Varley then related several instances in which his children and he himself had been cured of illness by the directions of spirits. He also detailed a number of scientific experiments which he had instituted to see whether the mesmeric or spirit force was the same as magnetism or electricity, and he found that it was quite distinct. The odic force of Reichenbach was similar or identical, and was quite distinct from magnetism and electricity. The whole matter required, he said, most careful investigation, and, unfortunately, but few were capable of investigating at all. I have been, he added, careful not to believe anything until forced to believe it. What I have stated is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

INGENIOUS THEORIES.

Mr. Varley was then subjected to a long cross-examination by the committee. He stated that he was not a spirit-rapper, for he could not produce raps. I firmly believe, he said, from the cases detailed that we are not our bodies—that when our bodies die we exist just as much as before. The spirits can communicate with us. My phenomena were produced not by the spirits of the departed, but by those of the persons present. I do not believe in Spiritualism as it is understood from Buddhism to Roman Catholicism. The spirits are not magnetism and are not electricity. There is a point of view from which much can be explained. A man finds air not solid at all; he can move through it as if it did not exist. But when he comes to an ironclad ship he is stopped; he cannot go through the iron. Well, electricity finds air the most solid substance possible; it cannot pass through it, but it passes through the ironclad ship as if it were not in existence. An iron wire is to an electrician simply a hole bored through a solid rock of air, so

that the electricity may pass freely. Glass is opaque to electricity but transparent to magnetism, whence we may infer that everything is solid, in respect of some things, and that nothing is solid in respect to other things. In answer to questions, Mr. Varley stated that there was no co-relation between electricity, &c., and the spiritual force. Electricity had no weight, no gravitation. It passed along a wire; light was the vibration of a substance. As to magnetism, he did not know what it was; he had not the ghost of an idea. He believed the mesmeric trance and the spiritual trance to be the same, save that the first was produced by the spirit from a body (person), and in the latter by a spirit not in a body.

A MEMBER—I think you have seen the colour of the clothes of a spirit as distinctly as the features?

MR. VARLEY—The pattern of clothes. I think I see the drift of that question, and I will meet it. I have explained that all known powers have to be treated as solid in regard to something—iron to man, air to electricity, &c. Therefore, thought in itself may be in some sort solid.

THE EXPERIENCES of Mr. and Mrs. Varley are of unusual importance. They in the body, have come out of the body, left it for a time, yet the body performed its vital functions, pulsation, breathing, &c. The life-power continued to act; the soul with the body; the spirit apart, away from them. Many of the mysteries of psychological power could be unvailed if we would experiment in this portion of the field of man.

We have given fully the evidences produced before the committee of the Dialectical Society, by some of the more bold spiritualist witnesses of phenomena, who, fearless of literary dustmen, have declared that they have seen, felt, and heard of the wondrous phenomena produced by intelligent beings—unseen by them—having will, power, and wisdom.

We have effected our object by placing on record, for reference, the evidence. This is the more necessary, as we believe there do not exist in the possession of the committee full minutes of such evidence. Spiritualists have to thank the *Eastern Post* for the full reports we have so freely copied, and as we were present at nearly all the several meetings, we frankly state we have had to make very few alterations. As a rule, there has been expunged all the *theories* broached by the witnesses, under the cross-examination of the committee. Many more witnesses would have given evidence, but some two or three members of the committee seemed determined to look blear-eyed at the facts, and quick-eyed at the theories; wasting much time in hearing themselves and others trying to prove that the theories were open to objections.

The second portion of the committee's investigation has in part oozed out through the weekly newspaper called *The Queen*. That portion is, the *personal* experiences of the sub-committees of the committee. We purpose to give a condensed narrative of the "experiments" in say the two following months' numbers of *Human Nature*. By that time, the recess having given tone to the physical of the Committee, we may be able to extract knowledge from their resumed deliberations on Spirit Manifestations.

Enmore Park, South Norwood. JNO. JONES.
8th Nov., 1869.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AT CLIFTON THROUGH MR. HOME.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I have for many years made it a duty to carefully embrace every opportunity for the study of spiritual manifestations. My mind being naturally metaphysical, I was led away from my early religious bearings, and restlessly passed through every phase of thought peculiar to a freethinking mind, and found no resting place. Refusing to believe fully that the universe was nothing more than the play of mechanical and chemical forces, or that these were only one unintelligent force moving through all things, exhausting all conditions, yet itself unspent, unsatisfied, I still kept groping after something that would convince me that the infinite universe must have an intelligent Creator and Governor. At that time I was led to think that if there was but one force moving behind all phenomena and eluding all analysis, the real and only type of that force must be Mind. The more I read and thought upon the subject the more I saw it to be right that causation must be pushed from nature, and, as I thought, must be delegated to the spiritual plane. I was introduced about this time to Swedenborg's books, which did much to reduce my spiritual chaos to order, and teach me the difference between spiritual and natural existence; yet all seemed to me merely pleasing hypothesis. On careful inward examination, I found my mind did not and could not realise such as positive knowledge, until Spiritualism came to my aid. My mother then "passed away," and while doing so (although in body two hundred miles distant), visited me. Henceforward, as above stated, I lost no opportunity afforded me to sift the phenomena. My long acquaintance with mesmerism well prepared me for such study.

I am not here going to give a history of my spiritual experience, which I hope sometime to be able to do, but simply to state that, after about three years' fruitless inquiry as to positive results, I was blessed by many rare opportunities granted me for examination. The only difficulty remaining was a desire for more evidence as to the identity of spirits.

For many years I had desired to see Mr. Home, and to be the witness of the strange manifestations I had so often read about, but I never had the vanity to believe that I should have the privilege of having that remarkable man as my guest. Yet it is to give the history of his residence with me that I now write, and I purpose doing so chiefly because it bears considerably upon the question of the *identity* of spirits.

I arranged for Mr. Home to give readings in Clifton, and on the 13th of September he came to reside with me. He was then totally ignorant of all connected with me and my relations.

At our first seance, on September 16th, manifestations took place of a physical character, which would have told strangely upon material thinkers. At the second seance there were four persons present besides Mr. Home. We had been sitting but a few minutes when heavy pulsations were felt in the floor, the table heaved violently, and loud raps were heard. I observed that Mr. Home became affected, much as a

subject would be when passing into a mesmeric trance; the pupils were locked backwards, and the whole man seemed for a time in a state of complete unconsciousness. Shortly, as if some invisible magnetiser were influencing him, the head, which had fallen backwards, slowly began to take its proper position, and the muscles of the face to lose their passive and lifeless appearance, and to assume a most sweet expression; then, rising from his seat, he walked round the room in conversation with beings invisible to us. His eyes were completely sealed from physical light, yet he walked, as if by sight, into the next room, removing objects out of his way, and apparently talking with individuals; he returned and came to me, laying his hands on my shoulder; then began a conversation with my father, mother, brothers, uncle, and aunts, long since passed away, while their names and individualities were most familiarly given. An aunt's name was given, but I did not know that such a relative had ever lived. Much connected with my mother that I had long forgotten was mentioned; her manner of sitting, and "trotting her hand" when speaking of anything sad; her very mode of expressing endearment was significantly her own; and her whole idiom was so completely rendered that *I could not doubt of her presence.* Mr. Home's attention was here attracted as by some stranger approaching, when he said, "What is this man doing here? His name is Hunter"—(the brother of a lady present who passed away many years ago.) "There is an old man, David Beattie." I then thought of a brother who passed away when about fifty years of age; but I found afterwards, from the appearance so minutely described, that it was an uncle, who passed away at ninety years of age. Mr. H. then went to a young man present, weakly in his health, and prescribed for him. Turning to me, he said—"Tom" (a brother) "has much to say to you, but we cannot keep Dan longer now." He (Mr. Home) then sat down and said—"Don't tell Dan what he has done." He shortly passed into a similar state as when passing into the trance. To those who had never seen the trance state it was most strange. The head slowly moves forward and gives signs of returning consciousness; the eyes begin to come forward and the pupils reach the centre, and then remain fixed on vacancy; at this moment, when his own self seems labouring for possession, it is a relief when the eyes begin to move freely, and Mr. Home is himself again.

A seance took place at Miss Jones's, on September 21st, when eight persons were present. They had been seated at the table but a short time when the room began to pulsate and shake; the table, a large one, after strong movements, was raised from the floor full eighteen inches, and suspended for about one minute, then gently lowered down; after which Mr. Home became entranced, a soft pale light playing over his face, which the half illuminated state of the room enabled us to see clearly. His eyes were closed, yet he walked round the room placing his hand on the head of each as he passed, and removing any impediment from his path. He then seated himself in the chair by the side of Miss E. Jones, remarking that there was some difficulty in communicating; for they were surrounded by such a number of friends and ancestors of many generations back, all anxious to be understood, but

strangers to that mode of communication; his trance state being much the same to them as it would be to us to see a person for the first time in a faint. Then their brother William was near, whom he represented to us by certain peculiarities of manner and address, which were exactly characteristic of him and known only to themselves, for he had passed away twenty years ago. Their mother wished to communicate with them, and turning to Elizabeth, reminded her how she (her mother) had before told her that she was not called Elizabeth after any friend or relative, but that circumstances attending her birth had caused her mother great mental suffering, from which she had been relieved by the promises of holy writ; which likewise induced her mother to call her Elizabeth, after the mother of John, in the hope that her life might be holy and blameless as her's had been. She then spoke of her long illness, great weariness, constant yearning for rest, their watchful care and love, to which she had always responded, though to them it had sometimes been obscured by the suffering and weariness that had worn her frame away. She then reminded them that she had passed away in her sleep, and spoke of the rest into which she had entered. At this time Mr. Home leant forward and placed his elbows upon the table, and clasping his hands together, he seemed to be transfigured, his face becoming indescribably beautiful, while upon and around it played a pale bluish light. He then breathed forth one of the most sublime prayers they had ever heard uttered, and Mr. H. returned to a state of consciousness. They had seen Mr. Home for the first time but a few days previous to this, and had never spoken to him of any personal friend or circumstance. They could not therefore avoid the conviction that they were in direct communication with the glorified spirit of their mother.

October 4th.—About eight o'clock, while myself, Mrs. Beattie, and Mr. Home were sitting, writing, and chatting, raps were freely heard. The alphabet being called for, the following communication was given: —"You must sit to-night, but not until eleven o'clock." I sent for four individuals to be present. At 10.50 we went into the drawing-room, and by the time we were seated eleven o'clock was striking. The manifestations at once began (in fact, Mr. Home seemed in a state of semi-trance from the time the intimation had been given). The house was shaken, and the table strongly moved. Mr. Home saw an individual walk across the room. I was repeatedly patted and stroked by soft hands; four individuals were similarly treated. An accordion, which had been procured shortly before from a music shop, was held by Mr. Home in one hand, the other hand being on the table, when music of the highest order was heard, sometimes like a concert far in the distance, then it would swell and come near. The alphabet was called for, and the sentence given—"We are waiting to welcome you to our"—as the last letter was rendered, the instrument began to play "Sweet Home" in the most lovely manner, thus making the sentence complete, "*We are waiting to welcome you to our sweet home.*" The instrument was then carried by the invisibles across, under the table, to E. Jones, when, in her hand, it played quite as well as before. Here Mr. Home became entranced, in which state, after passing several

times round the room and walking into the next room for a short time, he laid his hand upon the head of Mr. J., and uttered one of those speeches which cannot be described. He spoke of us on earth being attended by our guardian spirits, but when we did wrong and would wander from the great centre, God, then brighter spirits came to us to win us back, finishing with "It is not so on earth." He then came and stooped down, and putting his arm around me he clapped me on the shoulder, and looking at Miss Mary Jones, who was next to me, he said in broad Scotch—"Tom says you must not be vexed because you did not get soon enough to see him before he passed away. You know John was going for a long time to see him, but did not get there in time; and John cried sadly over his body, and it has given him much trouble since." Then slapping me heartily on the shoulder, he said—"Oh, man, I knew you could not help it." He then sat down, and at 12 o'clock he awoke.

Friday, 8th October, 1869.—This evening, myself, Mrs. Beattie, Mr. and Mrs. Rutland, Rev. A. N. B——d, and Mr. Tommy were present. After sitting some little time at the table, two or three of us felt a strange vibratory motion in our chairs as though it had been produced by an undulating movement of the floor. We had been engaged in general conversation about an hour, when Mr. Home fell back in his seat, his neck resting on the back of his chair; in a few minutes he passed into the trance state, then slowly rose, crossed his hands on his breast, and walked two or three times round the outside of the company; stopping behind myself, he personated my mother, so that I instantly recognised her voice and manner; then passing to the Rev. Mr. B——d, he elevated his arms and uttered over him a most eloquent and impressive prayer. Having finished this, he said in a subdued voice, "You will become a medium." On reaching Mr. Rutland he drew back, exclaiming, "Why is this? you have no faith! you are all in confusion, but it will not always be so!" He then went to Mrs. T., and kneeling behind her on one knee he appeared to be receiving something in one hand which he transferred to the other, and then poured it on her head. He then quoted from the 12th of 1st Cor. 9th verse, "To one is given the gift of healing," and added, "Your healing power will be greatly increased from this time." He then uttered the following address, during which he was greatly moved even to tears, his whole manner, expression, and intonation combining to produce an effect so sublime as to impress us with the conviction that he was uttering it by inspiration: "Oh! pray—not by kneeling down and asking God to forgive your sins; not for earthly blessings or benefits—but pray as the flowers pray—pray as the birds pray—pray as all nature prays—giving forth the life-principle that God hath given you for the good of others! Pray to be a sunbeam—a ray of light, penetrating the darkness of sorrowing and suffering humanity, with an atmosphere of healing love—consoling those who mourn without hope, and who, in the selfishness of their sorrow, can find no gleam of consolation. Oh! if you could but understand all that lies about you, and perceive all the rich treasures from our Father's hand, you would know that they are all within the reach of man. Oh! see that your

lives correspond to the principles that you teach. See that you live out that which you profess to be, standing as it were on the threshold —no, not the threshold—but as actually on the shore, waiting for this earthly shell to drop off and disclose the beauties of the spirit-life." When Mr. Home had finished this address, he went to Mr. Tommy, personated some one, whom he announced as an old friend of his; his Christian name was James, but he did not much care about its being called a Christian name; he would not give his surname then, but said he should afterwards know it. He then went through a series of expressive movements to enable him to identify him, which he failed to do at the time. He said that everything went wrong from a certain time; that he ought not to have passed away so soon; and that they did not treat him rightly; also, that he used to be very positive when on earth, and that when he took an idea into his head, neither heaven nor hell would move him from it. He also gave several peculiarities of gait and manner, which Mr. T. subsequently recollected were very characteristic of an old friend of his who died many years ago, whom they always called "Captain," and whose Christian name Mr. Tommy was not certain about, but has instituted an inquiry in order to ascertain it.

Seance at Mrs. H——'s, *October 20th*. Present—Mrs. H , Miss H., Capt. Campbell, and myself. We sat down by a large drawing-room table. In a short time the floor of the house began to vibrate; currents of cold air were experienced; the temperature of the room became sensibly lowered, and the atmosphere felt frosty (the evening outside was mild). The table was moved in many ways from the floor, and from one place to another, loud raps were heard in the floor and table; after which we were touched and patted by the hands of the spirits—Mr. Home telling us that he saw them, and pressed us to the severest examination. Mr. H. was many times clasped on the arms and touched in various ways. An accordion was then brought which Mr. Home had never seen nor handled; without any ceremony he hung it in one hand by the keyless end, his other hand being on the table, when the spirits played upon it the richest music. Before the seance Miss H. had been playing on the harp. Mr. Home asked if the spirits present heard her; if so, could they play any of the pieces the lady had performed to us? At once they played part of every piece that had been played by her that evening. At this time a chair, then standing about six feet from the table, was by the invisibles placed beside the table next to Mrs. H., and we all saw the bottom of the chair pressed or moved as by the weight of an individual sitting upon it. Mrs. H. here exclaimed, "Where are all my dear children?" The alphabet was then called for, and the answer was given—"Praising God and waiting for you." The manifestations continued some time longer, when Mrs. H. specially asked, with great earnestness, "Where is my darling boy?" meaning a grandson who fell in the Balaclava Charge—in answer to which the retreat was most correctly beat, as on a small drum, by the spirits, as if under the floor at first, and kept beating as if marching away and becoming lost in the distance. The manifestations here ceased for the time.

In conclusion, let me say—manifestations more wonderful than the above have been recorded before, but it is by the repetition of facts as witnessed by various individuals in various places that principles depending upon conditions so occult in a physical and so mysterious in a spiritual sense, can be established. Much of the above, I know, may be set down to mind-reading—although this is but giving a class of spiritual phenomena another name; but, on the other hand, the major part cannot be so set down. In fact, I could no more so completely set before myself, even in my mind's eye, the forms and manners of my mother and friends passed away, than the untutored hand could produce on the canvas the high illusions of the cultivated artist. I, however, have no desire to comment, but to state facts in the simplest manner.

I must give my testimony that Mr. Home insists on the severest investigation being made; and since being with him I have formed the opinion that truth would gain much if some meetings were recorded where no manifestations took place, and all the conditions stated, with the most probable causes of failure. For instance, one evening, Dr. D., the Rev. B., S. D., Mr. Home, myself, and one lady, sat one hour and a half and had no manifestations. A gentleman, a *great spiritualist*, had an engagement and left the room, when almost immediately manifestations of a defined character at once took place.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN BEATTIE.

2 *Westbourne Place, Clifton, October* 30, 1869.

SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW—TRANCE PAINTING, &c.

THE following are extracts from a letter just received:—The Association of Spiritualists have held a number of fortnightly meetings during the summer months in Whyte's Temperance Hotel, the attendance at which, though not large, was as good as could be expected. By the kindness of a gentleman in town, however, who has granted us the free use of an empty apartment, we are now enabled to meet on any and every evening of the week that suits us. The meetings are of a very interesting character, seldom a night in which there are no addresses from mediums in trance; as yet, however, we have still a lack of physical phenomena, so much desired by "anxious inquirers."

Sometime ago we had a little wholesome ventilation given to the subject in the columns of the daily and weekly press, caused partly by the erratic course of a young man, who, after making some ridiculous attempts to hold "*public seances*" here, went off, as he announced in the papers, on a "tour of the English provinces." . . . .

But the *Trance-Painting* continues still to be the most interesting phase of Spiritualism in Glasgow. The friends of Mr. Duguid in London and elsewhere will, doubtless, be glad to know that he is making progress, not only as a medium, but (under the guidance of his spirit masters) as a painter. A pretty large painting, three feet by two—Ravenscraig Castle, on the Frith of Forth—was finished some months ago, and evinces a considerable degree of progress, both in drawing and general effect, and the same may be said of a smaller

picture (2 feet by 18 or 20 inches), a view from the head of Loch Long. Mr. Duguid is at present engaged on two fresh pictures—both scenes on the Rhine—one of these about the size of the prize painting in the Progressive Library, under the influence or direction of Ruysdael; the other, a little smaller, under the influence of a spirit (an English painter) who promises to give evidence of his identity in Ruysdael's fashion—that is, by re-producing one of his pictures through the medium. These paintings are all done in the trance state in the medium's own house, in the very few leisure hours he can devote to that purpose. Meanwhile, opportunities as hitherto, are afforded to inquirers in my house, for witnessing the interesting manifestations. The large picture entitled "The Pool" (under Ruysdael's influence) is still on the easel, and promises to be a very fine one. A very excellent method of deepening the impression produced on the minds of witnesses was, by the suggestion of our spirit friends, adopted about a year ago. After doing his work for the evening on the large painting, the medium would get a card (business size), and in the course of 10 or 12 minutes would paint thereon a landscape, and hand it to one of the visitors. Sometimes two or three of these were done the same evening. Talking, about five or six weeks ago, with the spirit of Jan Stein, I made a remark on the inequality of execution observed in these little card pictures, and wondered what could be the cause. He said that it was very likely that our handling of the cards before being painted was the cause. He knew, he said, that at times, there was such an amount of cross-magnetism that it was almost impossible to get any kind of picture. But he promised, if we would keep our hands to ourselves, and on no account to touch the cards before they were used, and have *total darkness*, the little card pictures would be done much better and quicker. At the following sitting these conditions were strictly observed and resulted in the production of a neat little sea-piece (a shipwreck on a rocky coast) in five minutes. At the next sitting, under the same conditions, an equally good picture was done in four minutes; at the following sitting there was one done in *three* minutes; and at the last two sittings, we had two pictures, each painted in *two* minutes, besides three likenesses—one, a black pencil drawing, in *one* minute, the others in red crayon, in a minute and a half. These little picture tracts, carried away by the parties present, cannot but deepen any impression that may have been made; and as the date, names of parties present, and the conditions under which they are executed, are generally inscribed on the back, they will doubtless effect a work which the printed tract can never accomplish.

Some very satisfactory tests have recently been got by Mr Murray, a member of the association. The spirit giving the information, professes to be a son who died in infancy. On several occasions, Mr. Murray has received information regarding his brother (a sailor)—the day and hour of his arrival at a foreign port—circumstances occurring on the voyage, and intimation of his arrival home at the nearest British port—all confirmed as truth by the seaman himself. Indeed, in no instance, Mr. Murray affirms, has he ever been deceived or misinformed. In December last, when the prizes for the trance paintings were drawn for,

he was told by his spirit friend before the drawing, that he would get a picture, and curious enough, his name was the first drawn. There was only one other drawn belonging to Glasgow. Some time ago, Mr. Murray purchased a ticket for the subscription sale of the Literary Art Union, when he was again informed he would be successful in getting a prize; and accordingly, on the arrival of the London *Daily Telegraph*, in which the prize numbers were published, our friend had again the satisfaction of seeing the information of the spirit confirmed.

Taking everything into account, there need be no hesitation in saying that spiritualisn is, slowly it may be, but surely, spreading in the community here, notwithstanding the opposition with which it has to contend.

H. NISBET.

A. J. DAVIS ON THOMAS CARLYLE.

OBJECTIONS TO THOMAS CARLYLE'S DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the World.

Sir,—My attention has just been called to a "remarkable letter" copied into your columns from the *American Scotchman*, in which the strong-minded Mr. Carlyle scornfully denominates Spiritualism (a thing he never mentions unless when compelled) as "*ultra-brutalism*," and as the "*Liturgy of Deadsea Apes*."

This exceedingly gross and vulgarly vague definition of Spiritualism is unworthy the transcendent talents and acknowledged attainments of the Scotch philosopher. It is narrow and bitter in its injustice and disgustingly incomprehensible in its insinuations.

Concerning Spiritualism, Mr. Editor, permit me to remark that the *reality* of nothing in this world is more certainly established. It is as certainly TRUE as that man is endowed with a mental and spiritual constitution. The history of Spiritualism begins where the human race began its eternal career. The supernaturalism of all ages and peoples is nothing but "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism." It is the foundation of all absolute knowledge concerning the world beyond the tomb. Deprive the religious world of its so-called miracles—put out the clairvoyant eyes of the world's seers of spiritual existence—and instantly, "in the twinkling of an eye," the glory of immortality is extinguished, and God's beautiful universe becomes an empty circle of materialism and everlasting death.

The overbearing character of Mr. Carlyle's denunciation may, in part, be pardoned because of the vexatious mysticism of Wm. Denovan's bewildering pamphlet entitled "Temple of Isis." In this little work the facts of Spiritualism are accounted for by a perplexing hypothesis, enough to throw a man of Mr. Carlyle's dogmatic temperament into a fit of uncontrollable "disagreeability." One year ago I addressed Mr. Denovan a note regarding the unscientific character of his "explanation of Spiritualism;" and I had hopes that, from motives of disinterested kindness, he would not disturb the calm repose of Mr. Carlyle with spectral hypotheses sent forth from the "Temple of Isis."

MY DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM,

however, is considerably different from that given by the majority of spiritualists. It is generally esteemed as the name of a new religion. On the other hand, I employ the term "Spiritualism" as applicable to a revival of "evidence," appreciable by the physical senses, that a person is not destroyed by the chemistry of death, but *exists* as much of an individual as before, and enjoys the privilege of travelling in the spiritual universe, and of revisiting the earth and holding converse with friends still in the flesh.

Spiritualists hold very generally that "circles" and "manifestations"

By volit^{n}, or effect passively and by accid^{t}, I never did & not have the least intent^{n} of ever doing.

T.C.

FAC SIMILE OF Mr CARLYLES LETTER TO
Mr TOMMY RECEIVED OCTr 25 1869

HUMAN NATURE DECr [illegible] 1869

should be multiplied and continually evoked. On the contrary, I hold that beyond establishing the momentous question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"—beyond a sensuous demonstration of the fact of personal immortality—the holding of "circles" and the accumulation of repetitious "manifestations" are not at all beneficial, but rather weakening to both the nerves and the judgment.

DARK CIRCLES UNPROFITABLE.

Excepting for scientific investigations—to test the delicacy and wondrous power of spirits over material things—I hold that "dark circles" are valueless and injurious. As means of carrying conviction to sceptical minds, the lightless sessions amount to nothing. Persons convinced of Spiritualism by such evidences usually require an endless repetition of "facts" to keep their faith from languishing. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle's mind has been disgusted with the weakness and superstition of persons calling themselves spiritualists. Of this class I think Spiritualism can show as large a percentage as did early Christianity, or as can the juvenile years of any sect in Christendom,

But, although Spiritualism is not, according to my definition, a *new* religion, *it is the herald of a higher era of spiritual development.* It makes possible and hospitably welcomes every fresh thought in philosophy, and inspires every advancement in science, society, and life. A free religious development of the essentials of Christianity is one of the effects of "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism." An age of new ideas is dawning beyond the ocean of this Spiritual agitation, and I had some hope that a mind so large and far-seeing as Carlyle's would be touched with at least *one* ray from the new sun. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Orange, October 19, 1869.

The "hope" of our benevolent brother, A. J. Davis, was also entertained by Mr. George Tommy, of Bristol, a spiritualist of great experience, and a gentleman of considerable mental culture. He describes himself as appalled at the "horrid-looking compounds" employed by Mr. Carlyle to pourtray Spiritualism, and tried to account for these being used. In a letter to the *Bristol Times* of Nov. 1, Mr. Tommy thus gives his reflections on Mr. Carlyle's letter:—"The oracle who gave forth these utterances is evidently in possession of some new light; he has penetrated the arcana of Spiritualism, and dived into the recesses of its hidden lore—vastly deeper than truth, which is said to lie only at the bottom of a well; doubtless he has investigated its whole phenomena, and is in a position to hold it up to the scornful gaze of a contemptuous public. Yes, I will seek this mystery-man, peradventure he may disenchant me of my delusion, and be as 'a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.' Having thus resolved, in the simplicity of my heart I penned the following note, and enclosed it, with the printed letter, to Mr. Carlyle:—

"'Gallery of Fine Arts, 12 Clare Street,
"'Bristol, October 23, 1869.

"'Dear Sir,—If you will kindly answer the following question, I shall esteem it a favour—Have you at any time, by the aid of your own senses, investigated the phenomena of modern Spiritualism?—I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully, "'GEORGE TOMMY.

"'Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea.'"

"Imagine my surprise and astonishment when the next post brought me the following courteous and lucid confession:—

"*By volitn., or except passively and by accidt., I never did; nor have the least intentn. of ever doing.* *'T. C.'*

Mr. Tommy has kindly lent us the original note of the "Scotch Philosopher," a fac-simile of which is given on the opposite page. It is one of the

most remarkable documents we ever set eyes on—a great literary curiosity —an opinion which will be concurred in by all who behold it. We would scarcely have dared to print the above account had we not been armed with testimony of its genuineness in the veritable letter itself. Just look at it! No date, no superscription or salutation, and scratched with a blue pencil! Well, we cannot feel it in our heart to be cross with the dear old gentleman; if any damage results from this act it must recoil on himself. We have read with delight the wondrous history and musings of his philosophical tailor, and have felt that a deep vein of genuine Spiritualism is Thomas Carlyle's pivotal principle. We are sorry to confess, however, that his "CLOTHES" are getting rather bare and seedy on some of these angular projections of his nature where the friction has been excessive. But he will lay these tattered garments aside with all their old-fashioned cuts and obnoxious patches ere long and appear in a new dress, and Carlyle will be more of himself than ever he was in his former life. Tut! you stupid critics, Spiritualists, and all the rest, it is not Thomas Carlyle that is to blame for these foibles, *it is only his clothes* made originally of husky home-spun stuff, now sadly dilapidated and out of fashion, and incapable of representing him to advantage in the light and style of to-day. But what shall we say of our brethren the Spiritualists, who will be "down upon him" like a vulture on a carcase. Are you dressed out in the newest style? and have you no unseemly patches of old cloth almost obscuring the new garment in which you fancy you are clothed? Let us look at you. First we behold much uncharitableness, backbiting, and proneness to find a "hole in another's coat" as old as the skin which the mythical serpent wore when he tempted Eve. Then our good Christian brethren, with their "I am better than thou" distinctions expressed or implied, are hideously patched with mud-bespattered fragments from the flowing cloaks of ancient scribes and pharisees. "The children of Moab," and those who sent their "young ones through the fire," furnish them with their theological vestments, while the rags of Hindoo mythology are eagerly conserved and spun into a shoddy coat of artificial salvation. The Phallus, symbol of the orgies of heaven worship, unnameable, dating before the dawn of history, hangs from their necks in the form of the modern cross. Many more specimens of "rags, bones, and old iron" "gathered away" from the rubbish heaps of ancient vulgar belief, but without a glimmer of the esoteric meaning from which they sprang, form the chief clothing and personal ornament of our most conceited and high-bred spiritualists, and yet they are just as blind to the deformity of their dress as Thomas Carlyle is to the unseemly rent whereby he makes himself ridiculous to all beholders.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us]
To see oorsels as ithers see us."

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

MR. AND MRS. SPEAR IN CALIFORNIA.

We have been privileged to see a letter from Mrs. Spear, addressed to Mr. A. Leighton, Liverpool, from which we make a few extracts. It is dated San Francisco, Sept. 14, 1869:—

"We were just six weeks from London to San Francisco, and encountered not one storm the whole of that time! Our passage from New York here was said by our Captain to be unprecedented—gulfs and points of which it was said to be always more or less rough, were

smooth as mill-ponds. We left London the 3rd of August, arrived in New York the 17th, spent three days there, sailed the 21st at noon, arrived the 30th at Aspinwall, and the 14th of September at this place. On arriving, Mr. Spear called upon a Mr. Mackie, who wrote a letter from here to *Human Nature*, I think in April, and found in him a fine, straightforward, earnest Scotchman, who told him many things that he wished and needed to know of the city and its people. We found in Mr. Mackie's employer a man whom we had met in Glasgow, and who, though not a Spiritualist, had visited us there, and was told that he would come to this country, but at the same time had not the most remote idea of it. He said he had been thinking of Mr. Spear for several days, and had shown Mr. Mackie his declineation given by Mr. Spear only the day before he called. We found our much esteemed friend, Mrs. Laura Cuppy, married again, and out of the lecture field, which she has so long had in San Francisco; and Rev. Mr. Todd and wife, both of whom have also been speaking here regularly, about to leave for a year for Salem, Oregon, called by a society of Spiritualists there. Mr. Spear was invited to speak to a body of persons on Sunday, who met for free discussion, composed of Spiritualists and others. He accepted, and was greatly pleased and surprised when a man, after speaking to the question, said he had come to the meeting because he saw that a very old and valued friend was to be there, and then went to the platform and allowed Mr. Spear to recognise him, which he did as John A. Collins—now a member of the California Legislature, and a friend of social reform always. He eulogised Mr. Spear very highly, which was not unpleasing and not altogether unmerited. Soon after another man arose in whom we recognised Rufus Elmer, of Massachusetts, one of the oldest and most prominent of the New England Spiritualists. He had just arrived overland on a visit, and seeing the advertisement had come in. Mr. Spear opens the meeting again next Sunday; and if he has things to utter which the people need to hear, it will seem as if this too had been prepared for him. There has been a flourishing society of Spiritualists here, and a Lyceum with 150 members. But at present neither exists. Divisions and bickerings have occurred, some objecting to prayer, some to reading from the Bible, &c., until union of effort seemed out of the question. One woman and two men, however, had taken a hall for a number of Sundays for free discussion of things pertaining to the improvement of man, and this was their first meeting in that hall. The weather here is becoming perfectly delightful. The winter is considered the finest season—there being no wind, no fog, no flies. The rain sets in about December, and the rainy season is over in February. Showers are expected next month, and as soon as they come all vegetation becomes green, and remains so until the wind and sun of summer parch it again. Not a drop of rain has fallen here since last April, and the hills are brown as the sand, the trees laden with dust, and everything in nature looks most uninviting, except, of course, private gardens and the public park. We are told that during the rainy season most of the rain falls at night, and the days are perfectly delightful—ice very seldom forms in the streets. The fruits are most luscious—oranges, limes, figs,

bananas, melons of all kinds, apples, pears, peaches, grapes, and what more I don't know, grow here luxuriantly, and are for sale in the market very cheap. . . . . Aspinwall is a miserable looking place, unhealthy and low. The houses of the English residents look comfortable enough; but nothing except hope of gain, I am sure, induces them to live there. The native huts are built of poles stuck in the ground in the form of a circle, thatched on the top, and nearly destitute of furniture, except some few cooking utensils, which are often left lying on the ground outside. It is 47 miles from Aspinwall to Panama, and we were nearly four hours going across. The first part of the way was very flat and marshy—ponds, lakes, and streams of muddy water were everywhere. Cocoa nut groves, orange and lime trees loaded with fruit in all stages of growth, were abundant, and when the engine stopped for water some of our passengers went out and brought in hats full of them. The other part of the way was over, under, and around high and rugged mountains, and finally we came to Panama, mostly, as we saw it, of red brick—houses low and very old looking. Here the whites seemed to outnumber the blacks, but the same style of native huts and living was apparent. The town has a population of about 5000, being somewhat larger than Aspinwall. At Acapulco little boats surrounded our ship with fruits, shells, parrots, and native animals for sale. The women were richly dressed in some instances, and handsome, and so upon the Isthmus. *Lace* seemed to be an article greatly liked, and we were told that some women who were barefoot had on several hundred dollars worth of it. On the Atlantic side we travelled with a passenger who was Spanish, and was on his way to take his seat in the Congress of the United States of Columbia as a senator. This republic consists of nine states, one of which is Panama, of which he had been governor. He is interested in social reform—in giving women the suffrage—in all that we consider humane and just. He says they make no prohibitory laws, have no complexional distinctions, and aim to have as little legislation as possible. He had Mr. Mill's 'Subjection of Women,' which he intends to translate and publish in Spanish. He took my little book [it forms part of the First Convention report], which he said he would at once translate and publish at Bogota, the national capital. He thinks he may visit England another year, and will like to know our friends in Liverpool and London. [He is welcome.] Mr. Spear got his letters sent to New York asking for delineations, and has not been situated so that he could do anything of the kind since he left until now. I shall copy and forward them at the earliest moment after their coming. Our address is San Francisco, California. [Persons desiring delineations from Mr. Spear may forward their letters direct, or leave them at our office; also remittances for Mr. Spear.]"

SPIRITUALISM IN NOTTINGHAM.

In Nottingham there is an association of working men and women, spiritualists, who are in many respects the most advanced inhabitants of Great Britain. This is very strong ground to take, for these good people are not learned, nor highly trained, except in hard work for a living—are obscure in origin, humble in occupation, of but medium

capacity, and without a farthing's superabundance of that which the world calls wealth. Why do we accord to them such a high position? it may be asked. Because they know how to improve themselves, they are inspired by the true spirit of progress, they are rational and human in their desires, while the great mass of institutions around them are dead in conventionalities and time-service. To our mind they most eminently represent the genius of Spiritualism, and therefore of human life in its highest aspects. They are the leading spiritualists of this country, and in that respect set an example to the many millions of Victoria's subjects. While our besilked and carriage-caged grandees in the West-End, are with excess of breeding and pomposity of manner begging to purchase the Holy Ghost of every respectable medium, and are in excess of anxiety to be the first to patronise the next new wonder from the heavens, our Nottingham friends are specially blessed with spiritual riches, and have it to bestow without money and without price; mediumship of all phases is plentiful amongst them. But they are not content to be the babes and sucklings of spirits, for while some of our Christian would-be spiritualists are in great spiritual terror that any one shall believe and teach above and beyond that which is written, our Nottingham friends with faith and confidence knock at every accessible door in the mansions of the Eternal. They have chosen subjects and discussed them, subjects which few other institutions in Great Britain, theological, scientific, or philosophical, would have dared to inscribe on their programme. We care not a straw how lame and impotent their conclusions may have been; even if much nonsense was talked over the questions raised, no matter, the fact stands that these good people have the desire and the spirit to progress, and undoubtedly they will find the means. And why is it, let us ask, that they have been able to assume this high position? We answer, because they have builded upon the true spiritual foundation of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Herein is the secret of the constancy, fraternity, and progress of the Nottingham Association; but that their doings may be better appreciated we allow the secretary to tell his own tale:—

93 Union Road, Nottingham,
October 23, 1869.

Dear Sir,—It is the desire of the members of the "Nottingham Progressive Mutual Improvement Class," that I should send you a short report of the proceedings of last Friday night, October 22. We met at the Lyceum at 8 o'clock, after which we partook of a supper of fruit and bread, which appeared to be enjoyed by all present. After the cloth had been removed, Mr. Herrod, secretary, was called upon for the first annual report. He said—At a meeting held by a few friends, at the Lyceum, on Friday evening, October 16, 1868, it was agreed upon that a class should be formed for the purpose of cultivating our minds upon the subjects of the day, moral, spiritual, religious, scientific, and political. The class was opened on October 23, 1868. Each member was to pay 1d per week, and when the funds amounted to 3s there was to be a draw. Each member was to purchase a book with his draw, which was to be read by all in the class before it could be claimed by the owner. The result has been, each member has got a good book by this easy method. The total amount of contributions was £1 16s 8d, the expenditure, for members' books £1 16s 6d, leaving 2d in hand. Some had put a little more to their draw and had got some very good books. For instance, Mrs. Hitchcock's was the "Stellar Key;" Mrs. H.'s, "A Woman's Secret;" Mr. Stretton's, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World (an excellent work);" Miss Gamble got "Alice Vale;" Miss Hefford, "The Education of the Feelings;"

Miss Hitchcock, "Life of D. D. Home;" Mr. Herrod, "Life of Two Great Statesmen;" Mr. Ashworth, "Sir Henry Holland on the Mind." Among the subjects we have discussed are the following:—Oct. 23, 1868, "Phrenology," introduced by Mr. Hitchcock. Nov. 6, "What is Reason?" by Ashworth. Nov. 13th, "How far should we be guided by Reason?" by Mrs. Hitchcock. Nov. 20, "What constitution is best adapted for a healing medium?" by Mr. Morton. December 4, "We cannot have too much reason," by Mr. Morton. December 18, "How are we to know what is right and what is wrong?" by Mr. Hitchcock. January 8, 1869, "Man is a progressive being," by Mr. Stretton. May 7, "Does God exist as a person or a principle?" by Mr. Ashworth. May 21, "The growth of the intellect," by Mr. Herrod. May 28, "Education, is it essential to our happiness?" by Miss Gamble. June 10, "What is the difference between life and intelligence?" by Mr. Stretton. Aug. 6, "Objections to Phrenology," by Mr. Swain. August 27, the same, by Mr. Herrod, continued for three nights. Sept. 17, "That we cannot judge a person's motives by their actions." September 24, "Can the soul leave the body during sleep?" by Mr. Morton. October 1st, "Phrenology is best proof of Spiritualism," by Mr. Hitchcock. October 8, "Instinct the perfection of Wisdom," by Mr. Stretton. After supper we had interesting speeches from most of the members, but I am sorry I cannot give you them. After a vote of thanks had been given to Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock for their kindness in allowing us the use of the room free of charge, the meeting dispersed highly delighted with the evening's recreation—I am sir, yours truly,

JAMES ASHWORTH, Secretary.

REVIEW.

SOCIAL FETTERS: a Novel. By MRS. EDWIN JAMES, Author of "Wanderings of a Beauty." Popular Edition. Handsome Cloth, ornamented. London: Burns, Progressive Library.

OUR energetic publisher, ever anxious to promote the interests of his patrons, has resolved on putting the readers of *Human Nature* in possession of a suitable Christmas book, and lately handed us a copy of "Social Fetters" that he might have the advantage of one matured opinion thereon. Now we have a constitutional aversion to all such books as have for their second title "a novel," especially if the work be the performance of a woman, author of never so many of the same kind. So instead of bothering our sapient brains with the new and somewhat distasteful task, we handed it over to a corps of ladies, young and old, who form part of our staff, and awaited the result of their investigations. In a few days, nay hours, in some cases, these faithful helpers bounded into our sanctum enthusiastic with the results of their mission. "What a stylish binding," exclaimed a fresh recruit, "such a nice tale," "was she not brave," "yes, and so clever," "I am so glad they got married at last," "what a pity we have not got another book to tell us how they got on since." Remarks of a somewhat graver hue led us to look into the handsome volume, and would you believe our report, it was scarcely laid aside a moment till every page was devoured. We were agreeably disappointed. It is a novel to be sure, but its facts are, alas! of too frequent occurrence! The bane of society—a weak succumbing to approbativeness, pride, and conventionality—is ably pourtrayed, and its remorseful results vividly shown. Do not suppose, however, that it is a dry didactic bore of a sermon from beginning to end; no such thing. The descriptions of persons, situations, society, and scenery are power-

fully depicted on every page. It will interest many when we state that Rev. T. L. Harris is one of the characters of the tale, and the general principles of the theology of Spiritualism are stated in the concluding chapters. Though not so philosophical or deeply interesting as some progressive tales we have read, yet "Social Fetters" is worthy of a place in every reformer's library, especially where there are young people, and it will be found a pleasing relaxation to the matured and thoughtful, as its picturesque scenery blends pleasingly with many practical thoughts on social anthropology. A certain degree of interest attaches to the author, Mrs. Edwin James, as many will remember the newspaper popularity accorded to her husband when member of Parliament for Marylebone. We wish our readers a merry Christmas and much pleasure in wandering amidst the pictorial effects and transformation scenes—the creation of this lady's facile pen.

MISCELLANEA.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis after remaining a few days in Paris, went on a tour to Italy with Mr. Andrus. He will winter in the South of France with an agreeable party of friends.

Professor L. N. Fowler is in Hull lecturing on phrenology, &c. He never was in better health, or had better success. He is a genuine English institution. His tour may be seen in the circle of lecturers.

The veteran father of American phrenology, O. S. Fowler, has a publishing office in Boston, United States, America, and has already finished several volumes of his new edition of his works, which are completely revised and enriched with his great experience.

Mr. Peebles has found his way from London to Paris, thence *via* Marseilles to Constantinople, and at date of his last was enjoying the blessings of his consulate at Trebizond, a queer old city of about 50,000 inhabitants—Turks, Persians, Georgians, Arabians, Greeks, Arminians, and a few Frankish fragments, altogether forming a very motley patchwork of humanity. But our brother does not feel all this kind of thing in accordance with his tastes, either socially or politically, and if we may trust the promptings of our prophetic bump, it may be accepted as a veritable revealment that a resignation will occur soon, or a deputy will be appointed, while our pilgrim will make a tour by Babel's streams, the hills of Zion, the isles of Greece, and other notable spots bearing the footprints of an ancient inspiration. Then, in say two months, he will be in England again, when we hope a goodly number of calls to be in waiting for him, for truly his mission to Europe may promote the cause of Spiritualism much, if the apathy of spiritualists will not prevent them from taking advantage of Mr. Peebles' superior talents.

Mrs. Hardinge is busy with her great work "A Twenty Years' Record of North American Spiritualism." She does not expect it to be ready till the new year. It will be one large octavo volume of 600 pages, on fine paper, superbly and profusely illustrated with first-class portraits, and bound in extra cloth bevelled boards. It will be a rich gem in execution.

The steel engraver, wood engraver, lithographer, vie with the printer in producing a work which will be a credit to the cause it so ably pourtrays. But we have been favoured with a copy of the table of contents, in itself something like a small newspaper, and promising an extended course of rich and varied intellectual dishes in the 49 chapters which are therein comprised. Our dear friend, the author, will be out of pocket even if she sells the whole impression right off, but she looks for recompense in future editions. This spirited woman is her own publisher, but she accepts the services of agents; and the Patriarch of *Human Nature* is eagerly at work, collecting an extended list of subscribers, and our publisher will be able to supply "wholesale and retail," all who desire to be possessed of this goodly production. Subscribers pour in rapidly, for who would not stand by a brave soul who has the rare pluck to take the labour and risk of writing and getting up such a work unaided and unendowed? We hope the spiritualists of Great Britain will not only on the score of intellectual appreciation and artistic taste, but also on the plea of gallantry and fair play, speedily send in their addresses for copies of this work, and see that the talented and courageous author and publisher is appreciated and recompensed. The price of the work will be 15s.

The St. John's Association of Spiritualists had the pleasure of listening to a very interesting lecture delivered on their behalf by John Jones, Esq. of Norwood, at the Temperance Hall, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, on the 4th November. The subject was, "The blending of the Supernatural with the Natural," and was illustrated by a series of dissolving views, painted by Mr. H. Bielfeld from subjects supplied to him by Mr. Jones. These views give representations of emanations proceeding from sea shells, magnets, human hands, &c., show how tables have been floated in the air and the accordion played on by direct spirit power, at seances when Mr. Home has been the medium, and accounts of which have appeared in *Human Nature*; they also pourtray spirits directing the hands of writing mediums, the soul leaving the body at death, &c.; and great credit is due to the painter for the beauty and truthfulness displayed in their execution. The hall was crowded by a very respectable audience, and, at the close, a hearty vote of thanks was awarded to Mr. Jones for his instructive lecture.

"What crucible," says Dr. Alger, "shall burn up the ultimate of force? What material process shall ever disintegrate the simplicity of spirit? Earth and plant, muscle, nerve, and brain, belong to one sphere, and are subject to the temporal fates that rule there; but reason, imagination, love, will, belong to another; and immortality fortressed there laughs to scorn the fretful sieges of decay.

END OF VOLUME III.